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AT HOME IN PUKA-PUKA

LIFE ON AN ATOLL

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I AM a South Sea trader on the atoll of Puka-Puka, or Danger Island, to give it its English name. If you search carefully on a chart of the Pacific along a line drawn from Lima, Peru, to Cape York, the most northerly point on the Australian mainland, you should find the island, a dot smaller than a flyspeck. Perhaps the dot does n't appear to the naked eye; in that case, if you still wonder where the island may be, intersect the first line with a second running from San Francisco to the northwest cape of New Zealand, and a third traversing that mighty waste of waters from Wenchow, on the coast of China, to Cape Horn. Very near to the spot where the three lines cross, either you will find Danger Island or you will not, depending on whether the hydrographer thought it worth while marking on his chart such an insignificant crumb of land. In any case you will agree, I think, that the place where the island should be is a sufficiently lonely one.

I

Danger Island comprises three small islets threaded on a reef six or seven miles in circumference, which encloses a

lagoon so beautifully clear that one can see the strange forests of coral to a depth of ten fathoms. The islets are little more than banks of sand and bleached coral where coconut palms and pandanus and puka trees break momentarily the steady sweep of the trade wind. On the outer beaches a few grotesque gale-twisted trees survive both the poverty of the soil and the depredations of the Puka-Pukans, who lop off their branches to make drums, popguns, coffins for dead babies, and poles on which to hang spirit charms.

But when a hurricane comes hundreds of trees are destroyed, and the little Puka-Pukan houses are blown away like so many card castles. Everything goes then — drums, popguns, coffins, spirit charms, and sometimes a man or two, whirled high in air with his household gods to be carried to Maroroyi, the legendary land of the departed. At such times the natives scramble up the stoutest coconut palms, hack off the fronds not already blown away, and roost among the frond butts until the storm shrieks itself out and the seas subside.

But for years on end Puka-Puka is untroubled with great storms. Then

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A

the weeks and months slip serenely by, their monotony broken only by the yearly arrival of Captain Viggo's schooner, the *Tiare*, from Rarotonga, bringing me my trade goods: perfume, talcum powder, rolls of green and red ribbon, all-day suckers, lemon drops, firecrackers, paper balloons, Japanese kites, tin whistles, marbles, and such-like necessities of life. For these the natives are glad to exchange their worthless copra, which is only good for making coconut oil.

The trading station is a two-story building made of blocks of chipped coral. There are two large rooms below for the store and two above for living quarters, opening to verandahs both front and back. The front verandah overlooks the road and the central village, with the schoolhouse directly opposite and the church a little to the right. The back verandah faces the lagoon and is so close to the water's edge that when I sit there, cooled by the trade wind, I can easily imagine that I am living on an otherwise uninhabited island. Now and then, to be sure, the silence is broken by a sleepy voice, the crowing of a cock, or the monotonous drumming on coconut shells of the village children, but these are such familiar sounds that often I am no more aware of them than of the wind humming through the palm fronds.

At night I prefer sitting on my front verandah, where I can see the villagers passing to and fro, for on this topsyturvy little island the people sleep in the daytime and wake at sunset. Then they stumble drowsily into the lagoon for a bath and, having thus refreshed themselves, start the day's activities. Fishermen put out in canoes, some with torches and nets for flying fish, others with spears for the lobsters and parrot fish of the reef. Fires of coconut shells cast grotesque shadows among the groves, and groups of

chattering natives stroll up and down the village street as they have done from time immemorial. Now and then I will hear a ripple of laughter and, turning my head, I see eyes peeking over the floor of the verandah. The native youngsters never tire of shinning up the verandah posts for a near view of the strange white man. The moment they are detected they let go and fall — thump, thump, thump — to the ground, rushing off in the darkness with whoops of delight.

When a young Puka-Pukan feels that he has grown to manhood, he simply has to let off steam, and one method of doing this is to walk with his friends through the villages, stopping before every other house to make a speech. One of these young village bucks is Tihoti (George), a youth of seventeen. He and his crowd of satellites often stop before my house. George wears a heavy British army overcoat and a bowler hat which Captain Viggo once gave him. Although the temperature at Puka-Puka never drops below seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, George is never seen on these dress occasions without his British 'warm.' He addresses me thus: —

'Noo akaleilei kotou kia akalongo i toku tara-tara! Sit down prettily, you people and listen to my speech! I, Tihoti, being a man of the village of Yato, son of the exceptional man whose name is Abraham, and of the woman from the village of Ngake whom everybody knows to be the daughter of Ura, chief of police and deacon of the church — I, Tihoti, take it upon myself to inform you of the new talk that has come to my ears. I have heard that a white man has come to this island and that he is called Ropati (Robert), so I lose no time in warning him to keep his pigs tied up and not to steal taro from me, my father, my mother, or any of my relatives. I further warn the man,

Ropati, not to steal taro, chickens, or coconuts from any of my friends; but if he is hungry and must steal from someone, let him steal from my enemies.

'I, Tihoti, must also warn this person, Ropati, that the young women of this island are dear to the hearts of me and my friends, and if—' But at this point George becomes altogether too outspoken and explicit to permit of translation. At length, when he is out of breath, his friends gather round him and they all grunt an obscene but amusing chant peculiar to the island. Then they all laugh uproariously and go on to another house for further speechmaking.

II

The three settlements on Puka-Puka are called Ngake, Roto, and Yato. The first means Windward, the second Central, and the third Leeward. There are also, as I have said, three islets on the Danger Island reef, each village owning one. Central Village, being the sleepest of the three, has contented itself with Puka-Puka Islet, from which the atoll derives its name.

Leeward Village owns Frigate Bird Islet. It is the smallest of the three, but valuable because of the thousands of sea birds that nest there. There is also a fine tract of guano, where grow limes, oranges, breadfruit, and mummy apples. Nearly every month the Leeward Villagers go to Frigate Bird, scramble up the great puka trees, and rob the nests of fat young sea birds.

At first I could not eat a frigate bird, a booby, or a shearwater, but after a few months at Puka-Puka I tried one of these birds broiled over coconut-shell coals, and I have never since missed an opportunity for such a feast. In a civilized country where one has an abundance of fresh meat, the thought of a frigate-bird meal would, perhaps, be abhorrent; but on an atoll where the

weekly chicken and the monthly pig make the sum total of fresh meat, an ancient man-of-war hawk seems as succulent as would a squab at home.

Windward Village owns the large islet of Ko, which produces more copra than the other two together; but there is little taro on Ko, and for some unaccountable reason the sea birds shun it.

Despite their system of village land ownership, the Puka-Pukans all share alike. Theirs is, I imagine, one of the few examples on earth of a successful communistic government. There is no private ownership of land other than the tracts upon which the houses are built, and even in this case the land really belongs to the villages, which give the residents unlimited lease to live thereon.

When the villagers move for a few weeks' sojourn on their respective islets, the coconuts are gathered, stacked in their temporary village, and then equally divided among the men and women, a small share being reserved for the children. The nuts are then opened and the meat dried into copra, which is pooled and sold to my store. The money received is either divided equally among the villagers or used to purchase clothing, tobacco, tin whistles, and marbles, which are divided. Likewise, when it is found that the puka trees are full of young birds, the men catch them and the same division takes place. The fishing, too, is managed in this manner.

The general direction of the work rests with the fathers of the villages, who belong to an organization called the Company (Kamupani). They meet once a month, or oftener, to deliberate on community activities.

The Puka-Pukans all belong to the same church. They call it 'Zion.' Every Sunday morning Puru (Husks), the Leeward Village policeman, beats the tom-tom to announce the service,

whereupon all the inhabitants don their most highly prized finery and throng forth Zionward — all of them except old William, the heathen, who has never yet been cajoled into joining the church.

King-of-the-Sky is usually the first to appear. He is a huge, grizzle-haired old man, six feet four, and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds, all solid bone and muscle. He is dressed in a swallow-tailed coat and trousers made of a cloth of vivid green, the shade of green used for billiard-table cloth. The coat is double breasted, with two rows of large brass buttons, eight to a row. Beneath it appears the mighty hairy chest of King-of-the-Sky, for what cares he for such trifles as shirts, collars, or neckties?

Scratch-Woman wears a black lace dress which was probably discarded by the wife of some ancient trading skipper, thrown overboard, perhaps, close to Puka-Puka reef, and salvaged by an ancestor of Scratch-Woman to be forever treasured by his female descendants. She also wears a pair of men's striped socks, and her huge feet are squeezed into a pair of ancient high-heeled shoes. She walks churchward lifting her feet high and putting them down carefully, having learned through experience that gravelly ground makes precarious footing on Sundays.

George, grandson of the redoubtable Ura, wears his British army overcoat with his bowler hat set at a rakish angle. His feet are shod in brogues that would do credit to a colored minstrel. Now and then he draws a yard-square turkey-red bandana from his pocket to mop his face and neck. A British warm is hardly necessary in latitude ten-fifty south, but what is a little discomfort to a man convinced that he is the best-dressed individual on Puka-Puka?

Ears (Taringa) has somehow assem-

bled an almost complete golfer's costume. He has checked knickerbockers, striped woolen stockings, a golfer's cap, but, alas! no brogues. Therefore he must walk to Zion in his stocking feet, and many such journeys have, of course, told sadly on the stockings. His huge toes and calloused heels are indecently displayed among ragged shreds of yarn.

Dear old Mama, the wife of heathen William, never fails to wear her ancient bedgown, from which hang shreds of lace sewn there, perhaps, by some bride of fifty years ago. On her head she wears the crown of William's straw hat. True lovers she and William must have been years ago when William acquired the hat, giving her the crown and reserving only the brim for himself.

Ura, chief of police and deacon of the church, comes in a commodore's coat, decorated with epaulettes and an abundance of tarnished brass braid. It was a present to his father from the commander of one of Her Britannic Majesty's ships which visited Puka-Puka in the eighteen-eighties.

So it goes. The Puka-Puka church parade is the most heterogeneous display of rags and tags of cast-off clothing that may be seen anywhere outside of bedlam. Once, when Captain Viggo was viewing it with me, he said: 'What have the missionaries not done to the natives with their eternal harping on the necessity of covering the sinful body! Here we see the result. They have organized a Sabbath-day procession of scarecrows and buffoons!'

Sometimes I too go to church. I wait until Sea Foam, the preacher, walks pompously past, wearing his bandmaster hat and celluloid collar; then I put on my Sunday coat of white drill and follow him into Zion.

The service is much as it is at home: there are prayers, hymns, and a sermon, but here the hymns are sung with Polynesian gusto, interlarded with

grunts from the young fry and piercing counter-melodies sung by one or another of the village virtuosos. After many hymns have been sung, Sea Foam clears his throat and begins:—

‘Members of this church of Zion, young men, old men, deacons, Christians — health to us! This is the word of God as it is written in the Tabu Book. It says that the birth of Jesus was like this: When Mary was betrothed to Joseph he did not know that she was with child, but later Mary told him of this. Of course Joseph, being only a foolish white man, was very angry and called her many bad names. But the angel of God appeared to him and said that Mary had spoken the truth when she said that she was with child and still a virgin. This child, the angel said, would be a Son of God and would bring the Church to the children of these islands and also to the white men.

‘God was right when He gave His child to a virgin to bear, for do you think that any hard woman like you women here could have borne him? Of course we children of the islands do not know how such a thing could happen; but it is so written in the Tabu Book and therefore it is the truth.’

Sea Foam rumbles and rambles on, filling an hour with his profound theological speculations. My interest occasionally wanes before he reaches the end of his sermon, and I lean back against a post, staring at the great thatched roof. It must contain at least ten thousand square feet of pandanus thatch, each sheaf being laid with mathematical precision and bound to coconut-wood plating with fine native sennit. The various supports, rafters, braces, and plates are made of pandanus of a rich oily brown. Gazing at this roof supported with beautifully smoothed and polished posts, one might think this a sylvan cathedral

where hamadryads came to dance. I close my eyes and see Syrinx being chased by Pan, Daphne by Apollo, but such visions fade when the congregation roars ‘Saints of God, the Dawn Is Brightening,’ in the native tongue.

When we come forth we are horrified as usual to find that old Mama’s heathen husband, after sleeping all the week, has wakened just in time to chop wood of a Sunday morning. After the crowd has dispersed I beckon old William into the store and we discuss all sorts of matters over a bottle of my island-brewed ale.

I found the Puka-Pukan language easy to learn, for all the Polynesian tongues are allied, and before I came to the island I had a fair knowledge of Tahitian, Rarotongan, and two or three other dialects of the Maori speech. In three months’ time I could speak the language with considerable fluency, but for a year or more I had difficulty in following conversations between natives when they slurred their words, or expressed themselves in obscure Puka-Pukan metaphors.

The chief difficulty was in distinguishing between homonymous words, which usually have a subtle analogy, such as the word *ara*, for example. It was Peni, my store boy, who first pointed out to me that the word means both ‘to sin’ and ‘to waken’; ‘for,’ he explained, ‘is it not a sin to waken someone who is deep in slumber and very likely in the midst of pleasant dreams?’

Once Puka-Pukan was acquired, there was little for me to do in my leisure hours, — and they are many, — so I devoted myself to reading. Often I read all day long, day after day, with scarcely an interruption. Here, at last, I have read the books I have long promised myself to read: Pepys, Casanova, Swinburne, Borrow, Mungo Park, John Stow, Sterne, Conrad, Pierre Loti, many others. I had a regular

Swinburnian orgy, and for weeks my head swam with his 'Hendecasyllabics.'

In the month of the long decline of roses
I, beholding the summer dead before me,
Set my face to the sea and journeyed silent.

I have a library of a thousand volumes at Puka-Puka, and the natives, knowing no other book than the Bible, take it for granted that all my books are Bibles of a sort. A few of the more intelligent ones realize that some of these Bibles are different, containing, perhaps, stories of Noah and Abraham not thought proper for Puka-Puka readers.

I occasionally relate to them the Hellenic myths, the traditions of King Arthur, stories from the *Arabian Nights*, or one of Grimm's fairy tales. They listen with deep interest, and some old man is sure to ask why this story was left out of the Puka-Puka Bible.

III

As I have said, Puka-Puka is a drowsy little island. The greater part of the inhabitants reverse the usual order of things by going to bed at dawn and rising at sunset. For this reason it was necessary for the Reverend Mr. Johns, the missionary who occasionally visits the island, to insist that no child of school age should sleep between the hours of 8 and 10 A.M. During these hours Sea Foam teaches the children to read the Bible, while his assistant, Tamata (Try-It), vainly attempts to initiate them into some of the mysteries of arithmetic.

School opens with one hundred and twenty-odd children lined up before the schoolhouse. Sea Foam and Try-It, a tall, gloomy-faced individual reminding one of the immortal Ichabod, march down the line examining hair and faces, and when, as usually happens, there are evidences of uncleanness the culprits are sent down to the lagoon to wash.

When they reach the lagoon, the children of course wade in, not having any clothes to get wet, and they have such a happy time splashing and ducking one another that they forget all about school. Sea Foam sees no more of them that day.

Following inspection comes a quarter of an hour of calisthenics, an innovation of the Reverend Mr. Johns. Parents look perplexedly on while their children go through the motions with grunts and sighs. 'Vuni — tooi — treei!' cries Sea Foam, giving them the time for the movements.

Sometimes Sea Foam takes a nap in the schoolhouse,—in fact, he frequently does,—whereupon all the children go home, and when the parson wakes he finds that the sun is setting. He tucks his Bible under his arm and strolls down the village street, stopping at the store to have a chat with me. School-teaching, he informs me solemnly, is a great burden. Often his whole day is taken up with the business of searching out suitable texts and stories for the children to learn.

Try-It's classes are held in a small thatched hut adjoining the more pretentious coral-lime schoolhouse. It is open at the sides; the children sit cross-legged on the floor, and coconut logs are used for benches. Here Try-It instructs the youngsters in their ABC's, and attempts to hammer the science of numbers into their heads by sing-song repetitions of 'One times one is one, one times two is two,' and so forth.

One morning I looked on secretly at one of Try-It's sessions. It was a very warm day; the faintest possible breeze fanned the cheeks of his charges and caressed his own stubbly jowls. Try-It, with his back to the children, stared vacantly across the lagoon. Perhaps he was thinking; possibly not. The sing-song of the children died away to silence. Several youngsters stole

quietly out; others curled up on the ground and fell asleep.

Try-It dug his hand into his overalls pocket and drew forth a mouth organ. Putting it to his lips, he breathed out sleepy strains. A little tot in the back row stood up to do a dance in time to the music, while others clapped their hands, but in a few moments everyone was asleep but the schoolmaster. He played on. I could see his long bony legs doing a sort of dance beneath the table. Presently his head began to nod, his arms dropped to his side.

By that time I too had become so drowsy that it was all I could do to stumble across the road into the store. Peni, my store boy, was snoring on the counter. In the corner old William and his crony, Bones, had fallen asleep over a game of checkers. The village street was blazing in the sunlight, and not a soul to be seen the length of it. I went upstairs and stretched out in my steamer chair, intending to read for a few moments, but the book fell from my hands before I had reached the end of the first paragraph. It's a busy life we Puka-Pukans lead.

One evening, after his hard day's work at the schoolhouse, Sea Foam called at the store. I could see that he had some request to make, for his bearing was both dignified and obsequious. It was like this, he explained: The Reverend Mr. Johns was expected to visit the island by return of Captain Viggo's schooner, and Sea Foam wished to make a fine showing in the school. He remembered that on Rarotonga the school children often sang certain patriotic songs in English, which greatly pleased the missionaries. Now if I would consent to teach the Puka-Puka children some such song, Sea Foam would esteem it a great favor.

I readily agreed, and entered the schoolhouse the next morning just as

lessons were beginning. I wrote the verses of 'God Save the King' on the blackboard and then had the children repeat the lines of the first stanza after me. They quickly memorized it, although they were ignorant of the import. In three days' time they had memorized the three stanzas.

Then I began to teach them the air. I played it over and over on my accordion, singing to my own accompaniment. When I thought I had it well impressed upon their minds I rose, swung my hands bandmaster fashion, and said: 'One, two, three, sing!'

Good Lord! I soon realized that I might as well try to teach them *Parsifal*. However, for a month I persevered and for a month completely failed to din the melody into their heads. They simply could not grasp it, but must chant the words in their own guttural manner, with grunts and weird arpeggios. I then tried various other songs: 'The Wearing of the Green,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'Marching through Georgia,' but the result was the same.

After two months of intermittent effort I decided to give up the business. But one evening I chanced to pick up my accordion and finger the keys idly, singing to myself. My friends paid little attention, for American or European music nearly always bores the Puka-Pukans unless it be a song they themselves have adopted and completely transformed for their own use. I went on from one song to another as they happened to come to me, and presently found myself singing the rollicking old slavers' chantey, 'It's Time for Us to Go.'

'A quick run to the south we had, and when we
made the bight,
We kept the offing all day long and crossed the
bar at night.
Six hundred niggers in the hold and seventy
we did stow,
And when we'd clapped the hatches on 't was
time for us to go.

'Time for us to go,
Time for us to go,
And when we'd clapped the hatches on
'Twas time for us to go.'

Old William pricked up his ears and Peni leaned forward to mumble something vaguely like 'Time for us to go.' And to my astonishment Little Sea hummed the air without a mistake.

Instantly the thought came to me that this was the song to teach the school children. It had a fine swing to it and the air was one they could master. The next morning I returned to the schoolhouse, and a day or two later I had one hundred and twenty children lustily singing:—

'Time for us to go,
Time for us to go,
When the money's out and the liquor's done,
Why, it's time for us to go.'

I have since had certain prickings of conscience because of this affair, for when the Reverend Mr. Johns came and Sea Foam had the children rise to greet him with this old slavers' chantey, the missionary was very much upset. I have a warm spot in my heart for the Reverend: he is a truly good man, though somewhat narrow-minded. He knew, of course, that I had taught the children this sinful song, but he never once reproached me. He merely told Sea Foam, later, that he was pleased to find the children learning English so rapidly, but on the whole he believed it would be better for them to learn no more secular songs. Perhaps it was preferable for them to continue with their hymns, 'Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow!' and 'Bringing in the Sheaves,' in the native tongue.

IV

When I first came to Puka-Puka, the house on the west side of the trading station was occupied by Old Man

Breadfruit, his wife, and family. One of his children was a tall thin lad named Wail-of-Woe, who was given this name because at the time of his birth neighbors were wailing over the body of a dead baby. Thus most native names are acquired. A man may be called Sickness, because of some illness in the family at the time of his birth, or Many Fish, in honor of a record catch of albacore.

As I have said, Wail-of-Woe was thin. He coughed frequently, and I soon realized that he was consumptive—in other words, doomed, for I have never known a Puka-Pukan to survive tuberculosis. Two thirds of the deaths on the island are caused by this disease.

Nevertheless Wail-of-Woe began to think of marriage and soon found the girl of his heart, Sun-Eater, the unwieldy daughter of Rock Grouper. My first intimation of the match was when Rock Grouper came into my store to spend a carefully hoarded bag of money on trousers, shirt, arm bands, red necktie, green hat-ribbon, a bottle of perfume, and a pair of Boston garters for his prospective son-in-law. It is the island custom for the bride's relatives to clothe the groom for the marriage, while the groom's relatives deck out the bride. Later in the day Breadfruit and his kin came to purchase a great quantity of finery for Sun-Eater: ribbons, calico, Jap lace, Swiss embroidery, and yards and yards of white muslin.

On the day of the wedding all the villagers gathered in the road to see the bride and groom pass churchward. Wail-of-Woe walked ahead, very stiff and self-conscious in all his new clothes and some borrowed ones as well. His red necktie and the green ribbon wound many times around Tihoti's bowler hat were very conspicuous, almost as much so as his Boston garters, which had been attached outside the legs of his trousers. As there were no socks to

support, the ends flapped against his bony legs. He had also borrowed Abel's wonderful squeaking shoes.

Sun-Eater walked a modest distance behind, her comfortable girth increased by ten yards of muslin dress and a dozen chemises and petticoats borrowed from her friends. The skirts of her dress dragged on the ground, and so many ruffles had been attached here and there that only her chubby face and the tips of her fingers were visible. Perched on top of her head was a pandanus-leaf hat of native manufacture, decorated with innumerable ribbons and streamers, including two old red-and-black typewriter ribbons I had contributed.

All of us then followed to the church, and after Sea Foam had married them Wail-of-Woe and his wife repaired to Breadfruit's house, where they sat stiffly on a mat placed before the door.

Then began the most important part of the wedding-day ceremonies. With a loud whoop, Rock Grouper, the bride's father, rushed from his house across the street with an old patched singlet in one hand and two yards of dungaree in the other. Stopping before the married pair, he did an extemporaneous dance to the accompaniment of a weird song. Then, holding the singlet and the dungaree aloft, he shouted: 'This is a day of great sadness! Gaze at these, O people of Puka-Puka! A new singlet which cost me twelve shillings [I had sold it to him six months before for three], and all thrown away on this good-for-nothing, ugly imbecile, Wail-of-Woe!'

Here Wail-of-Woe nodded his head sympathetically as though in full agreement with his father-in-law. With another whoop Rock Grouper continued:

'This marriage is none of my doing! I have been against it from the first! For years I have refused to let my fine fat daughter marry this ne'er-do-well.

Look at her, people of Puka-Puka! She has the royal blood of Peru Island in her stomach: a finer, fatter woman is not to be found — and all, all thrown away on the worthless idiot, Wail-of-Woe! Curse him, the bag of bones! Not only does he steal my beautiful daughter, but he robs me of my substance as well! See! The very clothes on his back — it was I who bought them, for I was ashamed, knowing that without my help he would come naked to the wedding! And now he takes my beautiful singlet, too! *Aué!* My beautiful new twelve-shilling singlet! *Aué!* I am now a pauper!'

With that he furiously threw the ragged singlet at Wail-of-Woe, and hurled after it the two yards of dungaree. He had worked himself into an almost frenzied state, and tears of self-pity were actually flowing down his cheeks.

Then came Breadfruit, as speedily as his elephantiac legs would permit. Six yards of cheap print cloth streamed from one hand, and in the other was a pair of old white cotton stockings.

'This is a day of great sorrow!' he yelled, waving the stockings. 'Weep with me, people of Puka-Puka, for to-day a penniless woman, old enough to be his mother, has robbed me of my son! For years I forbade the match, but at last the tears of Sun-Eater's family softened my heart and I foolishly consented to this marriage. I was ashamed, so I threw away all my wealth to clothe the hussy! Look at her great mouth that would frighten a shark! Her hair is falling out with old age, and she has hardly a tooth in her head! And gaze upon my fine son, the flower of the young men, thrown away upon this hideous cannibal!'

Here Sun-Eater nodded her head in agreement, as did the rest of the throng.

With many a despairing grunt, Breadfruit moved clumsily through the steps of a dance; then, flinging the

print cloth and stockings at the bride, he moaned: 'Now I am a pauper! Everything is taken from me — my son, these beautiful stockings, six yards of the finest cloth, which cost me five shillings a yard [I had sold it to him at ninepence] — all is gone, thrown away on this loose woman!'

Thus went the Puka-Puka ceremony of 'making big.' No wedding would be complete without it.

Wildly waving his arms, George, the Leeward Village dandy, sprang before the couple, flourishing a bottle of hair oil and yelling that it had cost him eighteen shillings. Everyone knew that the price was one and sixpence, but that mattered nothing. He, the generous George, cared nothing for expense. He was more than willing to buy costly gifts for Sun-Eater; for, he admitted, she had been his sweetheart in the past, but he had generously given her her freedom when he learned that poor old Wail-of-Woe wanted to marry her. Then he took from Wail-of-Woe's head the bowler hat he had lent him for the wedding, threw the bottle of hair oil into Sun-Eater's lap, and strode off at a manly gait.

Old Mama, the wife of William the heathen, came next. She was dressed in her mildewed bedgown and flourished a handkerchief in her hand. I had sold her the handkerchief that morning for ninepence. Mama screamed that this was no ordinary handkerchief, but a particularly fine one that her friend the trader had brought with him from his own land and had reluctantly sold to her for nine shillings. Such a splendid gift was quite thrown away on such a skeleton as Wail-of-Woe; however, since he was her nephew, she would give it to him merely as a matter of family pride. She then put her withered limbs through a dance movement.

Many others, friends and relatives, brought gifts, each of them trying to

outdo the others in praising his gift and disparaging the bride or groom. I presented a bag of flour, and when I turned away without 'making big,' Peni, my store boy, jumped up and spoke in my stead, bouncing the price of the flour to as many pounds as it was shillings. Then my old friend William joined him, and together they heaped insults on Sun-Eater and Wail-of-Woe, telling them how utterly unworthy they were to receive this priceless gift from the white trader, a man known as far away as Apia and Tahiti and Rarotonga for his great deeds and his unheard-of generosity.

'There!' said Peni, coming up to me. 'If I had not spoken, people would have thought that was only an ordinary fifteen-shilling bag of flour.'

'So it was,' I replied. Peni gave me an astonished glance.

'But it is n't now!' he said, and I think he believed it.

Some brought presents of roast chickens and pigs; others brought drinking nuts, fish, and taro cooked into puddings. When evening had set in the food was so divided that all those who had taken part in the gift-giving should have a share. The other gifts were kept by Wail-of-Woe and his wife, although at some marriages even the offerings of clothing, perfume, and so forth are divided. In that case a man who has given the groom a pair of trousers may very well take them home with him again, or perhaps a shirt or a pair of secondhand shoes in place of them. At this particular kind of 'making big' George invariably presents the groom with his British army overcoat and Scratch-Woman's offering to the bride is the black lace dress handed down from mother to daughter in her family for many years. The understanding is, of course, that these articles shall be returned to the donors when the division of spoils takes place.

V

A year after his marriage Wail-of-Woe was in the last stages of consumption. Bosun-Woman and Jeffrey, her husband, visited him daily, for one is the island undertaker and the other the island doctor.

This loud-mouthed Bosun-Woman! None of Walter Scott's old women who hobble to wakes could surpass her in ghouliness. She takes a morbid pleasure in visiting the dangerously ill and is never so happy as when laying out a corpse. Although she is not far past forty she appears to be much older, except for her hair, which is black. It hangs loosely down her back in tangled hanks, damp with fish oil. Her cheeks are withered and flabby, her eyes are like buttons of black jade, and her mouth is large and pale.

Jeffrey is much older. He is tall, bony, and walks with a wriggling motion as though his hips were out of joint. He shaves every Christmas with the Central Village razor. He wears a grass skirt, nothing else, and his legs are as hairy and almost as thin as a spider's. He is the only doctor on Puka-Puka and mixes noxious things like fish intestines, chicken droppings, coconut bark, sea urchins, and the like, for all diseases, external or internal. These he administers in large doses, and if the patient is not cured by the power of suggestion he dies from the effect of the medicine.

Jeffrey has three other methods of treatment. One is massage, which is often helpful. The second is by invocations to the spirits of the dead, who cause the patient's illness by possessing his body. In some cases Jeffrey's invocations cure, for they create a hopeful state of mind in the sick person, who believes that the malignant spirit is being driven out.

The third method of treatment is

disastrous in most cases, particularly in cases of tuberculosis, for it consists in putting the patient on a strict diet of a very coarse kind of taro, land crabs, and coconut crabs. Jeffrey claims that by eating good taro, fish, eggs, fowls, and the like, the effect of his medicine is neutralized. This tabu doubtless comes from ancient times when the witch doctors shrewdly killed off the weaklings in an effort to combat overpopulation. The tabu also saved the fish and taro for the warriors and the witch doctors themselves.

Wail-of-Woe sank fast on his diet of *puraka* and crabs, as well as from his daily doses of nauseous medicine. Bosun-Woman called at his house every day, where she amused herself by composing the death chant to be wailed over his body. Wail-of-Woe did not in the least resent her visits. On the contrary, he seemed to look forward to them and would make suggestions for improvements in the verses she was composing. And he would discuss with her the arrangements for his burial — how many yards of white calico would suffice for the winding sheet, and so forth. He seemed to have no fear whatever of the approaching end.

One evening old Mama came to tell me that Wail-of-Woe was to die that night. Jeffrey had said so.

I went to Wail-of-Woe's house and looked in. He was sitting in Sea Foam's steamer chair, propped up by pillows, while close by squatted a dozen people staring at him. His eyes were hollow and his body frightfully emaciated.

'I am going to die to-night, Ropati,' he muttered hoarsely, and then broke down with a racking fit of coughing. Bosun-Woman was not there; it was not proper for her to appear on the last day until after the first death wail — she was at home, wide-awake, waiting.

I returned to the trading station and put a lively record on my phonograph,

but it did little to cheer me up. I retired early and was awakened about two in the morning by a piercing scream. Hurrying footsteps sounded in the road below. I went to the verandah and looked down. Bosun-Woman passed, going to the wake, her flabby face with its ghastly smile looking even more horrible by moonlight. She walked with a light mincing step and her hair slapped back and forth across her back like a wet rag.

Others followed: children, old men, old women, all on their way to hear the new dirge Bosun-Woman would wail over the body.

Screech after screech cut through the still night air, but at length these subsided and the death chant burst forth. How is one to describe such a song with nothing of the sort from civilized lands to be used as a comparison? Puka-Puka death chants are peculiar to this island, and there seems to be nothing human about them. The sounds range from eerie guttural moans rising slowly to ear-splitting screams when the wife throws her body across that of her dead husband, tearing her hair with outcries that chill the blood; then there are almost whispered chantings and sobbings that seem to come from another world. When I first heard one of these songs I was fascinated by its unearthly quality, and found myself unconsciously swaying my body in unison with Bosun-Woman, uttering meaningless syllables in her unvarying cadence. I had to tear myself away from the spot and dash my hands against my head to break the spell I was under.

All that night, all the next day, and all the following night Bosun-Woman led the death chant over the body of Wail-of-Woe. Thus all the relatives exhausted themselves emotionally, abandoning themselves to grief until an inevitable reaction set in. As a result,

when Wail-of-Woe was buried, even Sun-Eater could greet the world with a smile.

VI

At night the coconut groves of Puka-Puka are filled with moving shadows — lacelike shadows of fronds, shadows of stiff-limbed pandanus trees, of ground bush, of fleecy trade-wind clouds skimming low overhead. And there are the shadows of the *kaki*, the young unmarried, stealing from the villages to their meetings on the lonely outer beaches, where great breakers thunder on the reef and long stretches of pure coral sand glimmer faintly under the light of moon or stars.

If some Paul Pry were to follow them to these nightly rendezvous, he would doubtless be greatly shocked. He would see naked youthful figures dancing joyously in the ghostly light. He would hear snatches of weird heathen song, provocative rhythms drummed out on coconut shells; and faintly above the roar of the surf he would hear, far offshore, exultant shouts where groups of young Puka-Pukans disport themselves like schools of porpoises in the deep sea, riding the great swells just rising to break on the reef.

The young unmarried of Puka-Puka correspond to 'these wild young people' that parents of our day — of all times, in fact — are forever shaking their heads about. But the parents of this island are by no means concerned about their sons and daughters just emerging into manhood and womanhood. They themselves were once young, they remember, and did precisely as their children are doing now. Their parents before them did the same, and so it has gone through countless generations. If there is any place on earth where men and women live naturally, surely it is Puka-Puka.

ARE WE PLAYING THE GAME?

BY GEORGE E. PUTNAM

I

SINCE the end of the war we have heard much about the doctrine, long recognized as a commonplace among economists, that the debts of one country to another can be settled only through the transfer of goods or services from the debtor to the creditor country. We have been confronted with this doctrine more and more with each succeeding year. We first encountered it when we ventured to form an intelligent opinion on the reparations question — how much Germany could pay and the manner in which she would pay it. We next heard about it when we began to deal with the disturbing problem of war debts — how England, Belgium, France, and Italy were going to pay the interest and principal on their war and post-war borrowings from the American Government. Bringing the matter all the way home, we are now obliged to take fresh cognizance of the doctrine whenever we seriously consider the status of that large group of private American investors who have been buying enormous quantities of foreign bonds — how these investors are to receive the interest or dividends in years to come on the foreign securities they have been putting away in their strong boxes.

In its more refined form the doctrine does not state that a debtor country seeking to effect a settlement of its obligations must send goods direct to the country where its creditors live. On the contrary, it may sell its goods or services

in any foreign market. The essence of the doctrine is that a debtor country in its trade relations with the rest of the world must develop an excess of total exports over total imports, an excess approximately equal to the yearly obligations it expects to meet. It will then be in a position to satisfy its foreign creditors. The sale of goods abroad in excess of purchases abroad will leave cash balances, somewhere beyond its own boundaries, on which drafts can be drawn for the payment of external obligations.

Just as a debtor country must sell more than it buys, so a creditor country must buy more than it sells. It must increase its importations of foreign goods, no matter in what country the goods originate, or it must diminish its export trade, if it would receive the money payments which the foreign debtor is trying to make. In short, a creditor country must have an excess of total imports over total exports sufficiently large to permit it to receive in goods or services the interest and principal payments due from the outside.

At times we have given an attentive and sympathetic ear to this doctrine. It has seemed clear to everyone, for example, that Germany could make reparation payments only to the extent that she was able to develop a surplus production of goods and services which outside markets would take. Up to this point there has been no ground for argument. We have accepted the doctrine outright as applied to the method by which a debtor country must discharge

its external obligations. But when it comes to fitting the doctrine in with our own status as a great creditor country, foredoomed to receive large payments from foreign debtors, our attitude toward all such doctrine becomes at once lukewarm, then cold, and, on further consideration, openly antagonistic. Surely, we argue, there is some way to beat it.

We have made determined efforts to negative that portion of the doctrine which tells how a creditor country must receive its interest and principal payments from debtor countries. We have shown unequivocally that we do not want foreign goods to compete in our markets with the products of our own manufacture. If foreigners can arrange to send us raw materials which we do not produce, all well and good, but under no circumstances do we want their manufactured products. That has been our answer to the widely proclaimed doctrine of the economists.

II

Our demonstration of protest began shortly after the end of the war. We had a strong feeling at the time — and it may have been a reasonable feeling — that European countries would make a supreme effort to recover market outlets which had been lost while the war was on. Our feelings in the matter were aggravated by at least three important considerations. In the first place, there lay in the back of our minds the fact that European countries owed the American Government billions of dollars on account of our war and post-war advances which, according to the doctrine of the economists, could be repaid only in the form of goods or services. Secondly, it was realized that Germany in particular had need of a large external market where she could sell her products and build up cash bal-

ances with which to pay her reparation obligations. And what more accessible or coveted market was there than ours? Finally, our leaders made much of the argument, though it contained only a modicum of truth, that a nation having a depreciated currency enjoyed special manufacturing and selling advantages not possessed by nations whose currencies were on a gold basis.

Confronted with an international trade situation which seemed ominous, at a time when our own industry was languishing as the result of post-war deflation, we promptly convinced ourselves that drastic action was needed to meet the trade emergency. In order to safeguard our industries against the alleged dangers of European competition and to ensure the maintenance of our high standard of living, we put through special tariff legislation in 1921 in the form of an Emergency Tariff Act. In the following year we reaffirmed our belief in the efficacy of goods-exclusion principles by passing the Fordney Tariff Act.

Our return to a high-tariff policy did not inflict great hardship on European countries at the moment. Although heavily indebted to us on open account as a result of the war, they could not immediately pay off these obligations by sending us goods. Their productive efficiency was too far below pre-war standards, their trade was still disorganized. It is impossible to believe that they could have become dangerous competitors in our markets forthwith, even if our tariff had been left unchanged. Be that as it may, the effect of the very substantial increase in our tariff duties was to make their case more hopeless than it would have been otherwise. It not only operated to retard the revival of their internal trade, but it put off still further the day when they could pay their external debts in the ordinary commercial way. Deprived of

the power to send us goods, they had no alternative but to send us gold. Here was a product which could be sent in duty-free.

Throughout the three and one-half year period ending January 1924, we had a veritable flood of gold imports. Our gold holdings piled up at an average rate of more than \$1,000,000 a day. We became the possessors of one half of the world's supply of monetary gold. Never before had a single country amassed so large a proportion of the world's standard money; such a persistent and one-sided movement of the metal had never been considered within the bounds of possibility. It was as if one half of the contents of the Atlantic Ocean suddenly moved over into the Pacific and remained there, notwithstanding an old-fashioned doctrine about water seeking its own level.

Our tariff legislation of 1921 and 1922 was not, of course, the only factor which caused foreign gold to pile up in this country. There were a number of contributing causes, not the least important of which, as will be seen presently, was our manner of dealing with imported gold after it reached our vaults. But when all of the causes of this phenomenal gold movement have been enumerated and appraised, there is no escaping the conclusion that our goods-exclusion policy, as expressed in post-war tariff legislation, forced us to take vast quantities of gold which need never have come and which now constitute a serious problem to be reckoned with.

III

Had our banking authorities utilized the gold as it came to us, matters would have righted themselves in the course of time in spite of tariff barriers. Gold imports would have set about automatically to create the conditions under which foreign goods could be sold in our

markets. The flood of gold coming to our shores would have cheapened the dollar and, in accordance with the predictions of practically all European students of the question, we should have had an inflation in our prices. On the other side of the picture, the countries which were sending the gold to us would have experienced the opposite effects — they would have had a corresponding deflation in their prices. Sooner or later the automatic workings of the gold standard would have created a sufficient differential between our level of prices and that of foreign countries to permit their goods to scale our tariff wall and to create cash balances which they could use to pay their obligations.

Wisely or unwisely, we did not permit the flood of gold to work toward this goal. We astonished the European prophets by temporarily depriving gold of its inflationary power. We deliberately thwarted the intelligent purpose for which it came to us. We delayed the issue.

Putting vast quantities of gold into storage where it could have no stimulating effect upon the volume of credit or the level of prices was an accomplishment without precedent in the world's banking history. We need not delve into the technical structure of Federal Reserve banking which made this accomplishment possible. It is sufficient to note that we happened to be in a position where a gold-storage, or gold-sterilization, policy could be carried out, within certain limits, if we wanted to make the attempt. And we wanted earnestly to make it. We had just come through a painful period of deflation, following the inflation of 1919 when a too liberal use had been made of our gold reserves. Having had that memorable experience with the full cycle of inflation and deflation, we were bent on avoiding a repetition of it.

Moreover, the feeling was general among Federal Reserve authorities that we were only trustees for a large part of the gold which was being sent to us, and that when European countries set about restoring their depreciated currencies we should have to part with some of our holdings. In these circumstances it was deemed the part of prudence that the vast gold supply we were accumulating should be so managed that it might be kept available for redistribution, as the occasion arose, without producing any untoward or disturbing effects on our own trade or financial situation.

Some have objected to the statement that we 'sterilized' gold, and a number of other terms have been suggested as more fairly descriptive of our policy. For the present purpose it matters little whether we say that gold was sterilized, valorized, neutralized, buried, warehoused, hoarded, impounded, or conserved. The records show that during the period between August 1920 and January 1924 our net imports of gold amounted to \$1,400,000,000, and yet — here is the extraordinary fact — over the period as a whole we had no net expansion in the total volume of credit either at the Federal Reserve banks or at seven hundred of the largest member banks. Whether we sterilized \$1,400,000,000 of imported gold or merely conserved it, we did what we could in a financial way, though we must have done it unwittingly, to make the tariff all the more effective in excluding foreign goods.

IV

It is still too early to make a full appraisal of the consequences of our gold-sterilization policy. That there are and will continue to be important consequences of a policy which, whatever its purpose, effectively postponed

the date when foreign debtors could pay us in goods, we can rest assured. Or, to state the case in other terms, we can hardly expect to thwart the intelligent purpose of a large and sustained gold movement over a period of three and one-half years without getting consequences of a far-reaching nature, affecting not only ourselves but our foreign debtors as well. A few of the immediate consequences can be seen already.

One of the direct results of refusing to employ the gold we received was that we continued to get more gold. This result was inevitable. In the face of excessive gold supplies we maintained money rates at a high level, a level too high to make it worth while for business to expand and use up some of our dormant credit. We engaged in a kind of price-fixing programme with respect to gold, arbitrarily fixing the interest price at which gold could be used as a basis for credit. Our object, of course, was to prevent inflation, and in this we were partly successful, but the net result of our efforts was to aggravate the problem of excessive gold supplies in a way that was never contemplated.

We could at any time adopt a similar policy with reference to wheat or any other farm product for the purpose of bringing relief to a depressed agriculture. We could enact a law requiring some federal agency to raise the prices of farm products arbitrarily. We have not taken this drastic step as a remedy for agricultural depression because we have known full well that such a step would be unwise. It would stimulate farmers to produce more wheat when we already have too much, and the supplies would eventually become so large that arbitrary price maintenance would break down of its own accord.

Our price-fixing efforts with respect to gold met exactly that fate. The

vacuum created by our artificially high interest rates caused more and more gold to be thrust upon us. It was a case involving the operation of a simple economic law which states that goods will move to that market where they can be sold to the best advantage. In response to this law, foreign gold continued to move to our markets until they became congested. By the early part of 1924 our gold stocks had become so large that arbitrary control broke down, — on gold as it would have on wheat, — and all gold which came in thereafter automatically became the basis for credit expansion.

The automatic relationship between gold imports and credit expansion following the breakdown of control may be seen in the developments which took place over the ensuing three and one-half year period, ending July 1927. During this period we had net imports of gold of approximately \$400,000,000, and an expansion in the loans and investments of about seven hundred of our largest banks of more than \$4,000,000,000. Thus every dollar of gold coming in during this period multiplied itself in credit operations more than ten times. It was impossible for the Federal Reserve banks to prevent this phenomenal expansion. They had reached the end of their power to sterilize imported gold. Once our rain barrel had been filled to overflowing, we could no longer control the use of the additional water that poured into it.

Another consequence of our gold-storage policy — and this consequence was felt acutely by our foreign debtors — was that we brought on a fall in the world's level of prices. The truth of this statement cannot be demonstrated mathematically, but it stands to reason that the transfer of \$1,400,000,000 of the world's gold stock from foreign bank reserves, where it was being used as a basis for credit, to our own vaults,

where it was held in complete idleness, should artificially raise its value. If we warehoused 15 per cent or more of the world's supply of wheat in the course of a crop year, and kept it warehoused, would not the price of wheat rise? And if we could raise the price of wheat in this manner, would not the storing of 15 per cent of the world's gold supply raise its value also? The evidence seems to be unmistakable that our storage policy raised the value of gold throughout the world. And raising the value or purchasing power of gold is the same thing as reducing the level of prices.

Theory says that our policy should have caused a fall in prices, and the trend of world prices following the termination of our gold-storing activities bears out the theory. Between January 1925 and July 1927 there was a general decline in wholesale prices in all gold-standard countries, ranging from 10 per cent in the United States to 17 per cent in England. So pronounced an appreciation in the purchasing power of gold — that is what a fall in prices means — was bound to have an adverse effect upon foreign debtors. Their loans had been contracted when the dollar was cheap; now they had to meet interest charges on cheap loans when the dollar was more valuable. It may safely be said that in creating a condition of gold shortage throughout the world we imposed an additional burden upon our foreign debtors of approximately 10 per cent.

It was impossible for foreign countries to overcome the artificial gold shortage by increasing gold production at the mines or by making new economies in the use of gold. There were, however, certain economies that could be made, and our policy compelled the central banks of foreign countries to economize in every possible way. Strange as it may seem, their principal

means of economy lay in transferring a part of their gold reserves to our own banks. To accomplish this purpose they had only to buy with their own currencies the dollar balances which were being created through the sale of foreign securities in our markets, or they could make direct shipments of gold. Once they had acquired a deposit balance with our banking institutions, they not only had something which would pay them interest, but also, in many cases, something which the laws of their respective countries allowed them to count as part of their required reserves.

It was in this way that foreign banks responded to the artificial gold shortage we created. They sent us gold, which we did not want, in order to make their reserves do double duty. We have no precise means of knowing the extent to which they practised this particular form of gold economy, or how our international account now stands as the result of these operations. However, we have an estimate of the Department of Commerce for the year 1926, which shows that foreigners had deposits and short-time investments in this country of about \$2,250,000,000, and that after allowing for the unfunded items they owed us there remained a net credit to foreign account of about \$1,150,000,000. There is every reason to believe that our net debt to foreigners on short-time account is far greater now than it was in 1926.

A good deal of concern has been shown about this situation. It has been suggested that at any moment we might be called upon to convert these short-time investments and deposit balances into gold for export, and that the sudden withdrawal of so vast a quantity of gold would put a serious strain on our credit structure. Whether or not the fears on this score are well founded, it is to be noted that we have

here a disturbing problem of our own creation — we are reaping the harvest of years of resistance to natural forces which, if allowed to operate, would have compelled us to take foreign goods in payment for the obligations due us.

V

The record of our accomplishment thus far, shows that we have succeeded, temporarily at least, in negating the doctrine of the economists — first, through tariff legislation, and then, indirectly, through the pursuance of an adroit monetary policy. In order to defeat this doctrine we chose to go directly against the tide. In so doing we not only created for ourselves serious problems which have yet to be faced, but, what is also important, we inflicted upon foreign debtors certain injuries which are already plainly visible. First of all, our high-tariff policy excluded their goods at the very time they owed us money. This operated to retard the revival of their trade and the restoration of their currencies. Then our hoarding of gold contributed to the same end, preventing the development of a situation where they could have sent goods to us in spite of the tariff. Finally, our gold-storage policy gave rise to a world shortage of gold which deflated foreign prices and made it more difficult than ever for foreign debtors to pay the interest on high-price debts out of low-price products. In the light of these considerations, is it any wonder that there is a growing gulf between the United States and foreign countries? Have we really played the game?

As for ourselves, it is difficult to see wherein we have accomplished anything of a constructive nature. In the six years since our tariff legislation the problem of getting our payments has come no nearer to being solved. It

has, in fact, been aggravated by our obstructionist tactics. We have become a great creditor nation with known foreign investments of around \$14,000,000,000, on which we expect to receive interest of approximately \$1,000,000,000 a year. In addition to these investments, which are held privately, we hold a great mass of European war-debt obligations on which we are receiving interest and principal payments of \$200,000,000 a year.

As a creditor nation we ought to be receiving these payments in goods — we ought to be importing more than we are exporting. But we are doing exactly the opposite. We are still showing a substantial export balance 'in our favor.' Instead of taking goods in payment for the yearly obligations due us we are taking promissory notes and other pieces of paper on a large scale. During the past year we made loans and investments in foreign countries of \$1,500,000,000. This means that we advanced our own money to foreigners on the strength of their promissory notes, and they gave it back to us in payment for goods and past interest accumulations!

Thus far we have fared pretty well on our holdings of foreign bonds. To all outward appearances we have been getting the interest payments on these promissory notes in the normal way. In reality, however, we have been cashing one another's interest coupons. Tom received interest on his 1926 foreign bond because Dick bought one in 1927. Both will get their interest in 1928 if Harry buys one. As time goes on, Tom, Dick, and Harry must all return to the market at intervals and cash their own interest coupons by buying new bonds, or other bond buyers must be found who will cash the interest coupons for them.

As a nation, our position is not unlike that of the merchant who on making

a sale to one of his customers takes the customer's promissory note, bearing interest. At the end of the year the customer offers another promissory note in payment for the accrued interest. He then proceeds to buy more goods for which he pays with more promissory notes, repeating the same operation year after year. The problem is: How long can the merchant continue to give credit in this manner, and how long before the customer is a bankrupt?

When confronted with this perplexing problem, we are inclined to brush it lightly aside. We have been so successful in cashing the interest coupons on foreign bonds over the past six years that we are not much concerned with philosophical speculations on the future status of debtor or creditor countries. We prefer to dismiss the whole problem by agreeing with the optimist who, falling from the roof of a forty-story skyscraper, at length passed an open window on the third floor, where he was heard to remark, 'Everything's going all right so far.'

With the continued advance in our position as a creditor country, as now seems inevitable, the question arises as to how we are going to get the payments due us if we go on showing resistance to the importation of goods. At the rate our foreign investments have been growing and will probably continue to grow, larger and larger interest payments will be due us each year. We cannot take promissory notes in payment for an indefinite period. There is a limit also to the number of sound promissory notes that can be offered. Suppose we simplify the problem as much as possible by forgetting about such items as interest and principal payments on the war debts, on the assumption that these items may be canceled at some future date by a stroke of the pen. That helps a little.

We then have to deal with foreign obligations of about \$14,000,000,000, all privately owned, which cannot be got rid of through cancellation. How are the holders of these obligations going to receive their interest in years to come?

Under a goods-exclusion policy, the holders of foreign bonds may get some of their interest payments in the form of duty-free raw materials which do not compete with our own products. They may also get payments in the form of foreign services. For example, the countries in which our tourists travel and spend their money are rendering us a service. The same is true of those countries which receive remittances from our immigrant population, which carry our ocean freight, or which insure our cargoes. The more we spend for foreign services and noncompeting raw materials, the easier it will be for the holders of foreign bonds to collect their interest.

Will these items be large enough to balance the international account and provide cash for the interest coupons? We are gambling that they will be. Who knows whether we shall win or lose in this particular gamble? Mathematically, the chances are all against us. If we put on one side of the scales the rate at which the yearly interest bill of foreign debtors is accumulating, and on the other side the greatest conceivable rate of increase in the importation of services and duty-free raw materials, there is not the remotest possibility of getting a balanced relationship. Only through 'an act of God,' as the lawyers say, could the scales be balanced.

VI

Having created the problem of international payments, we alone can solve it. We can approach the problem in

the spirit that we are dealing with a purely personal matter of business, affecting only ourselves; or, as befits our newly acquired status as a great creditor country, we can take the broader view that we have certain responsibilities to our debtors. What are we going to do about it?

There are at least three ways of dealing with the problem. One way is to ignore it, 'sit tight,' and 'let Europe stew in its own juice.' Under this plan we should manage our trade and monetary affairs for our own immediate advantage. Although continuing to lend freely on the outside, we should have no concern whatever for the rest of the world. Eventually we should find that the countries and foreign industries to which we had made loans and sold goods could not meet their interest charges. The principal of the loans, too, would be wiped out. The problem would then be solved.

Many of the proposals which have been put forward from time to time for credit restriction or goods exclusion could lead to no other result. As a means of balancing the international account a solution of this kind would be effective, but it is surely not the kind of solution anybody wants.

A second method of dealing with the problem would be to remove its principal cause—that is, reduce the tariff and allow a greater quantity of foreign goods to be sold in our markets.

It is beginning to seem clear to the writer that our post-war tariff legislation was a mistake. There was no emergency at the time requiring emergency treatment. We were not being flooded with foreign goods. In the psychology of the moment we let our fears get the better of our judgment. Moreover, we should have realized that it is one of the easiest things in the world to put up the tariff and one of the most difficult things to get it lowered. Once

high tariff duties have been imposed, industry promptly adjusts itself to the situation; but when the same duties are taken away, the stimulus to activity is gone, industry languishes, and men are thrown out of employment. The mere uncertainty caused by an agitation for tariff reduction has a depressing effect upon business. Who shall say that because our post-war tariff legislation was a mistake we should now rectify it and deliberately plunge business into depression, as a means of solving the problem of international payments?

The alternative plan is to leave the tariff where it is, utilize more of our gold, and take the consequences. The consequences would consist of credit expansion and inflation, which should eventually lead to a decline in our export balance. Under the influence of rising costs and prices in this country, foreign industries would revive, their goods would find new openings in our tariff wall, and our export trade would encounter fresh obstacles. Sooner or later we should have an import balance sufficiently large to provide the cash for our interest coupons. The consequences might not all be pleasant in the long run, but they would seem to be preferable to the consequences of any other plan.

There is a hopeful inference to be drawn from the events of the past year that we have already embarked, in a limited way at least, upon a programme of this kind. Beginning in July 1927, we made an astounding reversal in our monetary policy. Over the preceding period of seven years we had tried, with varying degrees of success, to hold credit expansion in check; now we proceeded to release credit on a grand scale — we began to utilize for credit purposes some of the gold we had sterilized prior to 1924.

The semiofficial explanation for this

unexpected move was that we were trying to do something to assist the European situation and to facilitate the exportation of our products. The whole explanation might just as easily have been put in terms of self-interest. Self-interest demanded that we make a change. The continued inflow of gold was, or should have been, a matter of the greatest concern. It must have seemed clear that gold was becoming scarce in the world and that foreign currencies could not be restored to a sound basis so long as we continued to import gold. What should we gain if we absorbed so much of the world's gold that other countries were unable to restore their currencies to a gold basis and, in desperation, were forced to seek a new standard of value? Instead of being better off we should be worse off. We should find that our vast stock of yellow gold had become a white elephant on our hands.

It was also clear that as fast as we received foreign gold it automatically gave rise to credit expansion. The gold which had been pouring into our overflowing reservoir during the preceding three and one-half years could not be controlled. The moment it flowed over the top it went into use as a basis for credit. We must have been forced at last to recognize that, while credit expansion could not be checked, the further inflow of gold could be stopped. The only effective way of doing this was to get our interest rates down to a point where gold would no longer be attracted.

The new monetary policy quickly accomplished spectacular results. It raised the value of foreign currencies, checked the fall in world prices, and stopped the flow of gold to this country. Incidentally, it provoked a storm of opposition from those who saw in our mounting volume of credit expansion inflationary tendencies.

It is true that the policy produced great credit expansion, on top of an expansion which had already reached phenomenal proportions. It promptly set up new high records in the volume of bank loans and investments, in stock-market prices and brokers' loans, and in new capital flotations. But great as the expansion in credit has been, it must go much further yet if it is to create a situation where goods can come in over the tariff wall and provide cash for the interest coupons on foreign bonds. Will our antipathy to inflation dictate our future policy? Shall we stand in the way of a credit solution to the problem of international payments? There is always the risk that we may.

There is still another danger to be faced. When we once reach the stage where we begin to get a substantial import balance, it is probable that we shall want to superimpose new tariff duties. Such action would be strictly in line with our basic theory of tariff making, which is that the duty on a given product should be approximately equal to the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. From day to day we are endeavoring to apply this theory to individual products under the 'flexible provisions' of the Fordney Act. We have in actual operation the machinery which could thus effect a general increase in tariff duties without any new legislation on the subject, merely by singling out for

consideration *seriatim* those products which persisted in scaling the tariff wall. It may be that the flexible provisions of the tariff law have proved a failure thus far, but our questionable tariff theory goes on.

It is time that we gave serious consideration to our situation. We are no longer a nation in isolation. Our commerce and finance have become international. The industrial and financial hegemony of the world has been thrust upon us. We cannot 'sit tight' and ignore the responsibilities of this new position without suffering the consequences. We prosper in proportion as we go with the tide, not as we go against it.

The occasion is not one which calls for philanthropic considerations. It is enough that we make sure what self-interest is, and then let ourselves be guided accordingly. If in the course of our business dealings with the outside world we are motivated by a genuine desire to better our position, we shall protect the equity of our investors in foreign bonds by keeping our policies in tune with inexorable economic forces; we shall recognize the commercial advantages of an import as well as of an export trade; and, finally, we shall show a disposition to do our part, in an economic way at least, in bridging the gulf between ourselves and foreign countries—a gulf in the making of which our trade and monetary policies have been mighty factors.

FIDDLERS BY THE SEA

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

I HAD dived deep beneath the waters of Haiti; I had climbed her mountains, horseback and afoot; but I had not stopped halfway and looked with any attention at the shore. I doubt if there is really any more dramatic place in the world than 'tween tides. We usually pass it by with a comment on high or low water, but if we will lie flat on our backs just above high tide (because of our unamphibian infirmity) we may see miracles.

I picked out a clump of trees above a white beach half a mile from the schooner and rowed thither. They were my old friends the mangroves, — the red kind, *Avicennia*, — whose roots by the thousand forever keep saying 'thumbs up.'

Behind a sandy strip of beach I found an old boat sinking into the elements of all boats, and, climbing in, I waited. In five seconds a great cuckoo fell into my lap, thrashed out again, leaving two tail feathers, and flopped up into the branches overhead. Over all the world cuckoos are remarkable for two things — the astounding quality and diversity of their food, and the difficulty they have in making their wings and tail behave. This was the great lizard-eating cuckoo of Haiti, and in his pursuit of saurians was as regardless of direction and feathers and ultimate balance as his ebony cousins, the black witch cuckoos, who at this very moment 'whaleeped' in an adjoining thicket. While he preened his

remaining feathers, I stuck my mementos in my helmet and waited for my next Haitian adventure.

Solitude is impossible in this human-ridden land, and I could hear the soft French patois of blacks working in the sugar cane behind, while on the reef before me two men bailed their leaky boats almost all the time, and in brief intervals of safety examined their wicker fish traps and stabbed sea-urchin bait with nails on long poles.

The right of present possession and force of concentrated interest having made this my very own beach, I leaned back with a feeling of contented ownership and watched for all comers. The first was a slender beauty, a shadow-thin Louisiana heron which paced slowly past in the shallows, eyeing my boat with suspicion, but paying me the compliment of not distinguishing me from the surrounding rotting boards and lichenized roots. Once he stooped and snatched a tiny, flickering fish, and again pecked vainly at a dark spot which I knew was a live conch. Then he spread his wings and left my beach without sound or track. My next visitor was a trespasser, a Haitian, half clad in a garb of filthy rags, unwashed and unpleasant. Shining through these was most beautiful copper-mahogany skin, perfectly tempered to this tropic sun and air, infinitely more modest and sane than his hopeless attempts at conventional dress. Clad as I was only in abbreviated swimming trunks, my fair skin would have been an offense

beside his were it not that in two months of constant exposure I had attained the hue of a dark mulatto.

My Haitian also stopped at the conch shell, picked it up, and, disentangling a rusty knife from his shreds of civilization, cut out a section of the mollusk and ate it. It was so natural a use of the beach and so skillfully done that I felt like withdrawing the stigma of trespasser and classing him with the native heron.

A mocking bird began to sing directly behind me, and for many minutes drowned out the sound of human voices in the distance. My cuckoo croaked overhead and spat down berry pits into my landlocked boat. Then magic began in the boat itself. The bottom boards had long since rotted away, and I sat on a mat of dry mangrove leaves. As if at a signal these leaves began to shift and lift and rub noisily against one another like recently crumpled papers in a wastebasket. The morning breeze had not yet sprung up, and I sat waiting for the elves which haunt old boats. In half a minute a dozen fiddler crabs bustled forth and, with one impulse, immediately vanished. I was comfortably frozen and had not frightened them, but the actual cause was as satisfying as the sight of the crabs themselves. A small green cockroach flew into the farther end, and after it, pell-mell, two fellow country folk, a parula warbler and a Maryland yellow-throat. They sensed me and, in spite of our common nationality, fled headlong, with only a single chirp between them.

The tide was going down my sloping sand, and on the uppermost ten feet I could read in the deep ripple marks the record of the strong wind which had whistled around our schooner tents at midnight. When I reached the five o'clock zone of calm, the sand's surface was smooth as paper. Nothing in the

world seemed more certain than that in a few hours the returning tide would wipe out every ripple mark, and yet I recalled many fossilized beaches, some over a mile above the present sea, where the tide had never returned, when by some velvet convulsion of Mother Earth the delicate furrows of shifting grains had become solid stone.

Everywhere on the smooth sand were records, as clear as tracks on snow, of watery beings who were compromising or pioneering in this ribbon kingdom of dual elements — forever fought for by water and by air. The fiddlers were high upshore, pretending that they were land folk, yet never daring wholly to desert the dampness.

On mid-beach a few fiddlers were working like fury, digging tunnels and throwing up breastworks, piling pellets of sand with as perfect confidence as the foolish man in the Bible. Below them were scores of parallel lines drawn by terrified little black snails, all of whose bravado about the land had evaporated with the water, and they were following their ancestral element with all the speed of their tiny, muscled foot. One giant, a half inch in length, ploughed the distance of his stature in half a minute, and had therefore covered the eight feet of his back trail in an hour and a half, hardly the speed of the retreating tide. These jet-black handsome beaded turrets speeding over the sand were only a few of their kind — those which had been caught in the blazing sun far from shelter. Wherever a depression promised dampness during low tide, or where the cool, mossy mangrove rootlets raised their spikes, thousands of the ebony spires gathered, spun a moisture-proof varnish across their front vestibule, and slept or dreamed or thought, or perhaps, being merely mollusks, only existed until the returning water awoke them to the joys and sorrows of snail life.

II

If I had ventured to make a probable list of the sea creatures most likely to be found among the mangrove roots at low tide, I should have completely failed. I should have favored sturdy, strong-housed snails and hermit crabs. But here instead were the flabbiest bits of life—unpleasant, wormy sea cucumbers which, as seen half dried in the sun, not even an enthusiastic holothuroidologist could call attractive. Their claim upon our interest, as I have shown elsewhere, is quite another matter.

Here in the sandy mangrove zone I was surprised to find sea anemones. I came across a symmetrical impression as if there had rested upon the sand a glass tumbler with base cut into an intricately scalloped pattern. As I stepped closer, the whole circular area sank a little, and a touch identified it.

All around was the evidence of considerable wave action, sand ripples an inch in depth, and it was hard to understand how this bit of flaccid animal jelly could maintain its hold upon the shifting grains. With my penknife I began excavating on one side, going down and down until at last I discovered its foot on a horizontal mangrove root, eight inches below the surface. When I dislodged it, a thick sheet of the red bark came along with it. I was reminded of the mixed character of this zone of life by a cohort of stinging ants, which raced over the sand and occasionally nipped me as I dug. The type of mind which is thrilled by having picked oysters from trees could make an excellent Haitian yarn from the juxtaposition of anemones and ants. As I labored, a green-and-brown lizard dashed past in pursuit of the tiniest of fiddler infants. This astonishing race resulted in success for the aquatic kingdom, when the crablet dived safely into its hole.

By the time I had freed my anemone it had contracted to two inches and looked like a sandy mushroom. At first glance there was little to choose in point of beauty between it and the near-by stranded sea cucumber, but washing worked wonders, and the cucumber changed to the semblance of a rolling field all aglow with a dense crop of tansy in full bloom, and the moment I planted the anemone in an aquarium of sand, things beautiful began to happen.

Balanced on its contracted base, it gradually commenced to flatten and to grip the bottom with long, bulbous furrows. The summit opened slowly, like the slow-motion picture of an expanding flower. Structure after structure came into view, none showing the brilliancy of those blossoming on the coral reef a hundred yards from shore, but very beautiful with the exquisitely subdued patterning of hen pheasants. First there uncurled a broad Elizabethan ruff of clove brown, revolving outward in an expanse of surface like lace spread over a ploughed field. Then, like rabbits and bouquets from a conjurer's hat, from no space at all rose up rank after rank of long finger tentacles, until forty-eight were numbered. These were thick at the base, and pale misty olive with whitish scars scattered down the inner side. Within the three circles of the ever-moving tentacles was a flat field of olive, marbled with reddish brown, guarding in its centre the half-opened mouth with still-concealed inner organs showing as four pearly spheres.

The first two anemones which I excavated had columns of pale pink, the exact shade of the bark of the submerged mangrove roots, but even the most violent protective-colorite could derive no support from this pigmental by-product, for in the next two anemones the long stalks were green.

Although they move and eat and are animals like ourselves, anemones, as personalities, pall after a time, and my interest was about to shift to other organisms when, in the lee of a small mangrove growing far down the sand, I saw a large individual with a brood of young alongside. There were eleven, and all clustered in a squarish space of about three inches. Their discs were tiny, but the slender tentacles were bravely expanded to their widest extent.

Sea anemones are delightfully diversified in the matter of reproduction. The eggs may be fertilized in the water or may be retained until they become good-sized embryos. Some actinian mothers have special brood pouches like aquatic kangaroos. Or adventitious infants may suddenly develop like buds on the stalk of the parent; or the anemone herself may have a sudden longing for a double life, and slowly and gently split in twain.

It would almost seem as if the small family I had discovered had dropped off as buds, and instantly sunk their tiny, living shafts to bed rock, or in this case bed shell, for all reached down a full inch to a long-buried wreck of a conch. To this they clung with a persistency resisting the movements of both sand and water — which to them were, on the one hand, avalanches of great boulders and, on the other, terrific pounding of huge breakers. Thus did one family of Haitian sand anemones — or, if you will, *Asteractis expansa* — start their lives on my beach.

III

About six o'clock one tropical winter evening, a disgruntled mother fiddler crab kicked several hundred of her offspring into the sea. Most of them soon died, some being eaten, others tangled up in drifting seaweed or thrown ashore and thoroughly dried.

One at least lived, and to-day on my beach, a year later, I watched him come out of his burrow near the bow of my desiccated boat. I state all this with assurance, because it is the manner of birth of all fiddler crabs. For many days the mother crab carries dozens of bunches of eggs around with her. They are so heavy that she fears to leave her burrow except at dusk. She has little or no warmth of affection for them, and only through instinct is moved nightly to wade into the treacherous shallows and flick her growing offspring about — thus aerating them.

One evening, invariably about dusk, the young burst their shells, and at every flick of their mother's body they are scattered by the thousand through the water. They bear exactly the same amount of resemblance to their parent that a horned toad does to a pussycat. The head and thorax part is enormous, and is made up chiefly of two long spines and a pair of monstrous eyes. A slender string of five beads forms an abdomen of sorts, and two small oars project at the sides, whose blades are tufts of feathery hairs. Twenty-five of these uncomfortable, unreasonable little beings could line up upon a pin's length.

Our infant crab lives the simple life — in fact, it is the simple life even to its name, *Zoea*, which in Greek means 'life.' The whole object of *Zoea* for many weeks is to row itself furiously along, onward and upward as near the surface and light as possible, and to clutch at creatures still smaller and devour them. It kicks itself along through a whole world of infantile life — all at the mercy of waves and tides and currents. There are sea worms, sea urchins, snails, jellyfish and starfish, moss animals, sea eggs, larval fish, and lobsters — all youthful, free-swimming, boiling with futile energy, kicking, snapping, wriggling, flapping

their way through the water in preparation for the time when age shall force most of them to settle down to a life of crawling, creeping, winding, or even vegetative existence on the bottom of the sea.

With and about and around all these tiny creatures drifts still another world of life — billions upon billions of one-celled animals and plants. And, were we of sufficient lack of stature to observe these adequately, we should be hard put to it often to tell which was plant and which animal; such easy marks of difference as green coloring matter and lack of movement are meaningless here. We are in a strange cosmos where no second glance would be given to a geranium with wings or a puppy with roots. This third world furnishes an abundance of nourishment for the second, which is that of Zoea. And Zoea crumbs fall from the banquet table of the fish fraternity, and so on.

In the matter of privacy, the famous goldfish lives in an opaque seraglio in comparison with Zoea. The latter is absolutely transparent, and nothing is hidden from friend or enemy — the heart, beating sometimes fast, sometimes slow, or stopping, the food going cheerfully on its way through the body, while we can see the muscles move as behind clear glass.

For a few weeks Zoea succeeds in keeping near the surface, but, as it moults again and again, its oars are blunted and it gets heavier, until it gives up and rolls about helplessly on the bottom. The fifth Zoea now moults into a being somewhat awfully like a crab, but one misshapen and gone all wrong. It is as horrible in disposition as in bodily form. *Megalops* it is called, and claws its way through the water, feeding voraciously. Its own brothers and lesser Zoea nephews are especial titbits. Another month passes, while the crab spirit grows stronger, and for a

week or more it clings to floating nuts or weeds or bits of wood, and at last crawls unsteadily out on land. Here it is probably devoured by its father, mother, or relatives, for it is still only a twelfth of an inch in length. If, however, it runs the gauntlet, it digs a tiny burrow, and for the first time in its life has a short, safe breathing space.

When it moults into one-eighth inch of crab, it observes with interest (or should do so) that one of its front pincers is larger than the other. It is easy for us to imagine how exciting it must be to watch one's figure alter after each moult; to hold up one's hands and see one growing larger and larger, while the other stays unchanged. It is fortunate that one does remain unaltered, for the great claw is more in the way than it is useful. While the body of the crab is drab gray, exactly the color of damp sand, the enormous claw is of a conspicuous ivory-white.

If a man of average size and weight changed a pair of mittens every week, and developed along the lines of a male fiddler crab, his hand finally would measure ten feet in length and weigh sixty pounds. With such a handicap (no pun intended), he would surely have trouble at a lunch counter.

Day by day now the growing fiddler leaves its burrow and follows the tide up and down the beach, feeding on all the flotsam and the windrows of dead and living creatures, and the algal manna spread twice a day by some benignant god of fiddlers. If the crab is hungry he must envy the lady fiddlers who shovel in the food with both hands, while he must lug the great claw about and ply his single little spoon as best he may.

IV

Our fiddler, whether right- or left-handed, is now finally started upon his way of life. Up to this time he has been

the plaything of wind and wave, tossed and tumbled about, snatching at whatever bits of food fate sent him — with as much conscious will and power of choice as a rolling stone.

Now he builds him a house, and although it is founded upon, or rather in, the sand, yet for him henceforth the stars revolve about the entrance to his little burrow, the sun shines only upon it, the tide rises merely for the purpose periodically of dampening it. Then one day I appear, — a most unimportant shapeless intrusion, — harmless and disregarded if I am quiet, something to be avoided if I move.

I can take no conceit for this, for all his cosmos is divided into two parts — things harmless and things unknown, and therefore probably harmful. First are the darkness and the sunshine, the wind, the rain, the rising tide, and all quiescent things. A heron — a hungry carcinophagous (look it up, it's a good forthright-sounding word) heron — who has the patience to imitate the immobility of his likeness on a Japanese screen, such a heron is but a spindling bush or is not at all to the fiddler peering out of his burrow. But if the bulging eyes of the heron so much as wink, if the smallest muscle gives an anticipatory twitch, the spindling bush becomes what it is — a cancrivorous (you may like this one better, if your forbears came from Rome instead of Athens) horror. It may then stand still till doomsday, and the crab will remain in his burrow until a few minutes after that time.

Immediately the morning sun has boomed down the Valley of the Cul-de-Sac and set fire to Port au Prince and the waters of the great gulf, my fiddler peers out from behind his plug of earth — his barricade against unknown and therefore imminent dangers of the night. He pushes it aside and stands aloft beside his burrow. The new day dawns

for him alone, as far as he knows, and three problems await him. He must avoid danger and death, he must seek and find food, and he must detect and secure a mate and ensure future offspring. Not being a self-conscious 'higher' animal, these are to him sacred responsibilities, none of which he may avoid.

It was at this moment that I settled down to a comfortable position within my decayed and stranded craft, and watched him over the crumbling stern-post. A small flock of blackbirds dashed past the mangrove tree over my head, and the fiddler dived sideways into his hole. I stretched out my hand, rested the ends of all five fingers on the sand, and waited. Soon the tip of an eyestalk appeared and then all of it, and fiddler was above ground again. He surprised me now, for after only a few seconds he walked on toe-tips to my thumb and gently nibbled it with his small claw, then strolled around and between my fingers. His sense of sight was apparently the dominant one, for the odor of my hand, and, as I subsequently found, even the roar from a shotgun, conveyed nothing. It is difficult to study fiddlers seriously, they are so comical in their appearance and motions and so absurdly like human gnomes, and yet the slightest smile or laugh will send them headlong. Whenever my fiddler came out from his burrow, he cleaned himself carefully, wiping off every fleck of mud from eyes and whatever parts of himself he could reach.

A file of fiddler brethren passed and my crab raised aloft and brandished his great claw — broadsword, battle-axe, mammoth shears — all similes fail. He was answered by every male in sight, and a youngster ran up and made one or two passes at him. The ebbing tide was lapping a yard or two away, and all the host gradually made its way

down to the water. With eyes on high the little chaps worked at feeding with might and main. They simply spooned the mud into their mouths and there made selection of edible morsels, or with the tiny forceps of the small claw picked up bits of seaweed. Once full retreat was sounded — a false alarm, for one crab had seen another frightened by some youngster down the beach, who suddenly caught sight of a small hermit crab bumping along peacefully enough and fled headlong, doing whatever crabs do instead of screaming.

My muscles rebelled at last and I sat up to ease them, and by the action sent every crab into its burrow. They even ran *toward* me in order to reach their holes. All was quiet for the space of two minutes, and then the elves and hobgoblins again appeared. When the procession had fairly begun, I saw a new development. Every male in sight stiffened to attention, and lifted his great claw as high as he could reach. And down the line came a female fiddler. There were others of her sex in sight, some larger, but this particular one worked magic. The frantic gesticulating and waving on all sides would have stirred any blasé movie queen to appreciation. Food and danger were forgotten. The only thing in the world was to get one's ivory-white claw noticed, and then gently to persuade Her to enter one's burrow. The action was that of a mighty gesticulation, a beckoning in five jerks, the last of which almost threw the crab over on its back. When all the male crabs in the colony were suddenly seized with this frenzy of persuasion, the distant view was exactly that of a mob of cheering human beings, the simile being all the more remarkable because of the desperate and complete silence which

clothed the emotional outburst of these crustacean citizens.

The difference between this gesture of the right hand of passionate fellowship and that of shaking the fist in the face of any passing male was hardly to be discerned. In the case of the courtship the fiddler would often freeze into a statuesque pose for three or four minutes at a time. And if any man sneers at fiddler crabs because they are inedible and hence unworthy of notice, let him try to hold a sixty-pound weight at arm's length. The crab's record is ten minutes.

My Haitian fiddler crabs were christened sixty years ago by a certain Dr. Smith, who called them *Uca mordax* — from *Uça*, a native Brazilian name, and a Roman's appreciation of their pinching and biting ability. Although a crab's sand burrow is his castle, and the most savory morsel or most charming fiddler wench can tempt him hardly more than a yard or two away, yet his race is widespread. Many times in past centuries his ancestors must have clung fearfully but tenaciously to floating trees and other oceanic jetsam, and drifted far and wide, for his brethren are found to-day from the Bahamas throughout the West Indies, clear around the Gulf of Mexico and on south as far as Rio.

In the course of ten visits I observed a noticeable increase in an acceptance of me as something not wholly inimical. I should dearly love to identify myself in the fiddlers' notions as a swaying mangrove for harmlessness. I believe I should find more than the three basic problems. The courtship I think would prove to be more complex, and actual uses more apparent and vital for the huge claw, twice as long and nearly half as heavy as all the rest of its owner.

THE ITALIANS CAPTURE ROME

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPORAL POWER

THE *Atlantic's* recent series has led to so much discussion regarding the history of the Temporal Power that it seems pertinent to print the following document, highly interesting in itself. The report, intended only for the eye of the Secretary of State, was in a strict sense official. Curiously enough, it has not hitherto been published.

— THE EDITOR

U. S. CONSULATE
ROME, 23rd September, 1870

TO THE HONORABLE HAMILTON FISH
SECRETARY OF STATE

SIR: —

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of dispatch dated August 1.

On the tenth of September the Italian troops crossed the Roman frontier. I immediately left Como, where I was staying. The railway through the Roman territory had already ceased running regularly, but a military train took me within twenty-five miles of Rome. From thence a wagon brought me to the city, after many hours of dusty travel, through the now parched and deserted Campagna. We met no travelers; no one was at work in the fields, and we saw nothing of the Italian troops, until within about five miles from Rome a small encampment was seen on a distant hill. A little further on the railway bridge had been destroyed by the Romans. Near this we crossed the River Anio, by the Nomentana bridge, which was guarded by the first Papal troops we had met.

30

In a little while we entered Rome by the Porta Pia, where earth barricades had been erected and a deep trench dug outside the gate. The gate itself had been padded with sandbags, and other preparations made to receive the enemy. All the other gates were pretty much barricaded in much the same way. From this time until the attack began on the twentieth, Rome was in a state of quiet expectancy, almost, it seemed, of apathy. The streets were comparatively deserted, most of the shops closed, all telegraphic communications cut off; from the twelfth until the twenty-third of September the mails were not received. On the walls were posted proclamations declaring the city in a state of siege; forbidding all people to enter or leave the city, or to assemble in any considerable numbers in the streets. Still they did assemble to some extent, and quietly talked over the situation.

A careless observer, particularly one who read the Roman newspapers, all of which were under strict Government control, might have supposed the Papal Government to have been reasonably popular, and to have relied implicitly upon a faithful people. But although they have made violent exertions for some time past, they have been able to induce only two hundred additional volunteers to enlist. With the exception of these, and the few Romans already in its service, not one of the people raised a hand for the defense of the Papacy. A body of men who are said to have been employed hitherto

by the Government as spies were uniformed and constantly patrolled the streets. These were assisted by the Squadriglieri, about seven hundred in number, many of whom were refugee Italian banditti, pardoned by His Holiness on condition that they should serve in his ranks. To such defenders was the Pope reduced!

It was known here that numerous propositions, looking towards a peaceful settlement of the question, were being made by the Italian Government. However, all propositions were rejected; the Pope was firm, cheerful, and hopeful. In the meantime he held special services in St. Peter's and visited the monasteries and nunneries, telling the inmates that the Italians would never enter Rome. They might, he said, come to the gates, but there they would be stayed. Only once did I hear of his having given way; last Saturday, during a service at Ara Coeli, he burst into tears and all present wept with him. On the evening of September 19 he visited the Porta San Giovanni and blessed the barricades and the banditti-soldiers defending them. On the fifteenth news was received of the fall of Civitavecchia; on the sixteenth the Italian troops began leisurely to assemble, and by the eighteenth they completely surrounded Rome.

In the meantime such preparations as the Papal troops wished to make had been made, and they anxiously looked forward to an attack; in fact they provoked it by firing on the Italian troops, who did not reply. The enemy were 60,000 strong, the Romans 13,000, with an immense extent of wall to defend. No one not Papalini supposed for a moment that it could be successfully defended, although the Army here seemed sanguine as to the result. On the twentieth of September at 5 A.M. the attack began by a sharp fire of musketry and a heavy cannonading

of about forty shots to the minute, extending from near the Porta del Popolo to the Porta San Giovanni, along about one third of the whole city wall. A slight attack was also kept up at the Porta San Pancrazio, on the opposite side of the city. The most severe cannonading was at, and near, the Porta Pia and the Porta San Giovanni. At eight o'clock the firing was about twenty-five to the minute; it then slackened materially. The guns at the Porta Pia were soon after dismounted, and a little later the gate at San Giovanni was entirely gone, but guns were manned and discharged until the enemy were within a few feet of them.

The old walls generally proved utterly useless against heavy artillery; in four or five hours they were in some places completely swept away. A clear breach was made near the Porta Pia, fifty feet wide, and the Italian soldiers in overwhelming force flowed through it, and literally filled the city. Simultaneously the Porta San Giovanni was carried by assault; a white flag was then seen flying from the dome of St. Peter's, and the city was known to have surrendered. After the cannonading ceased, the Papal troops made but a feeble resistance. They who a moment before ruled Rome with a rod of iron were nearly all prisoners or had taken refuge in the Castel San Angelo, or St. Peter's Square. Yesterday they were all sent away from Rome. As a general rule they were only too glad to submit quietly, except the Squadriglieri, some of whom, dreading the gallows, made a desperate resistance.

I believe that no private citizens made the least effort or demonstration in favor of the Papal Government. During the attack the streets were crowded with expectant, orderly people. The fire was directed entirely

against the walls, no shot having been thrown intentionally into the city, although some buildings were injured and some noncombatants killed and wounded. A bullet passed through an upper window of this Consulate.

After all, it was an easy victory for the Italians, and the loss in killed and wounded on both sides was not great. They were in overwhelming force with very heavy artillery, and they knew that the mass of Romans were their friends. The Zouaves, on the other hand, although they never could have imagined how much they were detested, must have at heart feared the people, and could not fight their best. They were a fine-looking body of men, many of them, even the common soldiers, of superior education and refinement. Some of them undoubtedly served the Pope from religious feeling; many for the sake of the romance and adventure of the thing; very few for pay, as it was ridiculously small.

The Italian troops in the service of the Pope were treated in the main with kindness, as soon as they had surrendered. But no one can imagine the storm of curses and abuse that were heaped upon the foreign mercenaries, particularly the Zouaves. I saw some of them, prisoners, brought from the Porta Pia through a dense mass of Italian soldiers, hot with victory; the soldiers struck them with their muskets, reviled and spit upon them in the most brutal way. With this exception the Italian troops have behaved admirably. Two hours later I saw many hundred Zouaves taken to their former headquarters in the Piazza Colonna. The rabble felt that their turn had now come, and if the Italian soldiers had not then prevented them they would have been torn to pieces. Yesterday, before the Papal soldiers were sent away, some of them gathered in the Square of St. Peter's and the Pope

blessed them from the balcony of the church. Many wept.

As soon as the white flag was seen on St. Peter's, I visited the different gates. The Porta Pia was in a horrible state; the barricades torn to pieces, the cannon broken and dismounted, the beautiful gate blackened and ruined, the fresco of the Virgin on its front defaced by many cannon shot, the heads and arms of the sculptured saints on either side wanting. The lodge of the villa adjoining, belonging to Cardinal Bonaparte, was burned, the villa itself much injured, several Zouaves lying dead, where they had fallen, on the ground. The Porta San Giovanni and the barricades which the Pope had blessed but the evening before were in much the same condition. There, however, the walls were baked by earth and no breach had been made; only the gateway was broken, and through this narrow passage the assault was made.

On the entry of the Italian soldiers the people met them with outstretched arms, with the wildest enthusiasm. As if by magic the whole city was literally covered with Italian flags, and busts and portraits of the King were seen everywhere. On this and the following evening, the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the Corso and other streets filled with excited people, shouting for the King and Rome, the Capital of Italy. No very great violence was committed, although much was apprehended. The Papal arms were almost all torn down and dragged through the streets. Certain palaces and monasteries were threatened and windows broken. Many persons were insulted in the streets, and some few were robbed.

The quarters of the Gendarmes were sacked. Undoubtedly during the last few days anyone connected with the Roman Church or State was in serious danger of life and property. But in the main the cases of violence were

exceptional and committed by the lowest rabble. In every case where guards were asked they were given by the general commanding, and now quiet seems to be almost completely established. The mass of the people, though, have been far too happy to indulge in anything but harmless manifestations of the most extravagant delight.

A self-constituted municipal government was immediately formed. They were popularly supposed, and probably supposed themselves, to be ruling Rome. But in fact, for a day and a half before the military government was fully established, there was no real government in the city. Yesterday, however, General Cadorna issued an order stating that Rome was under military rule and calling upon the citizens to cease their manifestations and resume their ordinary employments. He announced that order would be preserved, all property protected, and the former employees of the Government retained in their positions. This gave general satisfaction. To-day it is known that the General has selected eighteen persons, from among those suggested by the popular voice, to act as a provisional government. These include princes and other leading men of Rome, who of course will act more or less under the General's direction.

Yesterday a Republican meeting was held, but it was composed to a great extent of the rabble and exiles, who now swarm in Rome. This Republican movement is not by any means favored by the people at large. It is much discouraged by the best and most influential men of the Liberal Party. As far as I can learn from many inquiries and careful observations, the Romans are now the most loyal subjects that the King of Italy has. What they may become in the future no one can say, when the seeds of liberty sown in this virgin soil within the past few days shall have

been carefully cultivated by the many Garibaldian exiles and other designing men, who have so long and anxiously looked forward to Rome as the Capital of a Republic.

Of course there is a large party in favor of the old order of things; among these are the greater part of the nobles, and of course all the priests and their dependents, and a few others. Still many of the most wealthy and influential of the nobles are liberals, such as the Princes Doria and Piombino. But the middle and lower classes who are not in the Church, or not dependent on it for their livelihood, are, I believe, almost without exception in favor of the new order of things. Those who say to the contrary — and there are some who do — seem to me to be either willfully blind, or they intentionally misrepresent the facts that they cannot help but see. The Carnival has of late years been supported by the rabble and strangers; even at that time of rejoicing Rome was a dead city.

During the late demonstrations the Corso has been filled with well-dressed, happy people, with a new light on their faces such as has not been seen in Rome for years. Certainly, for the present, this is a popular movement. Many of those who hitherto had opposed it had been taught by the priests to look upon the coming Italians as Vandals. However, finding in these Italians a well-disciplined and orderly soldiery, superior in every way to their former defenders, they have changed their minds somewhat and are more hopeful of the future. No Italian seems to doubt but that Rome was to be the Capital of Italy.

The general feeling now appears to be, even among the Pope's friends, that he made one of the greatest mistakes that man ever made, in not submitting to the inevitable and listening to the King of Italy. It would seem to have

been a sufficient protest against violence if he had simply closed the gates and not allowed blood to be shed in vain. By resisting, as he did, he lost all; his prestige for the present is entirely gone; he is now little more than any bishop in his diocese. In fact, he is less, for now he could hardly go through the streets without insult, perhaps not without personal danger. No one could imagine a greater fall than his, no greater contrast between the arrogant, infallible Pope of yesterday and the weak, deserted old man of to-day. He is still at the Vatican, and there is every prospect, I hear, of his remaining there.

In all cases I have allowed American citizens to put up the American flag, which hitherto has not been allowed in Rome, even at the Consulate. I am happy to say that it has been of great service, and has been universally respected.

I have been at my post during the whole affair, and have made every effort to obtain reliable information from all sources. I feel that I have had great responsibilities and some difficulties to contend with, as I have been almost alone. There was not one of my countrymen, in whose judgment I had

confidence, to consult with. But fortunately thus far everything has gone well with this Consulate, and with every American, and all American property (which was considerable) in Rome.

I have mentioned in my dispatch some things which under ordinary circumstances would not have been worth mentioning. However, as Rome at this unpleasant season is deserted by all who can get away — I know of no correspondent of an American newspaper having been here during the siege — I have thought that an account even of some seemingly trifling things might be of value.

I enclose a map of the city. I also send some newspapers published both before and after the surrender, which I thought might be of some interest. I would call attention to the two articles marked with a cross.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) D. M. ARMSTRONG

U. S. CONSUL, ROME

September 24th

The city is now quiet and order seems to be completely restored.

Photographs of the Porta Pia enclosed.

REVOLUTION

BY LUCY WILCOX ADAMS

I

'IN half an hour we shall have to go down,' said the president, turning from the window, from which he had been studying the crowd, and addressing the others in the room. 'You understand what you are to do. You will go to the platform, divide, and stand at each side, while Joseph and I come forward. There will be singing. Igor will recite the proclamation of government, Stephen will announce our immediate plans, and then Joseph will speak.'

His eyes ran from one man to another, and each one nodded his head, except Joseph, who remained at the window, looking out over the square. The president glanced at him with a slight frown, and went on in the husky voice that never rose above a whisper. 'It is best that the meeting should be a short one.'

His audience was respectfully silent for a moment or two till Zteck had disappeared into a little alcove half hidden by heavy gold-embroidered curtains.

'I wish my old woman could be here to see me,' sighed one of the men, looking up from the sausage at which he was hacking with a gold-inlaid dagger. He passed it on to Matthew, who sliced off a large portion, remarking contentedly:—

'Who would have thought that they would have sausage in a palace?'

'It is good sausage,' added Jacob. 'For three years I have not tasted

meat, until three days ago. Igor, you should take some.' He thrust it into the face of the herder, who on account of his enormous size and great voice had been chosen to make the proclamation of the new government.

Igor shook his head violently and groaned. 'I should as soon be hanged as high as that tower as make a speech. I shan't be able to whisper any louder than Zteck, I shall be so frightened.'

The men glanced apprehensively at the alcove where the president was conversing in low tones with Stephen, the schoolmaster, and one of them remarked hastily, 'Imagine you are shouting to your cows in the mountains. Shut your eyes and think of that.'

'I shall smell them. They don't smell like cows. Ah,' he cried longingly, 'the smell of cattle in the winter when you're cold!'

Several of the men got up and went to the window of the palace and looked out on the crowd seething below, and, seeing Joseph apparently in deep thought, talked and laughed together in subdued voices.

Joseph was hardly conscious that they were in the room. He was not thinking of his speech, nor of anything in particular. His thoughts flew hither and thither like the pigeons fluttering from lentil to lentil. Looking down at the vast multitude, he was reminded of wheat fields before a storm, and instinctively glanced up at the sky, where the clouds were flying in ragged battalions past the sun. The pale,

fleeting sunlight gleamed and faded on massed ranks of peasant faces. Even from here they looked pinched and blue. His wandering attention was caught for a moment by something that moved among the stone figures on the façade of the cathedral on the other side of the square. It was a man, and Joseph wondered what he could be doing so high above the ground. Perhaps he had climbed up there so that he could see them. He gazed at the great building with its massive towers, its forests of buttresses and pinnacles, and it seemed to him monstrous that men should have labored to pile up so great a mass of stone. 'It is unnatural,' he thought. 'Men ought to work on the earth and build close to it.'

'You should eat, Joseph,' a voice interrupted, and the small monkey face of Matthew peered into his. 'You are like one of the saints, and fast in the midst of plenty. Now I have been a saint and fasted for four years, and so has Jacob here, and Igor, and perhaps even Zteck. But when the king throws open his palace,'—they all laughed loudly at this witticism, — 'we must at least eat the feast he has prepared.'

'How the old spider lived,' growled Jacob, and spat on the rich silk rug, 'while we poor peasants searched for grasshoppers and worms in the fields to fill us.'

Benda leaned over and whispered, 'If those outside in the square could see this palace and the great store-rooms in the cellar, they would perhaps not be so ready to return home to their bare fields as our president thinks they will be.'

'Yes,' remarked Matthew shrewdly, 'now we are all here it's a problem what to do with us. It's like the old woman who raised her nine sons to be kings when there was only one kingdom.'

Zteck appeared noiselessly behind

them, and Matthew in confusion swallowed a piece of bread a great deal too big for him, so that his eyes stood out from his head and tears started in them. But the president paid no attention and spoke in Joseph's ear.

'I know you agree with me that nothing should be said to excite. The thing now is to send the most of them home as quickly as possible. We are promising them all seed and at least one animal for every village. What we must tell them is that our victory here is won, and that they must return to their homes to make it secure all over the country. Tell them that those who are remaining will watch over things for them.'

'Make the victory secure,' repeated Joseph, gazing at his leader out of bright, feverish eyes. The ex-shopkeeper looked at him attentively; his pale eyes had a hint of menace; but he did not say anything, and turned away to the ebony-and-ivory table on which lay the remains of a meal. He spoke sharply to Benda and Jacob, who were trying to pull apart the fittings of a silver toilet case.

At that moment the door opened and a round head peered in. 'You must come immediately,' said an uncere- monious voice. 'They are all ready to fire the cannon.'

The men instantly became nervous and Igor trembled violently. Only Matthew appeared unconcerned and stuffed an end of sausage into his pocket, saying, 'Who knows? It may not be here when we return. Courage, Igor. Remember the cows and bellow your loudest.'

They stood uncomfortably at attention under the president's critical gaze. Joseph had not moved. He was wondering where the man among the images on the cathedral had disappeared. Stephen nudged him at last, and he turned.

'Is this a time for dreaming?' Zteck's cold whisper rebuked.

The president moved down the stairs a little ahead of the others, and Joseph and Igor brought up the rear.

'Ah, if I were like you and could speak so well!' said the herder. 'You would have been a wonderful herdsman. All the cattle would have come to you like children.' He gazed humbly into the pale face of the other.

Joseph smiled. 'Don't be afraid. Think how proud you'll be all your life. Everyone will talk about it.'

Igor appeared somewhat comforted by this assurance, but outside, at the foot of the platform steps, he said anxiously, 'Do you think they will give me the three cows they promised me?'

II

The great bell in the tower of the cathedral boomed three times and a cannon thundered from the palace steps. A hundred thousand faces turned toward a broad granite pedestal which rose a man's height above the crowd. Yesterday it had carried the bronze statue of an emperor. To-day it was empty except for a few chairs. As figures appeared on the platform the people surged forward impulsively. Then the president and Joseph advanced slowly, and the crowd burst into tumultuous shouting. Tears ran down hollow cheeks.

'Zteck, Zteck, Joseph, Zteck and Joseph, Joseph and Zteck!' The two names were shouted over and over.

The throng which had eddied round the edges of the square now pressed in to look. They were quicker, sharper-featured, and a little less ragged than the mass of the peasants — the people of the city come out to look at their new masters.

'That's the leader!' shouted one to make himself heard above the noise.

'They say he's dumb, and that he drinks blood.'

'A hundred women would not content him,' replied a pale, disease-ravaged man whose head was bandaged.

Fierce looks appeared on the faces of some of those about them, and the two were hastily silent and presently slunk away to another part of the square.

Gradually the uproar and cheering changed to song, a strange melancholy wail that chilled the hearts of many listeners.

'Wolves,' said a one-armed man, drawing a moth-eaten fur collar closer round his neck.

But the singers seemed intoxicated and sang it over and over, swaying with shut eyes to its mournful rhythm.

Out of all the multitude only Zteck and Joseph appeared unmoved. Joseph gazed absently at the pieces of paper flying about above the square, and was conscious only of a sense of emptiness.

The moment that should have been a crowning one, when the mist lifted on the plain, revealing to the straggling half-starved army the sunlit towers of the city, had left him unstirred. From all about him there had risen shouts of hoarse exultation, while blue cracked lips parted in smiles, and rude jests flew back and forth. Joseph, gazing at the glittering icy beauty of the cathedral spires, had held his breath and waited for the inspiration that in a moment must flood his tired spirit. He had gazed and gazed, his soul in his eyes, while his body was being jostled and hurried, his arms grasped, and men were shouting excitedly to him, their eyes flashing wildly in their starved, sunken faces. But it had all been a confusion in which he had found no meaning.

That night at the camp where they slept, huddled in an open field, no fires to thaw the heavy, damp cold that crept up out of the ground and wrapped

them about like a garment, everyone had been talkative and quarrelsome. The men kept turning to look at him expectantly, and the baker's vagabond son, who had grown up in his village, leaned over and whispered, 'When the winning post is near, you should put spurs to the horse.' Joseph was ashamed and dropped his head, pretending to sleep, because he had nothing to say.

The same sense of emptiness paralyzed him now. He looked down at the multitude below him, at the packed, swaying bodies from which rose a smell as of sour hay. Soon they would stop singing, and he would have to speak to them.

The wind was cold and he shivered, drawing closer about his shoulders the rusty black shawl. March winds . . . dry, cold winds . . . drying the land for sowing. This year at last they would sow, and there would be corn for all. Sowing . . . turning over the sticky black clods, each clod glazed to silver by the share. Then the seed, pale, so little, so potent for the life of men. He thought it strange that God should trust the life of His creatures to anything so small, so likely to be lost in the earth. It would rot if the soil were too wet, and wither if it were too dry, and grow feeble and stunted if the sun did not shine enough.

He thought of his own fields, the corner where his land sloped to the stream and the wheat grew lush and strong, the little stony patch where the rows thinned. Those acres that he could plough in a day had given him life, and his father, and his grandfather, and no one knew how many generations before that. In his mind the past sloped up, quiet, peaceful, unmenaced, till all things began at the throne of God, where He had smiled and given to each his little plot of land. Then into this untroubled, toil-filled

existence had come the war, tearing them up by the roots and flinging them to the four winds of heaven.

The singing died away. A rough hand was groping for his — Igor's. He grasped it firmly and smiled at the trembling herder. The huge man stumbled to the front of the platform and stood there shaking like a tree. He opened his mouth to speak and no sound came. The faces of his comrades were strained and anxious. Then Joseph could see the blue eyes suddenly close tightly till the wrinkles spread round them like a fan, the massive head thrown back so that the flying hair, the bulging forehead, and childish up-turned nose were all outlined against the sky, and a voice as melodious as bells rang out over the square. 'We having been called by God . . .' The words which he had himself written — how long ago? They sounded alien and strange now, and woke no answering chord as they had done when he wrote them.

He remembered the first time he had seen Igor, after a meeting in the little village of Matten, where the mountains seemed to lean down and crush the houses. The hollow-eyed, starving peasants had listened dully and gone away, and Joseph lingered by the old wooden cross, spent with fatigue, hunger, and an emotion that had evoked no response. Then the giant herder had risen up from the stone on which he had been squatting, and touched his sleeve and said, 'Is God really angry with us? You said that while He was angry nothing would go well with us. Is that why my cows all died?'

Joseph nodded his head wearily. 'But who cares now?' he asked. 'They are so miserable they think things cannot be worse.'

He walked on, but Igor kept by his side. 'I will tell you something about

God,' he said mysteriously. 'He is not so strong as people think. I hear Him in the mountains sometimes crying for help like my cattle when they are lost. In the old days, when there were only a few people in the world, it was easy for Him to be king, but now there are so many and they are so strong that He cannot look after them all; they do wicked things.'

The herder's half-crazy fancy had found an echo in Joseph's brain, and he imagined sometimes that God was lying bound somewhere, and that he must find and free Him.

The thundering applause broke out again. Igor opened his eyes and smiled broadly on those below him. He stood there so long that they had to pull him back to his seat. In spite of the cold, sweat glistened on his brown forehead and he wiped it away with his hand.

'Now they will give me my three cows,' he said contentedly.

Joseph was chilled with sudden doubt. Was it true that everything would be well now? Could he go back to the low gray farmhouse, and to Lisa his wife — to long days in the fields in summer, and long lamp-lit hours in winter when he carved endless toys, and she worked so swiftly at the lace on the pillow, and the old grandfather painted the little figures and set them on the shelf to dry? Would the lamplight make a golden circle on the ceiling, and the strings of onions cast fantastic shadows on the walls, and the child at Lisa's side chuckle in his wooden cradle?

Stephen rose and began to speak in his meticulous school-teacher's voice, announcing the programme of the new government: '. . . To every man his own land without rent or taxes. . . . Seed enough to keep you from starving at least . . . machinery . . . no more money to be squandered by the people of the city . . . supervised

shops so that you will not be cheated by high prices. . . .'

Joseph had had no hand in drawing up this programme. Some of it he did not even understand. That had been Zteck's work. He glanced at the president, sitting so still beside him, his hands on his thin knees, his pale blue eyes gazing steadily into the crowd below. What was Zteck thinking?

The age-old peasant distrust of the shopkeeper pricked him as he looked at the crooked features and mottled skin, and he thought of the proverb, 'Trust a thief before a priest, but trust a shopkeeper not at all.'

None of their little group liked him, except perhaps Stephen, who wrote his few letters for him, and conferred with him often in secret.

Joseph's eyes followed Zteck's probing gaze and he too looked intently into the sea of upturned faces so hungrily eager, seeing scores whom he could call by name. There were Reuben and his foolish young wife, who had insisted on marching with them, and a man whom he had known in the trenches, another with whom he had stayed in the hill country to the east — hundreds who had come because of his words as he hurried from village to village preaching the new, warming doctrine of revolution to those to whom peace had brought nothing but misery, starvation, and the daily acquaintance with death.

He thought of his own words when suddenly, while all the village was on its knees in the fields praying for rain, he had jumped to his feet and pushed aside the astonished priest and spoken, trembling with the sense of the revelation which had descended upon him: —

'I have been thinking a long time and wondering why we are so miserable, and why we are all starving when we might be living as we used to — comfortably on our land. I know now it is

the war that made it all. I ran away from it. I did not know why, but I was afraid of it. I know now that we did a wrong thing to fight. God gave us the earth to care for. He is our Lord, and we must work for Him, but at the command of His enemies we marched away from the homes of our fathers, and wherever we went and wherever we fought we destroyed the soil and its fruits. That was wrong and God is angry with us. He has sent a curse upon the land.'

And then he had cried out in a voice so terrible that the priest had hidden his face. 'I say we must seize the sword of God and march against His enemies, who rule in His land, and overthrow them! We have been patient too long. We are a thousand to their hundred, and they melt away before us like frost before the sun. We will make God's law of peace our law, and God will be pleased. The curse will pass away. We shall return to our homes, and all things will prosper with us. I say take up the sword of God, lest it kill us all!'

With those words on his lips he had gone from village to village wherever they would listen. Here and there some had heeded and made plans, until before he knew it the movement had swept far beyond him and begun to multiply and increase of itself, and Zteck had created an army out of the starving and miserable people.

III

A low mutter of anger that ran over the crowd roused him for a moment to the present. Stephen was denouncing the crimes of the old rulers whom they had driven out. The mutter increased to a roar, ominous as the thunder of floods in snow-swollen streams.

And now they were here in the capital. It was all over. The king had fled.

Zteck was in the palace, Stephen was promising them good times, and tomorrow these people would begin to return to their homes. Surely his visions, and the words that seemed sometimes to spring from his lips as though another spoke them, meant more than this.

What, he thought suddenly, if this is only the beginning? Beyond the people stretched their fields, and beyond theirs others, all waiting, and somewhere God. And God had not spoken.

'And now, before you march to the halls where the feast is to be served, our great leader, whose voice has been the trumpet call which awakened us to consciousness of power, will speak to you.'

Stephen sat down at Zteck's side and bowed his head to the applause which was already punctuated by cries of 'Joseph, Joseph,' till the word became a thunderpeal.

'Nothing but a common peasant, and a deserter from the army!' shouted the man in the moth-eaten fur collar to his companion.

'He does n't look much,' remarked one woman to another as they stood on their toes and craned to see; and a young fellow on whose shoulders sat a wizened child gripped the little boy's legs tighter and cried, 'Wave your cap, Tito! There he is!'

'Hush, hush. He is going to speak.'

Strong hands were pushing Joseph forward, for he had sat sunk in his chair so long that he might have forgotten what he was to do. Zteck frowned and pulled at his knuckles.

Joseph waited almost dreamily amid the tumult. The shouting seemed to lift him off his feet till he was floating high above the cathedral spires where he could see the whole land stretching away in infinite blue distances, and yet every village was as distinct as though

it were immediately under his eye, even to the little place in his roof which had been packed with moss to keep out the winter cold. He brooded over it, unmoving as the eagles he had sometimes seen in the mountains where they had fought for a time. He stood so long wrapped in his dream that a vague fear spread over the crowd, and it moved uneasily. The cheering died away till the flutter of the pigeons' wings could be heard in the air above their heads. And then a thing he seemed to have known dimly since as a child he had followed the harrow, dropping the seed into the furrows, blazed out in sudden splendor, and the earth was God — how else so inexhaustible, the giver of life since time began? And he was aware of a voice that cried from the earth, as Igor had said, like his cattle when they were lost in the mountains.

Someone in the crowd had begun to sob. Zteck half rose to his feet. Then Joseph threw back his head to speak.

A shot rang out, and Joseph cried once sharply and pitched forward into the crowd. Among the stone gardens on the cathedral a figure twisted a moment and fell headlong, and the frozen crowd suddenly woke to life. Hoarse screams filled the air; terrified shouts that the king and his soldiers had returned, that men with guns were hidden on all the roofs. The crowd stampeded into the streets and alleys that surrounded the square, crushing hundreds under their feet in frenzy to leave the place of death. They tore up street signs, doorposts, anything that would serve as a weapon.

There followed a night of such terror as the old city had never seen. Mobs broke into shops and houses, beating to death men whom they found hiding

there, stripping women of their clothing, looting and burning, and, when they thought of their dead leader, crying aloud like children.

When the dawn broke it was as though a storm had swept over the city. The streets were still patrolled by scattered bands of peasants, which dwindled as one and then another leaned for a moment's rest against a doorstep or shop front, and slid down to the pavement and slept where he lay.

In the palace Zteck awakened Stephen, who had fallen forward asleep on the ebony-and-ivory table. 'Get your paper and ink.'

As the schoolmaster moved toward the desk, he picked up from a chair Joseph's worn old cap with the torn ear-pieces, left where it had been tossed the day before. He held it up silently. Zteck smiled a little as he bent down to loosen his shoes. 'He is more use to us dead than alive.'

Suddenly from the hallway came the sound of running feet, and someone beat furiously on the door, shouting in a hoarse voice, 'They're in here! I must find them! Let me in!'

Zteck had risen to his feet, his face paled, and his hand flew to his throat. The noise outside grew more confused, then ceased abruptly. The door opened and the round-headed guard looked in. He was breathing rapidly.

'Who will give me my three cows now? Where are . . .' The words reached them clearly from the marble corridor and were suddenly stifled.

The guard grinned. 'It is only Igor. He has gone quite mad. He's been down in the square all night calling his cows!'

The door closed, and Zteck drew a long breath. 'Why are we waiting?' he demanded impatiently.

ANCIENT AND MODERN THINKING

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

THERE was one aspect of the eclipse of the sun, on that arctic morning in January 1925, that the astronomers seem to have overlooked, perhaps because they were so absorbed in mathematical subtleties that the human side of that marvelous experience failed to touch them. We were watching the revelation of awful beauty from above the harbor at New Haven, where the quiet water was carpeted with ice floes and the clean spars of ships were etched against the pearl-gray sky. The railroad yards along the water front, the streets, and the hills beyond the town were covered with shining snow; the bare trees on East Rock were silver-white like an old man's hair.

As the black disk slipped over the golden shield of the sun and the light waned, the brightness faded from the snow. Then came the brief minutes of full eclipse, when the rays of the corona shot out on either side like golden sheaves and the jet-black rim was dotted with rubies; off to the right, in the darkened sky, a group of planets glittered — silvery Mercury, Venus, Jupiter. All the treasures of our solar realm were revealed together.

At no time was it darker than evening twilight. We could see the intent crowd of watchers plainly, along the streets and on the flat roofs of the railroad station. There were many negroes among them, eager as children. All were absorbed, visibly overawed. Little flocks of doves flew this way and

that, not in alarm, but surprised, perhaps disconcerted, by the unwonted aspect of their world.

Then the jet disk slid backward, the golden arrows of the corona were withdrawn, the planets faded into the brightening sky, pale sunlight was blown across the snow-covered world. The great moment of marvel had passed.

Yet the human impress of the marvel lingered. One could see it in the faces of men and women — a luminous surprise that held them silent, wondering, walking meditatively, the claims of their duties still held in abeyance. Their sudden vision of solar and planetary splendor had brought them illumination: for the first time in their lives they realized that they were denizens, not of New Haven only, or of New England, or even of this our earth. They were inhabitants of the universe. Realizing it, they were filled with awe, an overwhelming sense of the immensities of which they were a part. They had had their transfiguration, though they would presently descend from the mount.

The knowledge that we inhabit, not this green earth alone, set in shining seas, but the wide universe, is a rightful part of the heritage of man. It should be continuous and universal, keeping us alert to our high destiny. Among all living things in the world, it belongs, so far as we can judge, to man alone. Beasts and birds rejoice in the sunlight. Migrant warblers and terns and golden plovers follow the sun northward and southward every spring

and autumn, catching the light upon their wings. While the morning star yet shines, robins herald the dawn with magnificent choral song. Tigers and owls, stalking in darkness, pay an inverted tribute to the light. But none of them, save man alone, looks beyond this earth to the outer immensities. Beasts and birds inhabit the world. Only man inhabits the universe.

It would seem to be the same with the immensities of time. Man looks with forward and reverted eye, but beast and bird, even when instinct impels them to lay up store for the future, live wholly in the moment. The bird's whole consciousness goes into his present song. The animal that has just escaped from imminent death is in a few minutes serene and happy again, with even pulse and quiet heart. But man broods over past and future, even though this may make him neither happier nor wiser.

If we compare to-day with even the recent past, five or six centuries back, we shall realize that our conception both of time and of space has expanded immensely, almost infinitely. The general human mind has gained the consciousness which for a few minutes brooded over the surprised watchers of the eclipse. The universe we inhabit has opened out, backward and forward, upward and downward, to a degree almost inconceivable.

Not so long ago, time began for Western thought in the year 4004 B.C. I remember my astonishment when, as a boy, I came upon an Egyptian statue, in a museum, bearing the date 4150 B.C. It seemed to stick out into the void, a century and a half before the universe came into being. And, not so long ago, space was as constricted as time. With so great a mystic as Dante, it is rash to think that we have sounded to the depths of his meaning; but, taken literally, the universe he describes

is a little one, with earth looming large in the centre of a star-flecked shell, in whose narrow spaces sun and moon and little planets whirl, all of them vassals of our central world. The whole of time, for that small earth-centred universe, was limited to scant six thousand years, before which time was not, after which time should be no more. To-day we think of the age of our earth alone as not less than a billion years, and we use proportionate measures for star-strewn space. A marvelous release of pent-up thought, a splendid expansion of the universe and of the intelligence which seeks to fathom it.

Yet this modern opening of the universe is not altogether a conquest of new territories. It was preceded by an equal shrinkage. The date 4004 B.C., for the beginning of things, seemed to Archbishop Ussher a logical and certain deduction from the chronology of the Hebrews, with their tradition of the Flood and the ages of the patriarchs. But the older peoples of the Orient thought in ampler periods, and it seems likely that the Hebrew patriarchs, even with their long life spans, are abbreviated copies of the antediluvian kings of Babylonia, and that these were not persons but periods. Solon, when he visited the Egyptian temples, was told that the history of Hellas went back, not a mere thousand years, but ten thousand; the Greeks, like children, had forgotten.

As with the constricted centuries, so also with the small, earth-centred world. Dante followed Ptolemy, who, in the second century of our era, made our earth the hub of the solar system. But, long before Ptolemy, Pythagoras and his disciples had taught that the earth swings free around an orbit with a distant centre, and they also taught the movement of the sun in space. Copernicus and Galileo were not

altogether pioneers of a new way. The great Samian had already said, 'Eppure si muove.'

Iamblichus tells us that Pythagoras, like his mentor, Thales, had learned much in Egypt, where he spent more than twenty years, studying astronomy and geometry in the recesses of the temples and being initiated into the divine mysteries. He adds that, when Pythagoras was taken by the army of Cambyses to Babylon, he gladly studied with the Magi, perfecting himself in their sacred knowledge, as well as in numbers and music, during twelve years. So Pythagoras, who framed the great word 'philosophy' for our Western world, was a debtor to the ancients. And quite recently it has been shown that the Babylonian astronomer Kidinnu knew of the precession of the equinox; Hipparchus, hitherto held to be its discoverer, really borrowed the teaching ready-made. Since a single precession covers nearly twenty-six thousand years, it is clear that the Magi thought in immense periods of time.

II

So the small earth-centred world lasting but six millenniums is comparatively modern. It marked an eclipse of thought, a shrinkage from an ampler past. But while it lasted the reign of this shrunken world was absolute. It bound the human mind with a band of steel, as Galileo could testify. And it endured in our general thinking until the day before yesterday; it even endures to-day.

Archbishop Ussher's chronology held sway over Western thought when our pioneers went to India to delve into Sanskrit lore, a century and a half ago. So far as the immensities of past time were concerned, Sir William Jones, Charles Wilkins, and their gifted fellow workers still wore the band of steel

about their brows. Their thought and imagination were stereotyped in terms of 4004 B.C. for the beginning of all things. Ancient India was discovered too soon, before the key to the hieroglyphics and the chronology of Egypt had been found, before the long periods recorded on cuneiform tablets had been disclosed. So it unfortunately happened that the chronology of India was explored by men who thought only in terms of 4004 B.C. for the Creation, with the year 2349 B.C. punctiliously fixed for Noah's universal deluge. All post-diluvian history had to be crushed into that Procrustean frame. And the past of India was thus compressed by our unconscious disciples of Procrustes. Max Müller, who had a wholesome respect for Archbishop Ussher, accepted their conclusions, which overshadow all books dealing with India even to-day. So it happens that in an excellent book on India, just published, we are told that the Aryans entered India 'approximately in the year 2500 B.C.' Apart from Max Müller's fancy, there is no better evidence for that date than for 2349 B.C. as the date of a universal flood.

When our earliest Sanskritists began their invaluable work in India, they found in actual use an era, then approaching its five-thousandth year, which had its starting point in the year 3101 B.C. — the era of the Kali Yuga, as it is called. It began, according to Indian tradition, at the end of the great war of the *Mahabharata*. Immediately, and quite inevitably, our scholars said: 'Impossible! Absurd! That is several centuries before the Flood!' So they set themselves to 'correct' this ridiculous error, and the chronology of India was telescoped from millenniums to centuries. If they had known something of the ancient history of Egypt and Babylonia, they would have been more cautious, less summary. Only the

other day graves were unearthed at Ur of the Chaldees which were confidently assigned to the year 3100 B.C., and beneath them was another layer, many centuries earlier. No one then said, 'Impossible! Absurd! That would be before the Flood!' Yet it was exactly in that antediluvian mood that the foundations of our Western dates for India were laid, a century and a half since, when Warren Hastings was the great patron of Sanskrit learning. The docile followers of Archbishop Ussher were still unconsciously conspiring to dwarf the world in time, just as Galileo's judges contracted the universe in space. Indian chronology suffered a detriment which has not yet been repaired.

The wise men of India looked back, not to a few centuries of past history, but to many millenniums. And they also steadily contemplated epochs of man's existence, and of the world's, to be reckoned, not by thousands, but by many millions of years. The universe, for them, was beginningless in time, and infinite in extent.

And they had for their large calculations an admirable instrument which the West has only recently borrowed from them. We speak of the Arabic figures which displaced the clumsy reckoning of the Romans. They are not really Arabic, but Indian, and it seems likely that they were adapted from the initial letters of the Sanskrit numerals. To show the immense intellectual reach of these ancient Aryans, it is well worth while to cite their conception of the larger numbers, as they are set forth, for example, in the Buddhist scripture called *Abhidhamma*. The first large number is called a *laksha*, a hundred thousand; the modern form is *lakh*, or *lac*, and the Treasury of British India still reckons in lacs of rupees. Then followed a *koti*, ten millions, modernized as a *crore*. But this

is only the beginning. From the *koti* upward, each succeeding numeral is ten million times the preceding; they are, in fact, the square, the cube, and the higher powers of the *crore*. For these ascending numbers there are definite names up to the twentieth power of ten millions, or one followed by one hundred and forty ciphers. There is nothing constricted about that. It would be entirely easy to express either in Sanskrit or in Pali the vast distances of our modern astronomers; to translate the hundred million light years with which we measure the width of space, and to express the result in miles, or even in inches. We should still have a sheaf of numerals left unused.

Nor were these huge numbers mere playthings of the Aryan mathematicians. They were measuring sticks for their conceptions both of time and of space. To begin with, they assigned to the antiquity of man a period so immense that even Western science, a few short decades back, would have dismissed it as ridiculous and absurd, exactly as our early Sanskritists dismissed the very modest date, 3101 B.C., for the close of the *Mahabharata* war.

But our anthropologists are gaining courage. A dozen years ago Sir Arthur Keith ended his fine work on man's antiquity by saying that he knew of no facts which made impossible the existence of man in the Miocene period. This would take us back not less than four or five million years. Only a few months back Henry Fairfield Osborn said that the prologue of human life must be sought even earlier, in the Oligocene, which preceded the Miocene, and he fixed that time as sixteen million years ago.

This in itself is sufficiently striking, and it involves a remarkable coincidence, for, some forty or fifty years back, certain of the Brahman computations

were published in India which gave to our present mankind an antiquity of over eighteen million years. Forty or fifty years ago even our most liberal-minded anthropologists would have called this absurd and ridiculous. Only in 1927 have we ventured to approach the traditional Aryan figures for the immense antiquity of man.

We have our series of geological ages, Archæozoic, Palæozoic, Mesozoic, Cenozoic — often subdivided into groups of four. Thus in the Mesozoic there are the Triassic, Jurassic, Comanchean, and Cretaceous; in the Cenozoic there are Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, and Pliocene, leading us up to Pleistocene and modern times. It is interesting to note that ancient India had a somewhat similar system, consisting of Kalpas and Yugas, and also divided fourfold. Thus the Yugas are arranged in a series of four, in the proportion of one, two, three, four. This group makes a total of 4,320,000 years, called a great Yuga. But this is only the beginning. For two thousand of these great Yugas are needed to make up a Kalpa, which is thus a period of 8,640,000,000 years. This immense period of nearly nine billion years is but one day and night of the formative Power, whose lifetime, one cosmic period, consists of a hundred years of such days and nights. So the ancient Aryans had plenty of scope for their big numerals.

It is difficult to say whether these Aryan periods are based on geological or on astronomical thinking, but there is at least a suggestion that they are the former. The ancient Aryans spoke of a succession of Avatars, or 'Descents of Life.' So we have the fish-descent, the tortoise-descent, the man-lion-descent, and then the human incarnations. And this succession immediately suggests the age of fish, the age of reptiles, the age of mammals, and the age of man.

But we need not lay too much stress on details. It is enough for us to realize that only in the last few decades has Western thought approached the vast reach of ancient Aryan thought. For our early Orientalists, in the days of Warren Hastings, these long periods were simply unthinkable and meaningless. So they blandly discarded them and made up, for India, a chronology more in harmony with the civilized views of Archbishop Ussher.

III

The larger age in the West began with the discoveries of Becquerel and the Curies, thirty years ago. Once the facts of radioactivity were established, geologists began to see that there was in them a possible basis for a new computation of the age of the world. Thus our radioactive geologists hold that certain Eocene deposits are thirty million years old, while Archæan rocks may go back one billion or even sixteen hundred million years — periods with the fine amplitude of the old Aryan Yugas and Kalpas. But this is not all. One of the masters of radioactivity, Frederick Soddy, following out the speculations of Joly, has dared to suggest that the pent-up radioactive forces in the earth will one day fuse the whole mass and turn it into incandescent gas. According to Joly, there is no evidence that this has not already occurred more than once, nor any assurance that it will not recur. The accumulation of thermal energy within a world containing elements undergoing atomic disintegration during the 'geological age' must alternate with a state of things which might be termed the 'incandescent age.' This periodic cycle of changes must continue until the elements in question have disintegrated — that is, over a period which radioactive measurements indicate is of the order

of tens or hundreds of thousands of millions of years. Thus, says Soddy, in cosmical time geological age and incandescent age alternate as night and day. And this brings us straight back to the days and nights of Brahma, in ancient Aryan science.

For the picture of periodical destruction is very much the same. Thus, in the Buddhist book called *Vishuddhi Marga*, it is said that when a world period is ended by fire all the mountains crumble and disappear in the sky. This fire does not go out as long as anything remains; but after everything has disappeared it goes out, leaving no ashes, like a fire of oil. The upper regions of space become one with those below, and wholly dark. This is the incandescent age of Soddy's speculation, when it culminates.

Then that which had been the world once more begins to condense. First a great cloud arises. This takes the form of very fine rain. The rain condenses into water. And then a wind arises, below and on the sides of the water, and rolls it into one mass, which is round like a drop of water. The round world consolidates, and the sun and moon appear again, and the mountains reappear. And this process is repeated through many world cycles.

Once more we are interested, not so much in the details, but in the general conception. In the Buddhist scripture, the teaching is attributed to Buddha himself. This would make it at least twenty-five centuries old, long antedating the small, constricted universe of Ptolemy. And in this scripture there is a notable phrase which brings out with singular force and clearness the largeness of these ancient conceptions. That phrase is 'one hundred thousand times ten million worlds' — or, to express it in our figures, 1,000,000,000,000 worlds.

How did the ancient Aryans arrive at this figure? By gazing into the skies

on a clear, moonless night? But our books on astronomy tell us that, on the clearest nights, only some five thousand stars are distinguishable by the naked eye. Perhaps, in the deserts of Egypt or Arabia, primitive stargazers might make out twice as many. And it is worth remembering that in those low latitudes nearly the whole of the stellar sphere is visible night after night. The sun descends almost vertically in the west. Within an hour it is nearly dark, and in the east stars are already visible. The great star-dotted shell above turns on its axis, so that an hour before sunrise it has almost completely revealed a new hemisphere of stars, from one stellar pole to the other. But even this admirable opportunity for observation will reveal, at the most, only ten thousand visible stars. From this to the million million worlds which we have quoted, there is an unbridged chasm. It may be said that the Milky Way, like a golden sash about the sphere, reveals millions upon millions of worlds. But how did these ancient observers know that that faint band of luminous cloud was made up of worlds? How did they anticipate, perhaps by two millenniums, our modern observations, to be made only with immense telescopes? 'The stars are large,' says the *Mahabharata*, 'though they appear so small in consequence of their distance.' Heraclides almost echoed this when he said, 'Each star is a world.'

So that, as regards both the immensities of time and the immensities of space, our newest conceptions are rather reconquests than a winning of fresh territories from the unknown. The small, earth-centred universe, lasting in all six thousand years, was but an interlude, a temporary shrinkage of the vast conceptions of the past. The constricted universe has vanished, but it lasted long enough, at least so far as time was concerned, to go with

our first Orientalists to India. And even in those days the ban of the Index still lay on the heliocentric system. The simple truth is that, because of the stereotyped narrowness of their thinking, our first Orientalists were utterly unable to appraise, or even to grasp, the grand conceptions they encountered. So they said, 'Absurd! Ridiculous!' Only now, a century and a half later, have we Westerners thought ourselves up to the point where we can understand what the ancient Aryans were thinking at least two millenniums back, and perhaps millenniums earlier. Only in the spring of 1927 have our anthropologists ventured to name, for the antiquity of man, a period nearly equal to that of the Brahmanical computations.

IV

If, then, these old Aryan thinkers were so far ahead, when the West discovered them, as to be unintelligible, so that a century and a half were needed before we could attain to conceptions of a like immensity; if they had thought to such good purpose thousands of years ago, is it not worth while to ask whether other departments of their thinking, as recorded in their ancient books, may not contain treasures of wisdom for us, elements of thought that are still in advance of the point we have attained?

There is at least one such conception, which we may call 'the continuity of consciousness,' a parallel, on the spiritual side, of the conservation of energy. And one may say that, for the whole realm of consciousness and all that concerns it, Western thinking still seems rather vague. Our biologists and geologists face the perpetual puzzle of the beginning of life on our small globe. One of them, in his mental distress, has even suggested that life made the voyage hither with a colony of microbes

riding on a meteor. But, if this were true, it would only postpone the difficulty, to be raised again for the putative port of departure of that meteor. But the ancient Aryans solved the problem magisterially. Life, they said, had no beginning. It has been from everlasting, inherent in Being itself; only the successive vestures of life, the forms of matter which make life manifest, have a beginning and an end. So with consciousness. Consciousness, in a latent form still inconceivable for us, is from everlasting, as it is infinite in its expanse. Only the vestures it wears have their beginning and their end. Here, say the ancient Aryans, is our way of salvation, of immortality: to make ourselves progressively more like in nature to the primal consciousness, whose inherent nature is eternity, wisdom, joy. Goodness is thus a form of wisdom, a wise conforming of our acts and thoughts to the Real of the real, as the fine phrase of the *Upanishads* goes.

Certain sides of this wide view of consciousness may be suggested. First, the eternity of consciousness. Clearly it is not the personal consciousness of our present bodies that is everlasting, but the greater primal consciousness, the boundless deep from which we drew out at birth, and whither we are to turn again home. Nevertheless, even in our personal consciousness, there is the seed, the intuition, of eternity. And it is precisely this living intuition that sends the intellect forth, to plumb the vast depths of geological time, and also to look forward to like æons in the future. The materialistic geologist finds the source both of life and of our consciousness in a pin point of protoplasm, a blend of chemicals, each a pattern of electrons. How can a pinch of carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen have the intuition of eternity? Unless, as we are quite willing to admit, they

also have the germ of consciousness, some small spark of the primal consciousness. It is, then, this eternalness inherent in all consciousness that sets us to measure the vast darkness of the past. What else could make us believe in the past? In perfect strictness, it is always to-day, always 'now.' The geologist, standing before a cliff built up of successive layers of limestone, sees the whole in to-day, in the present moment. But the divine intelligence in him translates that 'now' into tens or hundreds of thousands of years, seeing in the successive layers the record of an ocean at work for ages, piling up the bodies of small sea lives. It is really a tremendous transformation, which converts the present cliff face into almost endless ages of past time, and it is the pressure of the eternal in his consciousness that constrains him to do this, even though he may believe himself a sheer materialist. The cliff swallow that constructs his gourd-shaped home of clay on the face of the rock lives wholly in to-day, in each moment. For him it is always here and now. The hour has not yet struck for his consciousness to make the great projection into the past, into the future. There is, in geology, something bigger than geologists. Geology is the true science of the immensities of time.

Another thing is not less notable. No single geologist can see with his own eyes and competently examine more than a few patches of the earth with its rock garments. The fossils of a single period are a life study for any man who would know them well. Yet geology is not a congeries of patches. It is a consistent whole. The consciousness of each geologist dovetails into the consciousness of all other geologists, not by a happy accident, but because the one primal consciousness underlies them all. So with every science. Its

true home is not in books, nor in laboratories, but in consciousness; not the consciousness of one man, but the larger general consciousness, from which all flow, and into which all may enter. Without consciousness, there might conceivably be rocks and fossils, but there would be no geology. This, like all sciences, dwells in consciousness, and lives only in consciousness.

And the impulse of order in consciousness is as imperative as the impulse to swing backward into the unfathomed past. When the geologists came upon the rocks, what was their first impulse? What have they been doing ever since? Discerning the dominion of order, the long unrolling of causal forces, which have built up the vesture of our world. Once more, whence comes the impulsions? Surely from the very nature of consciousness, in which law and order are inherent, have been inherent from everlasting. If these were not in consciousness, how could we find them elsewhere? How should we ever set forth to seek them, or recognize them when found?

So with astronomy, the science of the immensities of space, as geology is the science of the immensities of time. When our astronomers eagerly await the hours of darkness, in order that they may peer forth into the depths among the stars, they are obeying a like imperative power of consciousness, which claims its kinship with infinities. Once again they seek and find, even in the farthest nebula, a unity of law, a unity of substance, which are inherent in consciousness itself.

So we have regained in part our ancient heritage, the intuition of infinite space, of boundless time. We also may recover, if we will, that other intuition, even more vital, of the continuity of consciousness, which in its own nature is eternity, wisdom, joy. So we shall begin to inhabit the universe.

THE BALLAD OF KHAS-BULAHT

Translated from the Circassian

'KHAS-BULAHT, thou art brave, but thy cabin is poor.
With rich Persian rugs will I cover the floor;

'The finest gold braid shall adorn thy caftan.
I will give thee my sword that is fit for a khan;

'I will give thee my horse with a saddle so fine.
See this dagger of price! It shall also be thine.

'On the blade is engraved from the holy Koran
A verse of great power to give strength to a man.

'My treasures and gold are all thine at thy will,
And thou hast for all this my one wish to fulfill!

'Give thy wife unto me! Thou art old, thou art gray.
She is young, she is fair. Canst thou force her to stay?

'At the fall of the day, in the shade of yon tree
By Allah she swore that she loveth not thee.

'She is mine by our love, to the end of my life.
Khas-Bulaht, take my gold, but oh, give me thy wife!'

'Prince, keep silence, I pray, for thy words are as nought;
I know all since last eve. I am not to be bought.

'Keep thy treasures and gold, and take from me, free,
The wife of my heart who is false unto me.

'Wouldst thou gaze on her now? There she lies as at rest,
With thy kiss on her lips, and my steel in her breast.'

G. A. MILORADOVITCH

REGNAT JUVENTUS

BY ALLAN HOBEN

It is the easy and proper pastime of historians to explain revolutions after they have happened. They pick up and bring to pattern the dynamic fragments or the propelling forces that played into the big upheaval. In social evolution, as in practical politics, there are not many who are wise before the fact, while the number who can tell all about it after the social order has taken new form, or after the ballots have been counted, is quite impressive.

Now that a revolution, rather unique in human history, has taken place before our eyes and has brought all persons over forty under a new set of masters, it is only natural to offer some explanation of how we, the oldsters, came to be dethroned. What we have suffered at the hands of the new dynasty makes a pitiful tale, and some of the causes of our downfall can be perceived despite our advanced age of twoscore years or more. We have been humbled, our pride and power broken. Youth reigns unchallenged. Some of us scold in plaintive voice, others fawn and flatter, but all yield and pay tribute.

Had it been 'barbarians coming down from the north,' we might have preserved a little pride and hauteur as the custodians of culture, and we should have retained, at any rate, the comfort of kith and kin under a common adversity. But the conquerors were ushered into the world by us. We gave them welcome, food, clothing, shelter, education, love, and all of the advantages that money or credit could procure, with the result that Job was

not more pained or puzzled than we, or King Lear more desolate.

It is in the sad course of things that the little tots who thought us gods and who trotted along holding divinity by the finger and plying omniscience with questions that would fracture the awful mystery of the universe — it is in the course of things that they should some day guess that we did not make the world; that, in the daring and glory of adolescence, they should doubt us at least enough to achieve clear selfhood. That has always been a bit awkward for parents and painful for children, but with honesty and humility it has usually passed into mutual understanding and comradeship, as if they stood again hand in hand looking out upon the ocean or to the stars. It is not the individual's rebirth or the emergence of independent thought that accounts for our disaster, but a mob movement induced by us, the victims.

This post-mortem will do no good, at least not for us who provide it. But let the dissection begin; we are past feeling. Possibly the first big mistake that our generation of men made was to discard whiskers. We committed social suicide with the razor. Consider the flowing beard as the breastworks of authority. How often it concealed the weakness or mobility of the face, gave poise, steadiness, and distinction. A child could not have a beard, neither could a woman. Not even a suffragette could have a luxuriant one. Every utterance emerging from a beard had oracular worth, mystery, and an

Olympian quality making for command. The naked face was the beginning of our dishonor. The ancients knew better, Dowie knew better, the late King Ben knew better, and the Bible, too, is against it. Why should a man make himself appear childish and effeminate and hope to maintain status? Can you blame the women and children for concluding that we are all alike, irrespective of sex or age?

But this was only the beginning of exposure, for, while it weakened the first line of defense by shearing down the men, there were still the women, who might have saved the day had not they too been betrayed by exposure. And who was it that challenged the older women to this unequal contest in pulchritude but the young and comely? When skirts started to recede from the earth, all of the older women were bound to lose social standing. They took up the gauge of battle with the young, not realizing how merciful the civilized convention of clothes is, and how much it has to do with preserving respect after a certain age. Obviously many women are too old or too different from the Greek anatomical models to qualify for the annual event at Atlantic City. But they did compete everywhere, and the public, looking them up and down and rating them by stock-judging methods rather than by distinctly human values, gave all of the blue ribbons to Youth.

In reading books and sober periodicals one learns that every explanation of present social trends or problems must include the World War as a major cause. That the post-war psychology added to adult humiliation seems reasonably clear. Whether justly or not, the young people, particularly in the colleges, were persuaded that all the statesmen dealing with the crisis of 1914 and the causes leading to it were stupid and depraved. It was not

reluctantly that they came to believe that any sophomore could have done better than Earl Grey and that, irrespective of study and experience, Youth somehow had higher morals and better judgment than the men who steered our Western civilization into disaster. All adults came under indictment. The fact of having been born forty years ago was a patent disgrace. Besides this, and more important, was the current conviction of Youth that a great deal of lying had been done by their elders. In a word, out of that awful calamity came the conclusion that the present breed of adults were not fit to run things, and the beautiful hope that they who are to follow us will do much better. They who have not tried have no failures; we who have tried and failed, what can we say? Again we have been exposed.

Add to our cup of sorrow the collapse of hero worship, the fall of the adult nobility of the past, accomplished by modern biographers sniffing the trail of mental complexes of sex, superiority, inferiority, until they have the 'great' at bay and bring them down. The illustrious who had been our symbols for the control of Youth are no more; the idols have fallen; the taboos, ceremonies, pomp, and circumstance that supported the prestige of adults have been swept away. It was not enough to expose us; those from whom we inherited the right to rule must also be brought low.

From this assault of the psychological biographers we might have fled for sanctuary to the modern church, had it not already established the enemy within the gates; for it is historically true that Youth first came to consciousness as a cult within the kindly fold of the church. Be it said that the clergy who advocated and engineered the religious autonomy of Youth were actuated by idealism and love, and,

like other uplifters, failed to foresee the main by-products of the Great Reform. Hence solemnly ordained ministers made the discovery that Youth must lead Youth in the things of the spirit. Could they not organize, talk, pray, testify, and sing according to their own genius? What mattered the small item of seven years of collegiate and seminary training, the seasoning of long service, or the sacrament of the cure of souls?

Youth performed with a vengeance; ran meetings in serio-comic style, held mammoth conventions, 'peppy' rallies with yells and contests, slang and nicknames, slogans and sidelong glances that betokened, perhaps, a horizontal interest in religious assembly quite equal to the old-time vertical one. They had their own extempore brand of meeting and began to leave the decorum of public worship to their elders. From that time the family pew was for father and mother only. The young people took up their own interpretation and uses of religion.

To be sure, a few shirt-sleeve evangelists went after them on their own terms, with now and again a boy preacher enriching the juvenility of the scene, or some beautiful female performer such as floods the Western coast with auroral splendor and the continent with spicy news; but for the most part Youth bade farewell to the old folk and adapted religion to their own fancy. At present teachers are considering a similar 'reform' in education. Then will follow, no doubt, physicians and surgeons, engineers and the hard-boiled scientists.

Gradually, and while all this was taking place, the delicate instrument of speech which serves subtly to define and preserve social order played us a mean trick. In our directness, haste, and love of equality, we had never been strict in protecting or adorning the

termini of our remarks. These symbols of English aristocracy and French nicety had never been maintained on this soil without effort and early training. Manners from below seeped upward. We made it snappy: 'Yes, sir' gave place to 'Yep' or 'Sure'; 'Good morning' became 'H'lo,' and all the little courtesies of language so rewarding to seniors everywhere and so productive of morale became Victorian. 'Applesauce' and 'So's yer old man' were the victorious banners of militant Youth. We fled.

Furthermore, not only men of letters, who now begin with the woes and failures of married persons of middle life, but entertainers, fun makers, movie lords, columnists, cartoonists, and dramatists joined in the sport of baiting Age. They gave color, din, and romantic zest to the rout. Then came the big contingent of business based on salesmanship. 'Pep' was the cardinal virtue and pep was found in Youth. Vivid suggestion, not reflective judgment, sold the public to its utmost limit, including next year's salary. Thrills beat logic all hollow. Exit the aged.

Even the State rebuffed us by revoking the parental right to educate children at home, to require of them remunerative work, to follow our own ideas of health; and, not being content to demote us, said plainly that we ourselves were incompetent and not to be trusted in selecting what we should eat or drink. Besides that, it put Youth on an equality with us as lawbreakers, adding the thrill of danger and naughtiness in youthful adventure. Prosperity also worked against us, for it telescoped the normal rate of acquiring comforts and luxuries and gave Youth everything without the prolonged effort and discipline of former times. Science, of which they learned more in high school than we did in college, banished nature lore, including the stork, and

gave them automobiles, radios, and airplanes which they could handle better than we.

Socially they conspired to put through whatever programme they desired. Parents did not confer or organize; hence they fell one by one under the combined demand for later hours, more money, more cars, more country-club affairs, and, being at the same time ambitious for the social rating of their offspring, they succumbed to the knock-down argument of 'So-and-so does it.'

For the reasons given, we, like the conquered everywhere, pay the bills

and indulge the speculation as to whether our present rulers will in turn be overthrown. How will it fare with them when their children have taken to the air, when American football teams and fans by the thousand fly to Paris or Rome for week-end games, when jazz has been perfected in the exclusive use of the erotic tom-tom, when dancing has become completely stationary, and when full dress has become nothing more than a loin cloth? Then perhaps our present rulers will join us under the juniper tree and swell the dirge which runs, 'Now when I was young . . .'

AFTER THE CHINESE

BY IAN COLVIN

I

IN 1923 there was published in London, and no doubt on your side also, a book entitled *The Works of Li-Po, the Chinese Poet*, 'done into English verse by Shigeyoshi Obata.' It is an interesting, even a delightful book, but it has this peculiarity, that it is not in English verse, as stated on the title-page, but in English prose. It must appear strange that an intelligent Japanese scholar, with a remarkable knowledge of the English language, should write prose under the impression that he was writing poetry.

The United States is not altogether without responsibility in this matter, for Shigeyoshi Obata, as he tells us in his preface, graduated at the University of Wisconsin. Can it be, then, that at an American university they do not

teach their students the difference between prose and verse?

If it be objected that America cannot hold herself responsible for the mistake of a foreign student, there is another case which comes nearer home: *Fir-Flower Tablets*, 'poems translated from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough, English versions by Amy Lowell.' Here, again, there is the same confusion. Both Mrs. Ayscough and Miss Lowell labored in the belief that the latter was writing verse, whereas these charming line-for-line translations are, like Shigeyoshi's, in prose.

The book, it need hardly be explained, is a collaboration. Mrs. Ayscough translated Chinese poems into English; Miss Amy Lowell's task was to fashion them into English poetry.

Mrs. Ayscough — to illustrate their ideas on this subject — mentions as

'a curious fact' that 'there has lately sprung up in America and England a type of poetry which is so closely allied to the Chinese in method and intention as to be very striking.' And she quotes, as typical of this school, 'a little poem' by Miss Amy Lowell. Here it is: —

NOSTALGIA

'Through pleasures and palaces' —
Through hotels, and Pullman cars, and steam-
ships . . .

Pink and white camellias
floating in a crystal bowl,
The sharp smell of firewood,
The scrape and rustle of a dog stretching himself
on a hardwood floor,
And your voice, reading — reading —
to the slow ticking of an old brass clock.

'Tickets please!'

And I watch the man in front of me
Fumbling in fourteen pockets,
While the conductor balances his ticket punch
Between his fingers.

Now it is not necessary to be insensible to the charm of this little piece to see that, were it printed as prose, it would never be mistaken for verse. Thus, for example: —

'Tickets please!' And I watch the man
in front of me fumbling in fourteen pockets,
while the conductor balances his ticket
punch between his fingers.

If, then, this is a poem, the difference between poetry and prose would depend upon the printer, which, as Euclid would say, is absurd.

Is Chinese poetry really like this? If it is, then the Chinese poets are all Oriental Walt Whitmans, and write not only without rhyme but without metre, as we of the West write prose. But there is a notable contradiction here, for Mrs. Ayscough, in her introductory essay on Chinese poetry, observes:

One of the chief differences between poetry and prose is that poetry must have a more evident pattern. The pattern of

Chinese poetry is formed out of three elements: line, rhyme, and tone. . . . The Chinese line pattern, then, is one of counted words, and these counted words are never less than three, nor more than seven, in regular verse; irregular is a different matter, as I shall explain shortly. . . . Rhyme is used exactly as we use it, at the ends of lines. Internal rhyming is common. Tone is . . . woven into a pattern of its own which again is in a more or less loose relation to rhyme.

If this be true, then the 'method' of the Chinese poet is something altogether different from the 'method' of 'Nostalgia.' The Chinese poet employs rhyme, and he uses 'pattern,' commonly called metre, or regular rhythm. His lines have the same number of words, corresponding, no doubt, to our metrical feet. Since the Chinese language is monosyllabic, alternations of tone are employed, which correspond to our alternations of short and long syllables. There is, in fact, a metrical system, a strict prosody. There is no sanction, then, in Chinese literature for that prosodic anarchy which confuses poetry with prose.

And now let us see how Miss Amy Lowell, herself, justified her method of translation: —

It has been necessary, of course [she wrote in her preface], to acquire some knowledge of the laws of Chinese versification. . . . It was totally impossible to follow either the rhythms or the rhyme schemes of the originals. All that could be done was to let the English words fall into their natural rhythm and not attempt to handicap the exact word by introducing rhyme at all. I hold it is more important to reproduce the perfume of a poem than its metrical form, and no translation can possibly reproduce both.

Now here is a perfectly simple position: it is impossible to translate a Chinese poem into English poetry. Let us, therefore, be content with a

translation into English prose. But the question is nevertheless begged, since Miss Lowell assumed that what she calls the 'perfume' of a poem lies not in its metrical form but in its meaning.

Miss Lowell, alas, is no longer with us. Otherwise I should have proposed to her a testing experiment. Take one of the poems of her beloved Keats, — say, the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' — by paraphrase strip it of rhyme and metre, and see how much of its 'perfume' remains. 'Barbarous experiment!' as Tennyson said in a similar case. As well take out the nightingale's tongue and see if it can still sing!

Here let me say what should be obvious but is often forgotten, that there is no compulsion upon anyone to use metre and rhyme. The writer, if he so desires, can go without rhyme and write blank verse, or he can go without both rhyme and metre and write prose. He can do anything he likes, and what he does will be judged, not by its adherence to or departure from any 'rule' or 'law,' but by its effect. The 'laws' of poetry are merely the technique of an art, a traditional means of giving delight. If the poet can give this delight without the technique, he is welcome to try. Walt Whitman possibly mistook what are called the laws of poetry for a relic of English feudalism, and threw them overboard as the good people of Boston threw the East India Company's tea into their harbor. But, as they lost something of 'perfume' in their tea, so Walt Whitman lost something of perfume in his poetry. As a matter of fact, although he eschewed rhyme, his best work is metrical. 'Whitman,' says Professor Saintsbury, 'could and did write more or less regular metre, and his actual medium is often a plum-pudding stone or conglomerate of metrical fragments.' When Whitman

wrote metrically he was a poet, although he would probably have been a better poet if he had begun by learning his job. When he wrote unmetrically he wrote prose.

I say this yielding to no one in my admiration of Whitman at his best: that best makes a thin volume, but contains some superlative things. But I cannot see, either in commerce or in literature, the rhyme or reason of wrong labels. Unfermented grape juice may be a very nice drink, but nothing is gained by calling it Château Margaux.

II

The Chinese poets, then, attempted something altogether different from the prosodic anarchy of some of our moderns. They laid themselves under the yoke of their prosody, not because it came down from ancient times, but because it gave to them and their readers the maximum of poetical delight. It expressed a certain rhythmic harmony which is strong and deep in human nature; and so, as their potters followed tradition in the firing and glazing of their porcelains, for the perfect works of art they could thereby achieve, the Chinese poets practised rhythm and rhyme to produce the perfect poem. There is, after all, no other defense of prosody worth making.

How, then, are we to translate the Chinese poem? If we leave out metre and rhyme we turn it, not into English poetry, but into English prose. We preserve something, the sense or the theme of the poem; but that, after all, is no more than the poet's raw material, the kaolin out of which he makes his beautiful porcelain. Let the reader experiment again by reducing any of our finest lyrical poems to its meaning in prose. What remains is usually a commonplace, a mere truism, a bird plucked of its feathers, a violin with

broken strings. The 'perfume,' the beauty of the poem, as we find, lies not in the meaning, nor even in the words, if they are put out of their order, but in that subtle union of rhythm and feeling, of sense and form, which is the complete poem as the poet fashioned it.

It is instructive to make these experiments. To cite, if I may be allowed, a personal experience, I have turned first into English prose and then into English verse the Chinese poems translated into French by Saint Denys (*Poésies de l'époque des T'ang*). They are thus at three removes, yet, whereas the prose translation is like a piece of dried seaweed, the poems seem to revive in the medium of English metre and rhyme, as the seaweed rises and sways and resumes its life when the tide returns to it. But take, for example, one of the most popular of Chinese poems, 'Drinking Alone in the Moonlight' by Li Tai-po, greatest of the Chinese poets. The sense differs in various translations; but here is Miss Lowell's version:—

A pot of wine among flowers.
I alone drinking without a companion.
I lift the cup and invite the bright moon.
My shadow opposite certainly makes us three.
But the moon cannot drink,
And my shadow follows the motions of my
body in vain. . . .

And here is Shigeyoshi's:—

With a jar of wine I sit by the flowering trees.
I drink alone, and where are my friends?
Ah, the moon alone looks down on me;
I call and lift my cup to its brightness
And see there goes my shadow before me.

Hoo! We're a party of three, I say, —
Though the poor moon can't drink,
And my shadow but dances around me,
We're all friends to-night,
The drinker, the moon, and the shadow. . . .

Now let us see how metre and rhyme restore at least something of the poetical life which, we feel, has departed from this piece:—

Alone, with my wine, 'mid the flowers, we are
three,
The moon and myself and the shadow of me.

As I sing and I dance I am happy to think
That neither the moon nor my shadow can drink.

When I dance with my shadow it never goes
wrong,
When I sing the moon silently bows to my song.

No parting to quench my abundance of laughter,
The moon lights me home and my shadow comes
after.

Obviously, at least in this case, verse is the better medium for the translation of verse. And there is another point which makes the case stronger. The Chinese poets wrote their poems to be sung. Saint Denys tells us, in that admirable introduction which remains to this day the standard work on Chinese poetry:—

From all time versification and music were two inseparable sisters in the eyes of the poets of China. . . . Thou-fou and Li Tai-po sang their verses. The same custom reigns to-day among the modern poets; certain national airs, consecrated by usage to the expression of such and such an order of sentiments and ideas, are transmitted, generation to generation, from antiquity. . . . From this indispensable accord has resulted this curious fact, that certain popular airs have become both prosodic and musical rhythms, in such sort that the careful analysis of the structure of an ancient poem is sometimes sufficient to enable us to recognize its origin or the air to which it can be sung.

If, then, we strip Chinese poetry of metrical effect, we take away something which the Chinese, at all events, looked on as essential. A poem to them was an exercise in the metrical art—or nothing. It is true that we cannot use the same metres as the Chinese; but neither can we use the same words. There is excellent reason for saying that a poem cannot be translated at all; but there is no logic in the contention

that one part — the words — should be translated and the other part — the metre — ignored.

III

The reader, of course, has been asking himself all this time why Mrs. Ayscough, who knows that the Chinese poet uses metre and rhyme, should have compared Chinese poetry to a piece which had neither. The answer, doubtless, is that there are other qualities in poetry besides rhythm. One is the loading of a word or phrase with a significance which kindles trains of poetical thought in the reader, or, as a poet puts it, 'vibrates in the memory.' A poetical line may be so charged with this significance that it reverberates like a gong which has been struck in the mind, sending out tones deep or delicate, flashing out mental pictures, awakening associations long asleep. We find this quality in 'Nostalgia'; to make this appeal is the whole purpose of the piece. And, as Mr. Ezra Pound points out in his *Cathay*, this subtle quality seems to be highly developed in Chinese poetry. To preserve it in translation is obviously difficult and may be impossible. The classical references, the hints of other and older poems, the thousand and one appeals to legend or scene familiar to the Chinese mind but unknown to the West — how are we to get such subtleties 'across' in translation? We must lose a great deal; we can only attempt to convey the feeling that more is intended than is said. Here, for example, is a poem of Tsin-Tsan's, which depends for its significance on the Chinese belief that the spirit actually leaves the body in dreams: —

Last night to my chamber came spring
And my spirit took wing
To the Yangtse-Kiang where she dwells,
The Weaver of Spells.

Ah, my dream of the springtime how brief!
It passes belief
That although there are five-score 'li'
Between her and me,
One moment I knew I was there
By the musk in her hair
And the next I was back in the gloom
Of my room.

The translator can only make his shot at it, hit or miss, but there is a still more subtle beauty of the Chinese poem which might cause him to despair. It depends upon a system of writing which conveys not merely the sound of the word, as with us, but, directly to the eye, the thing or the idea itself. The Chinese ideograph, which began as the simple picture of an object, became, so to speak, a rebus, a symbol or combination of symbols, representing not merely things but ideas. These characters are beautiful in themselves, and are used by the poet to bring to the mind through the eye a train of picturesque and literary associations.

The poet, in fact, uses a double language, of the eye and of the ear. 'The physiognomy of the character,' says Saint Denys, 'has an altogether different value from the pronunciation of the word.' The characters paint the theme and make it visible. 'It is,' continues Saint Denys, 'the peculiar quality of Chinese prosody that it appropriates at the same time two kinds of beauty which proceed from these two languages — the music which charms the ear and the painting which strikes the eye.' The calligraphy, the beauty of the character, plays so large a part in Chinese poetry that in China poems are hung on the wall as we hang pictures. The poetical appeal invades the mind through two senses. Moreover, these characters are divided into two classes, the one signifying an idea, the other a thing, and from this division springs a system of opposition and parallelisms, which might be

described as a pictorial rhythm. We have the visual rhythm of the character as well as the verbal rhythm of the tone or sound of the word. Here, certainly, is something to reduce the translator to despair.

The Chinese writing being ideographic, what we call parts of speech are unrepresented. There are not only no prepositions and conjunctions, but no verbs, adverbs, or adjectives. There are simply pictures of ideas and things, and, according to their place in the line, so are they substantive, verb, or adjective. This gives a strong but to some extent a fallacious appearance of laconism to the Chinese poem. So much may be enclosed in each character that a great deal may be expressed in few words — if indeed we can call words what are more than words, what are also symbols and images. Yet there is this quality of briefness, which we may call laconism, in the Chinese poem. The poet with a few dexterous strokes of his brush paints a picture — and leaves it at that.

Let me attempt to convey to the reader, by one example, this quality of laconism. It is Li Tai-po's 'Descent from the Mountain': —

I came down at the end of day
From Mount Tchong-nan, the blue, the gray;
The moon came with me all the way.

I turned me in the failing light,
And gazing backward at the height,
I lost it in the shades of night.

But shining at my journey's end,
A homelier welcome to extend,
I saw the cottage of my friend.

You held my hand; your son in haste
Opened the fence of interlaced
Branches across the pathway placed.

And as we passed beneath your eaves,
The overhanging bamboo leaves
Rustled against our silken sleeves.

Then kindled by your glorious wine,
I sang — I sang that song divine
Which the wind singeth to the pine.

The Milky Way had left the sky
Ere through our gladness you and I
Felt the day breaking like a sigh.

I may say that the version used here is from Saint Denys. The poem will also be found in *Fir-Flower Tablets*, and the several differences between the two versions suggest another difficulty of the translator. As he must translate not a word merely but a picture, so he may take much or little, one thing or another, from the symbol. Here are two lines, the one from Saint Denys, the other from Mrs. Ayscough and Miss Lowell: —

Son regard se perd dans
Les vapeurs de la nuit.

Green, green the sky; the horizontal, kingfisher
green line of the hills is fading.

Obviously, what has happened here is that the one translator has analyzed the characters more closely for their pictorial qualities than the other. And here, no doubt, is what Saint Denys means when he quotes a phrase used by another French scholar, Père Cibot. Translating a Chinese poem is 'a little like copying a miniature in charcoal.' The only way really to enjoy Chinese poetry would be by mastering Chinese and Chinese characters. That is said to be a life study; but it might be worth while. There would seem to be there a world of beauty almost unknown to the West — a very fair garden behind a very high wall.

ALABAMA, HERE WE REST

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

WE were resting by the roadside, for it was July and nearing noon. Even in the cool mountains nature makes obeisance to the sun at noonday. The singing birds are already hiding in lost green glades, and the jeweled lizard, forever darting across the white sand, sleeps now, beneath his broad leaf, as still as the pebble beside him. After the joyous allegro of the morning, the crescendo of winds and woods attains the pause before the languid and prolonged adagio of a summer afternoon.

We had been walking since sunrise, up and up the mountain road. Peter, who pushed the cart, was dejected. He had ivy poison. John, the beloved mongrel, was dejected. We had taken away his kitten. Two nights before he had brought a scrawny, badly blondined kitten to camp. He had divided his corn pone with her, and she slept in the ashes of the camp fire by his side. He insisted that she continue the journey with our party. John, who hates cats! The mystery of the masculine mind! A scrawny little blondined cat! Even we objected to hiking accompanied by a yellow cat; so this morning we presented the kitten to a friendly mountain woman. I am persuaded that John felt it keenly. I too was dejected. I could not forget the little three-year-old boy who plays all day in his old grandfather's blacksmith shop, while his mother lies always sick and alone in the cabin beside it. I could not forget how joyously and completely that curly-haired elf used the tools in the shop where his grand-

father's forge had burned for over fifty years, to make his own playthings. The grandfather is very old and the mother cannot last long. There is no one else. What then, for that wonderful little creature? Buddie's father, so the grandfather told me, had kissed him and ridden away into the night.

'Hit war like this,' he said. 'We-all had allus made good corn whiskey. The sheriff of this county, he owns all the stills now, and he makes whiskey quick with this hyar red-devil lye. Lige, he would n't jine 'em, so one night they come and burned his still, and whooped him and putt him on his horse and driv him outen the country. I could n't holp none. I jest stayed on with Buddie. Whar you-all'll camp to-night by the big spring is whar the sheriff is buildin' a big pleasure place. But he don't live thar. He lives down in the valley, and he's got fifty thousand dollars in the bank thar, made outen red-devil lye.'

We knew our hike through this particular country held an element of danger. We had been repeatedly warned to turn back, and we had often been stopped by half-drunken men in motor cars and keenly questioned as to our business in these mountains. We had always succeeded in making them believe we were not revenue officers. But we were careful, at night, to set our little tent near a human habitation. We camped that night by the big spring near the sheriff's pleasure place. The caretaker's wife brought us some milk. Milk is buttermilk, in the

mountains. Sweet milk is so called and is a luxury. After supper I sat on the porch and talked with the caretaker's wife. A mountain woman talks only of fundamental, basic things of life. She tells me how her husband has pellagra; of her two sons, dead of pellagra. How old am I? And how many children have I? And she tells me if I look away beyond the cotton patch I can see the stone that marks a little grave. 'She war my only gal. She choked to death of dipthery. We could n't get no doctor.' And I tell her of a little green grave so far away I shall never see it again. We are silent then, but not far apart in spirit, and watch the young moon shine from the lilac west.

The next morning, as we leave, she tells me in her sad monotone, — a mountain woman does not whisper, — very softly, that even Peter may not hear, that I must never leave the pushcart. 'Hit won't be safe even with the dog quiled under hit. They'll putt a bottle of whiskey in hit. Then they'll catch your man and he'll have to work out his fine on the road. The convicts air a-buildin' a road fer the automobiles to peddle whiskey on a right smart piece beyant hyar. I reckon I orten to told you. But you-all don't look like you could pay no fine.'

Now we were nearing the road the convicts were building. Beyond, on either side we could see the great iron cages — larger, but exactly like the animal cages of the circus — where the convicts lived.

Down the hot road between the iron cages walked a tall, gaunt mountain woman. She was neatly dressed, as are all mountain women outside their homes, and she carried a basket from the crossroads store at the top of the mountain. 'Happy Top' it is called. God save the mark!

As the woman reached us, she fixed

me with her great fierce eyes and asked, 'Air you the woman as is walkin' fer comfort?'

I laughed. I could n't help it. But Peter understood. He knew that *Comfort* is the name of the family paper which has the largest circulation of any paper in America, and that a Pearle someone was writing a hiking experience for this paper. If a mountain woman reads a paper she reads *Comfort*. I was sorry I was not Pearle. The woman's world was small. She was disappointed. So I told her I had a fiddle in the cart, and would she wait, and did she think I might play for the convicts at noon?

'I'm scairt they won't want to hear no music when they belong to eat,' she replied. 'I reckon the gyard won't let you nohow. You might play to-night, after they're in their cages, ef they all ain't dead then. Hit's a powerful hot day fer 'em. Yesterday a little city feller, he fell down a-diggin' in the sun, and I axed the gyard ef I could n't carry him a gourd o' water. He would n't let me, and he kicked the feller up agin and he fell down agin and they throwed a bucket o' water on to him and let him lie. He war in a faint. You'll see him as you pass by. He wears big specs, and his hands air a-tremblin' so he can't wipe the sweat off'n 'em.'

'What did he do? What was his crime?' Peter asks.

'He war a-walkin' down to Gadsden by hisself and they slipped a bottle o' moonshine in his bundle, and then ketched him to work out his fine. Thar's a ole man — you see him on the left side a-diggin'; hit's him with the long white whiskers — his wife's a-dyin' and he went over on tother mounting to shoot something — she war a-honin' for something more'n hawg meat — and he could n't find nothing but a chicken a-drinkin' at the crick, and he

shot hit and carried hit home, kind o' brash like — he war miserble — and they ketched him, and he's workin' out his fine, an' the neighbors on tother mounting air a-holpin' his wife. She's a-dyin' of pellagra. The ole man's allus been kind o' lackin'. He's powerful old, and him bein' lackin' he's kinda off'n his haid. He hollers out loud and prays. The gyards hit him over the haid yesterday when he holered to some folks a-passin'. You see the sun is so hot, an' the ole man's lackin' anyhow.'

'There is a store beyond?' I ask faintly. 'We want to buy some alcohol. My husband has ivy poison.'

'Yes,' she answered. 'Hit's a right smart store. I don't know about alcohol. The storekeeper he owns a right smart chance of everything on this and tother mounting. Sence the boll weevil tuck us we all owe him due bills, and he owns all the land. They're about all renters but me. My son's a engineer in Birmingham. I own my place. He's a-movin' the mounting to get me out. Good-bye. I'd be proud if you-all'd write me a card. I kin read writin' too.'

We put John on the chain, and trudged on up the hot road between the iron cages. Mules and scrapers; negroes and whites; guards with pistols; and over all a pall of silence. Dirt and toil and sweat and torture! The 'city feller' with the 'specs' turned away his pallid face; the old man who was 'lackin'' cried out a prayer to us; the guard shook him roughly by the shoulder. The silent horror of the road, broken only by the old man's cry, crept into our blood and caught at our hearts.

The store was packed with silent, lank mountaineers, sitting on boxes, spitting tobacco with great accuracy and perfect regularity from the open windows. Each man took his turn. There was a small amount of denatured alcohol in the lamp. We might have it, but there was no bottle to be found, no can, no receptacle whatever. We were in despair. Peter, tortured with ivy poison, grew more dejected.

A tall, lean mountaineer unfolded himself in sections from his box.

'Stranger,' he said, 'my advice is to step behind them flour sacks and putt hit on. Hit'll be yourn then.'

Presently a stifled groan came from behind the flour sacks. The mountaineer spat through the window out of his turn — it was an unusual occasion — and remarked dryly, 'All of which he done so.'

We camped that night by a stream where I fished. John, barking at every fish I caught, forgot the kitten. Once more he was a gay dog. Peter, the pain of ivy poison allayed, was serene again. Nature healed us. But the old man who was lacking wept in his iron cage for his wife who was dying alone on 'tother mounting.' God send the pallid city youth slept the sleep of exhaustion. The little boy who played all day by the forge lay beside his tubercular mother in the cabin beside the shop. Perhaps the father who would n't join the sheriff in making red-devil whiskey thinks of them to-night. The caretaker's wife, whose husband has pellagra, rocks in the moonlight that shines on the grave of a child 'that thar war n't no doctor to help.'

O America! Land of peace and plenty. Alabama! Here we rest.

ENDINGS

God loves the things that love to have an ending:
Oceans that do not roll into the sky,
Hills that are hills, and not ashamed of bending
Their heads beneath the thunders that go by.
Meadows that love a boundary-stream's befriending,
Pastures that drift towards a forest nigh,
Waves that have crests, and have no fear of spending
Their final flash of crystal ere they die.

Roads without ending are not roads at all.
Books without covers are for winds to read.
Houses are ruins when they have no wall.
Leaves without blossoms are a useless weed.
Only one moment is all life a flower
After a rain's end, after an April shower.

DANIEL SARGENT

THE SENSIBLE MAN'S RELIGION

A COMMON-SENSE INQUIRY

THE Earl of Shaftesbury is said to have remarked on one occasion: 'Men of sense are really but of one religion.' When asked what religion that was, he replied: 'Men of sense never tell.'

This anecdote must have struck a responsive chord in the minds of many, if the frequency with which it has been quoted affords a fair test. It has rested in my own mind for many years, and a year ago I concluded to institute an inquiry among a few representative friends as to whether Shaftesbury's judgment was a witty half-truth or approximated the whole truth.

I

Substituting 'men of common sense' for 'men of sense' and qualifying 'never tell' with the phrase 'except upon certain agreeable occasions,' I selected my list, and on such occasions proceeded to dip into the minds of a number of newspaper writers, doctors, lawyers, professors, statesmen, and business men, to whose friendship several positions I occupied gave me convenient access. The study, of course, required patience and some tact. Too hurried or insistent an inquiry of this sort emanating from a banker might have given rise to rumors as to his sanity.

It is my purpose to report, as accurately as possible, the views of these men on religion. It is not my intention to discuss my own personal beliefs, or those of that oft-quoted but undiscoverable individual, 'the average man,'

or the views of a majority of men; nor to engage in a discussion of theological doctrines or historical origins. My intention is to act simply as a recorder, and to a limited extent as a commentator.

For convenience in recording, I used the Apostles' Creed as a common index to points of view.

I am quite well aware of the fact that, as Mr. Quick says, 'The first necessity is not to restate creeds, but to explain them,' but I shall ask the reader to bear in mind that my purpose in this investigation was to find out what was in the other man's mind — not to put something there.

Although impressed with the idea that Shaftesbury's dictum offered at least a half-truth, I confess I was somewhat surprised to find a substantial unanimity of opinion among these men as to what was fundamental in the Creed, and, what is more surprising perhaps, similar conclusions with relation to these fundamentals.

Their approach to the various subjects was sometimes different, but on the whole it was not difficult to find a common base. Some went a little further than others in the expansion of their views, but the least common denominator was rather clearly defined, and that is perhaps what Shaftesbury meant.

It might clarify the discussion at the outset to state what this common base was in terms of the Apostles' Creed. As accurately as I can state it, it was as follows: —

'I believe in God Almighty, Maker of the Universe, and in Jesus Christ, His spiritual Son, worthy to be our Lord; possibly conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary (but these seem unimportant); suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried.

'I believe in His descent into Hell and ascent into Heaven, symbolically. I believe there is some evidence that bodily He arose from the dead, and I believe in the immortality of His spirit; also allegorically that He sitteth on the right hand of God Almighty, and that I am judged or shall be judged by the spiritual views He taught on earth. I believe that no one could find a wiser, juster, more understanding, or more merciful judge of my actions.

'I don't quite understand the Holy Ghost, though I believe in the Holy Spirit of God; I believe in the advisability of some church organization (though I do not like any of them very much). I do not appreciate the significance of the Communion of Saints. I believe in the forgiveness of sins, in the possibility of the resurrection of the body (though this seems remote), and in the probability of spiritual life everlasting (concerning the desirability of which many are in doubt).'

II

Let us consider the Apostles' Creed phrase by phrase and I will attempt to present the reasons that led to the several conclusions.

I believe in God the Father Almighty.

Practically all of these men, I found, believed in a God. Some asserted that they possessed an 'intuitive' feeling of the existence of God, and believed that others did. As Ratzel says, 'Ethnology knows no race without a religion, but only difference in the degree to which religious ideas prevail.'

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C

The intuitionists among my friends argue that intuition is a quick subconscious summary of accumulated knowledge and experience, and that a feeling of this sort, widely prevalent among sensible people, should be relied upon. They point out that correct thinking existed before logical premises were discovered, just as words existed before the alphabet, and language before grammar. They look upon intuition as a northwest passage of thought that often leads the mind as accurately to the truth as the longer route of logical premises. They are quite persuasive, but I found this argument did not appeal to most of the men with whom I talked.

The latter preferred what they called a 'common-sense argument.' They knew from personal experience that intellect brings order out of chaos, and, seeing order in the universe, they had concluded that a Supreme Intellect had brought about order.

Herbert Spencer, one pointed out, has shown rather conclusively that no one will ever be able to prove through scientific methods either the existence or nonexistence of a God. These men expressed the same idea in the oft-used term, 'the finite cannot grasp the infinite.'

But, in the vast silence of science on the subject, my friends automatically pursued the same course they followed in the affairs of daily life; they dealt with probabilities. They are accustomed consciously, and often subconsciously, to weigh conclusions as well as reasons; they felt they would be foolish to demand proof where proof is impossible and equally foolish not to use the scale of probability in weighing the merits of 'is' and 'is not.'

In substance they said: 'It may be difficult to conceive of a Supreme Intellect creating and directing order in the universe, but it is more difficult

to conceive of order in the absence of a creating and directing force.' Or, to put it in even simpler terms: 'An orderly universe is more likely to be run by an orderly intellect than by nothing at all.'

In brief, they are theists, and in this conclusion I think they have reached a common ground with men who have thought much more deeply on the subject. There was n't an atheist among them.

Some of them leaned a bit toward agnosticism, but all were inclined to think that the agnostic sets too high a premium on his own intellect. As one of them said: 'That great group of scientists of the nineteenth century, responsible for so many agnostics of their day and the succeeding generation, naturally placed a high value on the methods and rules of scientific investigation; but the difficulty, as we now begin to see it, is that they greatly overextended the area to which their methods and rules might be applicable.' The generation of the man who discovered the multiplication table must have experienced similarly excited sensations and demanded mathematical proof of many matters to which the multiplication table was in no way applicable.

III

They believe, then, in a God. What kind of God? Here one finds just what he might expect. The argumentative theists, we know, split some two hundred ways in describing the qualities of their God. Why so few, it is difficult to understand. Men's vision of a God, His interest in them, their love and reverence for or reliance upon Him, proceed from their emotions as well as their thought. Heredity, environment, education, experience, are of course unlike. They would be as

likely to select the same God as the same wife. Their general conclusions might be grouped and classified, but would as likely be identical in detail as their respective thumb prints.

Therefore my friends do not attempt to describe their God. When pressed as to the term 'Father' in the Creed, I found, curiously enough, that all interpreted the word 'Father' as indicative of the relationship of God to man; no one of them had appreciated the contrast of the words 'God the *Father*' and 'His only *Son* our Lord.'

Only a few warmed to the idea that God resembles even the best of human fathers. I do not think any of them were much concerned about the question. If God is all-powerful, they said, He can do or be what He pleases. It is quite possible that He has established a fatherly relationship; on the other hand, He may not have done so.

If anything, they rather agreed with the view Huxley expressed in that wonderful letter to Charles Kingsley, in which, after saying that he cannot see a shadow or tittle of evidence that the great unknown underlying the phenomena of the universe stands to us in the relation of a Father, he explains what he does believe. He says:

The whole teaching of experience seems to me to show that while the governance (if I may use the term) of the universe is rigorously just and substantially kind and beneficent, there is no more relation of affection between governor and governed than between me and the twelve judges. I know the administrators of the law desire to do their best for everybody and that they would rather not hurt me than otherwise, but I also know that under certain circumstances they will most assuredly hang me; and that in any case it would be absurd to suppose them guided by any particular affection for me.

They grant that one cannot be too sure that a wise father would not adopt

the same attitude for the ultimate welfare of his child. Postponing the question of life everlasting for a moment, there is n't much difference in infinite time between hanging and spanking. I did not find any reasoned or pronounced opposition to considering the term 'Father,' by way of analogy, sound enough. All confessed that it has been most helpful to many suffering souls, and an aid even to the strong in times of trial and hopelessness.

I repeat, however, that most of them said that, while they were certain a close personal relationship with God was possible, the relationship of Father did not quite express their idea. On the whole, their feeling in this matter was that the differences of opinion which so many men become excited over were vastly unimportant; that it was mere speculation to say, and of very little value to know, who was right and who was wrong. They thought that the only people justified in becoming aroused on the subject were those who believed in a divine revelation which they could not get others to accept.

As to the term 'Almighty,' they accept it literally. The idea of a God in conflict with His own self-restraints is a bit too mystical for their thought.

The next phrase of the Apostles' Creed, 'Maker of heaven and earth,' is too small a picture of the sensible man's Creator; further, the term 'heaven' may involve a theological definition as to its character. 'Maker of the universe' better conveys the idea — or perhaps, to borrow from the Nicene Creed, 'And of all things visible and invisible.'

IV

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord.

There seemed to be no doubt in my

friends' minds as to the admiration in which Christ is held by all believers, most doubters, and many, if not most, thinking unbelievers.

I have talked with several people, claiming to have been earnest readers of the Gospels, who reject the divinity of Christ and yet speak of Him with an admiration halfway between reverence and condescension. And I have heard this type of reader refer to Jesus as 'inspired' — whatever that may mean if one does not acknowledge a source of inspiration.

Let me put it in this way: If the records of all other religions and the books of all the philosophers were set on one side and the Gospels of Christ on the other, and either had to be destroyed, I think beyond doubt all my sensible men would toss the philosophers, together with the Vedas and Korans, into the fire and save the Gospels.

Their conviction rings clearly and convincingly concerning Christ: 'Never man spake like this man!' They feel that the uneducated son of a carpenter could not have seen so deep down into the well of fundamental truths unless he had been inspired, and that there could be but one source of inspiration, the 'rigorously just and substantially kind and beneficent governance' which they accept as God.

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary.

These two phrases of the Apostles' Creed, I found, were associated in their minds as one, involving what is generally discussed as the Virgin Birth. Most of my friends said they had no views that were worth while on the subject. They rather thought the idea represented a strained effect on the part of overnice or overreligious minds. If Jesus was the spiritual Son of God — the nearest approach to divinity that man has ever seen — that is quite

sufficient for them. They do not deny the high-powered force of the full acceptance of revealed beliefs; they have read of the martyrs; they have occasionally, though very seldom, seen a real Christian — yet in the absence of a spiritual revelation, such as occurred to Saint Paul, they classify these doctrines as somewhat unfruitful speculation.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried.

As to the historical facts of the life, teachings, and death of Jesus, they apparently entertained no doubt. They know that in the rapidly disintegrating process which followed Darwinism, even the simplest, most probable records were attacked by ignorant plunderers, who, following behind the sincere searchers after truth, attempted to destroy everything within the temple. The motives of these gentry do not appeal to them. They accept all of the above as true without drawing any very significant deductions therefrom.

He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven.

As to the descent into Hell and the ascent into Heaven. They do not see that much importance is to be attached to such a picture. They are inclined to feel that it is a bit symbolical; otherwise that it is allied to a conception of Hell and Heaven such as they do not cherish. As to the character of Heaven and Hell, while they hold no definite views, they do not believe in eternal damnation any more than they desire a milk-and-honey Heaven.

The only reasonable approach, they believe, to the acceptance of a particular kind of Heaven and Hell would be through faith in a revelation, and they are under the impression that revealed religion has been, on the whole, wisely silent on the subject. The

description of these abodes of reward and punishment has been left to the imagination of preachers and hymn writers, whose theology, they believe, may be as bad as their verse. To them, for example, the Book of Revelation is imagery.

So also, concerning the resurrection of the body of Jesus, they refuse to puzzle their minds. They quite admit the possibility of an all-powerful God so saving the body of the greatest of His spiritual sons, and they confess that the evidence of the many honest men who were supposed to have seen Christ in the body after His death and burial is impressive. They would not accept such a belief, however, without a further study of the sources of evidence. This they have no inclination to make, since they regard the ascension of a spirit as quite as remarkable a miracle as a physical resurrection and they need no evidence of the latter to strengthen their belief in the former.

And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

These things, I repeat, most of my friends neither affirm nor deny. They look upon it as imagery. One thing all, somewhat surprisingly perhaps, agree upon is that the various incidents in the life of Jesus, His love of humanity, His understanding, His compassion and tolerance toward human weaknesses, His kindly words to the sinner, — 'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more,' — would lead all sensible men, if and when there is a judgment day, to select Him above all others as their judge.

V

I believe in the Holy Ghost.

Few of my friends were even superficially familiar with the library of discussions concerning the Holy Ghost or the Trinity. Here again, they said, a

Supreme God may take what form He wishes — numbers may be mere symbols invented by man. The sensible man feels no capacity to understand the question, and no desire to study it.

They believe in the Spirit of God; subdivision of His powers they regard as metaphysical. That Christ 'sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty' seems to them immaterial as a matter of belief.

The holy Catholic Church.

I found that most of them believed these words had been inserted by the Roman Catholic Church with the purpose of binding together its followers, and readily taken over by the Church of England, as the word 'Roman' was not found in it.

They are quite unfamiliar with the numerous interpretations of the word 'Church' as used in the Creed and the various adaptations of the word 'Catholic.' They believe that the Creed, as formulated, was intended to cover the Church as constituted at the time of the adoption of the Creed.

As to the Roman Catholic Church, I find most of my men have considerable admiration for its learning and its facility for adapting psychological laws to the benefit of both the higher and the lower forms of intellect. Their criticism is of its priestcraft and its natural but abortive effort to determine a truth by ecclesiastical authority.

They extend the same criticism to other church organizations. They believe that the churches have departed from the tolerant spirit of their Great Leader, and while they believe in organization for coöperative effort, and acknowledge the inspiration that comes from association with men of high purpose, they regard the internal affairs of church organization as leading to self-exaltation, inflexibility, and intolerance, and they think that nearly all churches attempt to speak with a

self-appointed authority that is not justified.

The Communion of Saints.

They know nothing of the controversy that has waged around this phrase. They take it literally and they regard it as a possible and very pleasant experience for the chosen few, but as one of them said, 'Having no hope of being included in this group, I see no reason why I should concern myself about a meeting to which I shall not be invited.'

The Forgiveness of sins.

We now come to that very difficult phrase, 'the forgiveness of sins.' Here most of my friends find themselves much at sea when they attempt to apply either the test of reason or the measure of probability.

One of the qualities of these men is tolerance, and an absence of a vengeful or unforgiving spirit. They cannot believe that a beneficent God would punish the slightest peccadillo as severely as some preachers have believed and wished. Nor do they believe that even the greatest of sins would doom a man to everlasting punishment. Their feeling is well expressed by the Persian: 'Pish! He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well.'

They cannot picture God as a petty bookkeeper with a ledger containing debit and credit accounts of sins and virtuous acts. To pursue the analogy, they believe only in a well-estimated balance. My man knows that sin hurts and virtue aids him; that sin and virtue mark his soul as they mark his face, and that a trained observer may tell at a glance what manner of man he is. If all of a man's sins should be remitted, he feels that he might well become the kind of man he would like to be, and that he might become worthy to occupy some place, however lowly, in the continuity of things.

This point of view gives sensible men

great tolerance toward the sins of others, though not necessarily toward their own; it disposes them to judge others more by their general intent than by their specific acts, and enables them to understand why moral conventions shift according to time, place, and circumstance, if not at the centre, at least at the circumference.

They can therefore understand what Christ meant when He said, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' whereas the forgiveness of a single sin seems to them somewhat trifling.

They believe that on the whole the churches have by far the fairest and most reasonable way of dealing with this problem through the doctrine of repentance and the re-creation of the individual.

VI

The Resurrection of the body: And the Life everlasting.

First, as to 'life everlasting.' More than one of my friends questioned its desirability. As an emotional experience, this is not unique. At least three important present-day religions throw a doubt, I believe, on the desirability of an after life, although its existence is not questioned.

One of my friends quoted sadly the old German epitaph which runs something like this:—

I SHALL ARISE, O CHRIST, WHEN THOU CALLEST,
BUT I PRAY THEE, LET ME REST FOR A WHILE,
FOR I AM SORE WEARY

Some seemed indifferent. A few were greatly moved by the prospect of meeting again some spirit they had 'loved long since and lost awhile.' None thought of a life hereafter as a life of ease, but as one of continuity of happy labor. Were I compelled to decide for them, I should say that, on the whole, they preferred a life hereafter, believing it to be good, but

refusing to puzzle their minds as to how it could be so.

Quite apart from the desirability of survival, however, they all were agreed apparently as to its probability. I do not know why this should have surprised me, but the unanimity of the belief, I confess, did so.

They were not influenced, apparently, by any innate feeling of continuity of personality, or by the sentiment that injustice in this world implied a compensatory life to come; nor could I see that with any of them the wish was father to the thought. Yet one of the most interesting of the group asserted that the soul's extinction would deprive creation of all purpose.

They proceeded along their customary line of thought, first accepting what was proven and, with that as a base, weighing the probability of conflicting conclusions as to questions beyond the reach of proof.

All were of course familiar with the fundamental laws of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy.

They did not regard the idea of a life hereafter as so miraculous in its conception that it must, for that reason, be rejected. They seemed to feel as Huxley felt when he said of survival after death:—

It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force, or the indestructibility of matter. Whoso clearly appreciates all that is implied in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvellousness.

It was from the physical law of the conservation of energy that nearly all of my friends took their reckoning. If Nature or God (whichever you wish), they said, is concerned to conserve the minutest form of energy and the tiniest atom, what will be done with the greatest original producer of energy we know

— the human ego? Is it more likely to be conserved or destroyed? Their answer was 'conserved.'

They all fully realized that energy changes its form and, in a sense, is dissipated. They appreciated that the same result might be anticipated as to personality, if analogy alone were relied upon. But my man was not dealing in this instance with analogies; he was basing his conclusions on a fundamental law — namely, the economy of Nature or of God. He was not thinking in terms of energy itself, but of something that, in a sense, creates energy.

To illustrate: In some great city one finds that, from a common source, a thousand street cars are moved, a hundred thousand lights are lighted, and the wheels of many great industries turned. In a single day the power produced is enormous; over a period of years the results, in terms of energy, are quite beyond the mental grasp. If one attempts to trace the source of all this power, he will first find a great power plant; but this is not the original source of energy. Who built the plant? Thousands of workmen; but the origin is not with them. Great bankers financed it and great engineers drafted the plans; but the source still is not there. Finally, the way is traced back to the individual who first conceived the project and set it in motion. But we still must analyze the individual. What part of the individual started it? Not his flesh and muscles, nerves, or brain, for we at once realize that none of these is a source of energy. A dead man possesses them all.

The living man possesses something different within him. There was some indefinable ego within this man which at some time and place said to him, 'Go'; or, to use a different analogy, some 'X' within him which at some moment 'pulled the lever' in his mind.

This 'X' was the creative source,

then, of all that vast energy. One does not mean that it created something out of nothing; but it was creative at least in the sense that it changed latent energy into high-powered kinetic energy. It is the most amazingly powerful producer of energy we know.

If Nature permits death to destroy this producer, she reverses her fundamental law of economy, unless perchance, in this case, she has an inexhaustible supply to which she can always turn; but through infinite time, and with infinite use, there is no such thing as an inexhaustible supply of anything; there is only one way to make the supply inexhaustible, and that is to return it to the original source to be again used.

It is possible, my friends said, that the little muddy stream of our life, by analogy, flows back into the great purifying sea of all life, where its identity is perhaps lost — though its parts be again used for some fruitful purpose — and survives only as a part of the great all.

Most of my friends, however, do not accept this last point of view. They believe that personality survives. I repeat that they are not discussing energy — they are dealing with a vital something which, in a practical sense, creates energy.

It is true, they say, that a Creator, in the ultimate meaning of the word, can create something out of nothing; but, having created that something, then by various combinations the Creator can again (in a common-sense use of the term) 'create' something new. Mankind seems to share this latter faculty with the Creator; shares it because mankind understands to some extent the laws of the Creator. This understanding presupposes at least a similar quality of understanding, and in this sense, perhaps, God has made man in His own image.

This particular and peculiar creative power, then, given in any degree to man alone, is the power which can command the great forces of nature. It seems probable, therefore, it is of a character that could be delegated only by a Creator. They think the doctrine of probability is that such a creative power represents a totality which will not be divided.

It is worth noting that my friends spoke of the creative power of man in terms of energy, but the creative faculty, they feel, often expresses itself in terms more convincing of personal survival than energy: in art, in music, in poetry — in all the various fields to which we apply the term 'inspiration.' If it is inspiration, we must logically admit the existence of a source of inspiration; if it is merely a creative and constructive force common to all men, then, in the economy of nature, we should expect it to be conserved.

My friends do not claim that the argument above outlined is in any sense a scientific argument, or that it attempts even to imitate the precision of scientific methods of thought. They feel, however, that, as between the destruction — the everlasting destruction — or even dissipation of this kind of creative energy and its preservation, it seems more probable, from what we can see about us, that it will be preserved than that it will be destroyed.

Second, as to the resurrection of the body. Here the laws of nature seem to them likely to prevail. The body is matter; as such, in a sense it is indestructible, but we know it will be disintegrated into a million parts. Are they gathered together again at the last trump?

My men said they did not care as to their bodies; it seemed to them rather unimportant. Not a few said they would not wish to be cursed with the same defective body through infinite

time, and none seemed so pleased with his 'muddy vesture of decay' as not to prefer a better.

They thought that the resurrection of the body has no sound justification in reason or probability, if divine revelation is not accepted, but, granting at once that an all-powerful God may do as He pleases, they concede the possibility of the resurrection of the body.

VII

Here my men stand. They believe in an undescribed and, to them, indescribable God. They will go so far as to use the adjectives 'all-wise,' 'just,' and 'merciful.' They believe that Jesus taught a doctrine so wise, just, and merciful that He must have been spiritually inspired. This is as far as the doctrine of probability permits them to go. They then admit that, in the vast field of speculation beyond, any man has the right to believe as the other forces of his mind and emotions direct.

One who reads this report will readily see that the men selected have not been students of theology, or of the history of the Christian religion, or of the Church and its dogmas; nor are they familiar with the history or significance of much of the language used in the Apostles' Creed. Few, if any, of them have thought deeply on the subject of religion, and they have not concerned themselves greatly as to the supposed conflict between science and religion.

Their view, on the whole, was clear that science had little to add to or subtract from the fundamental base of religion. The area covered by and the approach to the study of science and religion, the methods of testing truth, and the weight to be attached to conclusions were quite different.

They would accept at once a proven scientific conclusion which negated a

prevailing religious belief, but they believe that science so far has trimmed away only the nonessentials from religion and is silent and will always be silent on the essentials. They have reached such conclusions as they hold by the same mental processes used by them in dealing with their daily problems: that is, through a frequently untraceable method of thought influenced by their own experience and guided to a decision by a feeling of probability. For the most part — lacking imagination, as men of 'common-sense' most frequently do — they rejected mysticism, not scornfully, but as something alien to their experience.

They regret that they do not go to church. If they wish help on their way to find out something more about God, they admit that their best bet, if conditions were different, would be to turn to the Christian churches. They think, however, that as things now stand the churches fail to aid them very much.

These men see their God and their spiritual Christ at the top of a distant hill. They think they know the point at the foot of the hill at which their own pathways begin. They see the churches surrounding the foot of the hill with their walls guarding their own special pathways; they may even wish to enter, but they picture to themselves a priest, rector, or parson guarding the doorway through which they would like to pass.

They believe that they may be asked to subscribe in the most solemn form, not merely to their fundamental beliefs, but to additional beliefs concerning which they are at least uncertain and covering a number of subjects which they regard as unessential or irrelevant.

If one is scrupulous, he cannot do so. He may earnestly desire to indulge himself in the luxury of public worship, or obtain the rare comfort and strength-

ened resolution that follow the silent confession of sin within a holy place. Regular habits in these matters might make him a better man. If for this reason, or with a desire for instruction, or to comfort his wife or aid his children, he joins or continues in a church to whose beliefs he has solemnly subscribed with his tongue in his cheek, what kind of Christian have you?

One cannot avoid the idea that an organization which maintains a common place of worship, founded on the fewest and simplest possible principles (or no principles at all except a yearning after God), with fewer required beliefs, with the preacher free to confess his own doubts, might attract the active interest of this type of man and prepare a rich harvest from which the established churches might later draw. Huxley suggested, I think, that a church founded on somewhat similar principles might well become an established church and no one would ever seek its disestablishment.

One may say that the above doctrine points to the Congregational or the Unitarian Church, but my men think — perhaps wrongly — that these churches have a tendency to deny where the others assert, and that at least one of them is headed toward a confession of faith — probably 'Three persons and no God.'

But it is not my intention to commend or criticize the churches; my sole purpose has been to discover and interpret the point of view of a body of men who at least seem to be very well worth while. If any church is going to help them, the parson must know where to go to find them. Men of such sincerity, tolerance, and open-mindedness would listen with patience and interest to the empirical reasoner and even to the sound mystic.

A POST-WAR DIARY. II

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES À COURT REPINGTON

Saturday, October 18, 1924. — Saw Tardieu in the early morning. He is a private gentleman now, out of politics and the press. He sees the uselessness of belonging to a party of which Clemenceau is the head, for one must recognize facts. Tardieu has lost his health and his money by his work and is disgusted with it. He considers French politicians of the Right and Left as a *tas d'imbeciles*, and he has washed his hands of them. He has been shooting in Scotland and catching salmon; has shot chamois in Switzerland, and was just off to shoot pheasants. That was his life and he knew what he wanted. But he made many shrewd remarks on French politics and politicians, and was very agreeable. He thinks that we are heading straight for another war and that we shall lose it.

Went on to see M. Loucheur at 9, Rue Hamelin. He was in good form and full of ideas. He thought that the post of ambassador had lost all importance and he had refused the post offered to him. But when the British elections were over he would go over to discuss affairs and would be supporting Herriot, though not of his party. He would be forward and back constantly. After we had discussed our elections we came to the question of the next British foreign minister. Loucheur thought that the Labor people had been a good influence on the whole, but had put the fat in the fire over the Disarmament Conference, a subject on which they knew nothing.

It was necessary to have a Franco-Belgian-British accord and not to hurry the Conference. He even thought that our Dominions might not ratify the Protocol, in which case the whole thing would fall down. He is not only for an accord, but for the Pacific Treaties, and would have a third group of nations in the east of Europe who had special interests, and all three accords should agree to the general principles of the Protocol. This would be the link between the three accords and might bring America in. This is also Briand's idea. Bourgeois, Briand, Loucheur, and Paul-Boncour were the French team at Geneva. He hoped to meet Burnham and would be charmed to lunch with him so long as he did not invite Gerothwohl, who had done him great harm in France by publishing an interview with him.

Loucheur says that he told Austen Chamberlain, in December 1919, how to avoid the unemployment which now worried us. The way was to seek for the cleansing — *l'assainissement* — of European finance by lending money to France, Germany, etc. This had proved possible with Austria, etc., and should be extended. America would follow us, as he had said in 1919, and the loan to Germany was typical. When the currencies were restored to the old standards our trade would revive, because we should no longer be undercut by lowly paid workmen. It was the debased currencies of Europe that were killing British trade. I have frequently written the same

thing, from Europe and America. Copernicus made the discovery in the sixteenth century, and Lord Burghley created the wealth of England by it. He had not changed his views and thought this the only remedy. He considered that the last part of Alfred Fabre-Luce's book, *La Victoire*, represents the present ideas of France, but agreed with me that in writing the first part Luce had been guilty of a *mauvaise action*, as Mandel, too, had suggested. He could assure me that the mass of the country was for an accord with England.

The French public during the elections had loudly cheered his allusions to the matter. 'Soit, les Anglais sont des malins, mais il faut marcher d'accord avec eux.' [The English may be rascals, but we must get along with them.] It was the peasants who had upset Poincaré. They would not have his anti-British policy. Poincaré hated the English. Poincaré was politically dead for four years. Millerand was not a very intelligent man, but was a better man than Poincaré and very honest. The *Avenir*, which Millerand was purchasing, was worth nothing. I made an allusion to the French press and said how little I thought of a press which could be pro-Poincaré one day and pro-Herriot the next. I said that Mandel had revealed the reason to me, and Loucheur said that I could not have had a better guide. Lunched with the Marquis de Castellane at 49, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III. He is renowned for his cook, the pretty women, and the wine. I was late and found mostly princesses, grand duchesses, and duchesses there.

Returning from Boni's, I found a large crowd in the Champs-Élysées waiting for Anatole France's funeral to pass. Waited as long as I could and then went off to see ex-President Millerand. I found him in his flat,

2, Avenue de Villars. The same as ever, but hair whiter. I was glad to see him. We discussed French politics. He will go into Parliament at the first opportunity again — into the Chambers or the Senate, he did not know which. 'And you will have a party of two hundred behind you?' 'Yes,' he said, 'the *Avenir* will represent the party.' But he personally had had nothing to do with the arrangement. It had been settled by his friends. He would, of course, be in opposition. He almost entirely agrees with the views of Painlevé, Briand, Loucheur, Serrigny, and myself about the Disarmament Conference, which he thinks a great danger. The accord with us that he would like would be a simple one to say that in the event of any infraction of the peace treaties we should act together. I thought this covered by the League of Nations Convention, but he wanted us to guarantee the east of Europe and was not surprised when I said that I doubted whether we should accept any special obligation outside the west of Europe. He was all for an accord between England, France, and Belgium. He was very sarcastic about the handling of this question by our Labor people, and we agreed that there could be no confidence in the League of Nations until scores of years had elapsed and the new system had proved successful in practice. Colonel Fabry, the best military critic in France, is in Millerand's group and is now *rédacteur en chef* of the *Intransigeant*. I said that I would try to see him, and Millerand thought that it would be a good thing. I said that we had great confidence in M. Millerand in England and were glad that he had kept his flag flying when the Cartel played him a dirty trick. Millerand is a *bon père de famille* and impresses by his transparent honesty. He is a very courageous man.

By the way, Boni is still for inventing a new Austria, but as it will mean dismembering Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia I think it is too far-fetched, and I poured cold water on it. We have enough troubles without beginning to upset the peace treaties. Had a talk with him over this question and he gave me some papers about it. He has some good pictures, tapestries, and books in his gorgeous flat, and there were heaps of menservants. But it lacked simplicity and was overcrowded. The Grand Duchess Marie thought it gloomy.

Monday, October 20. — Went to see Colonel Fabry at the office of the *Intransigeant*, which he now edits. His views will appear in that paper only. He is the best military critic in France, and is a fine character and dependable. He lost a leg in the war. His reports to the Chambers have been admirable. He says that the one year's service will be very agreeable to the country, but that an entire change of the military laws will be needed. With three years' service all went well as regards mobilization, training, and *couverture*. Now all will be different. The eighteen months' service was the minimum with the French system even when there was no Ruhr affair on. A great piece of staff work was needed, and it would take long. It would cost more, for an *armée de métier* of a kind was a necessary compensation. People thought that if one had 18,000 officers, with the eighteen months' service, one would have 12,000 with one year's service, but actually the reverse was the case, and there must be reëngaged men and N. C. O.'s. It was a very big affair. He had thought the thirty-two divisions, with the eighteen months' service, too many; it should have been twenty-five.

We discussed the matter, and that

of the black troops, and we agreed to *faire campagne ensemble*.

Tuesday, October 21. — Went to see General Debeney, the new Chief of the General Staff of the Army, at the War Ministry this morning and had a long talk with him. I began by congratulating him on his appointment and hoped that he would not miss too much the calm atmosphere of the *École de Guerre*. 'The life of a soldier is one continued labor,' he replied. I said that it looked like being so in his case, for after Nollet's announcement it seemed to me that a tremendous amount of labor awaited the French General Staff, amounting in fact to a *remaniement complet de l'armée*. He agreed that it was so. 'When will it come into force?' I asked. 'Will anything be ready for next year's budget in the spring?' No, it would not, he answered. Not even the bases of the new plan had been settled, and it would take long, very long, to carry them out. He thought that things would go on as they were pretty much all next year, and meantime the elements would be prepared for a change of system. 'You will want a lot of *rengagés*,' I suggested. He admitted it, and said that the *couverture*, oversea garrisons, etc., would all require to be found. It would cost money, but not next year until the plan was complete.

I found him less a man of the world and more a Frenchman, pure and simple, than his predecessor, Buat. He has a profound suspicion of the Germans. He pointed out that, in this so-called Republican Reich, von Seeckt and his War Minister had been steadily in office for four years despite all changes, and that von Seeckt at one time had been given dictatorial powers. What did this mean, he asked, except an intention to seek revenge? He also pointed out that at Düsseldorf, some

time ago, a mass meeting had proposed the separation from Germany, and 20,000 Germans, marching in fours, had traversed the town to revolutionary songs. The Schupo had fired upon them, and a few days later 20,000 more had marched by again, but this time to the goose step and singing *Deutschland über Alles!*

He was all for a short statement of the accord to the League of Nations, and then for the Staffs to get together and see what it all implied. 'You asked me in the *Daily Telegraph*,' he said, 'to explain what I meant by an Interallied Staff, and now I will tell you, for I could not put it in the lecture.' His idea is that we should regularly train up a body of Staff officers to study questions which concern the military interests of the Allies, and that there should be Staff rides every year in which the French, British, and Belgian Chief of Staff should successively act as Director. The final *Généralissime* would be decided by events, as he had explained in his article. I said that I liked the plan and approved of the idea. He had been deeply interested in the reports of his officers in England who had been at the Staff College, etc., and had called them up and put questions to them. He thought that British officers took more from life than from study and had a broader view of things. He had learned much from these reports. He discussed geography and remarked how narrow was our natural Channel frontier and how easily crossed by air, and covered by long-range guns. It is a great river, and we always had to hold both sides of a river to keep enemies at a distance. Spain was all natural frontier. So was France, except on the Rhine front, and this front was the natural frontier of England, France, and Belgium. He was perfectly convinced

that an accord with England was the single and whole-hearted wish of the French people, and that all would go well when it was accomplished.

At present there was no security but a scrap of paper. It was impossible to lay down for nations what they should do or not do for their own security, and the only way was to follow the principle of the League Convention and to allow every Power to maintain the amount of force which it required. There were many things in the Protocol of which he approved, — arbitration, for example, — but the second aim, security, had not been attained, and therefore disarmament, the third item, was impracticable. (Clive asked me whether I thought the French as decadent as some people had begun to say. I said no.) I asked and received permission to explain Debeney's Allied Staff plan to the King of the Belgians. 'Je ne vois pas d'inconvénient,' he said. He would like to come to England, but had not been able to do so. For this reason he had not been able to discuss his idea of Allied Staff training with Lord Cavan. Debeney said that neither England nor France was a Power out for conquest. They had been, I said, but now they were not. That phase has passed.

Wednesday, October 22. — Saw Giraud (Pertinax) at 91, Rue de l'Université afterward, at 11 A.M. He was disheveled, in a dressing gown, with his hair in a great mass. We had an hour's talk on affairs. He was reading Morgan's *Quarterly* article and was much impressed by it. Found Pertinax in his usual condition of sanguine despondency and distrust of everybody, French and English. Though living at the door of the F. O., he is not on terms with M. Herriot and does not see him. He calls the R. S. party

one of the *petits fonctionnaires* and is evidently a disgruntled Poincaréist. He gave me no specially illuminating ideas except general criticisms, but was interesting in his reminiscences. He told me that M. Albert Thomas gave away our English Radicals in an article dished up by Herd in the *Times* of January 1917 — and that Signor Nitti gave away Caillaux's Florence papers by telling Mr. Barrère about them. Pertinax is horrified at Caillaux's reappearance at the Anatole France funeral, and I said that the anticlericalism of the present Government would do no good in England. I put it down to France's old wars of religion, which we had never had. 'You cut a few throats all the same,' said P. I said yes, and burned a few zealots on both sides, but France lost four million people in thirty years — that is to say, with a sixteen-million population the French were reduced to twelve million, and that beat the World War record. I had always explained anticlericalism by those records. Pertinax was surprised by these figures and I referred him to Lavissee.

Friday, October 24. — Audience with the King at the Palace at 11 A.M. H. M. talked English with his customary deliberation, which made the conversation a little slow, but perhaps I have become so accustomed lately to talk with the quickest brains in France that everything seems slow in comparison. H. M. was looking well. He was in very stiff uniform. On the subject which was uppermost in my mind he said that from very old times he regarded England as the bulwark of Belgian independence, and would be very happy if an accord could be brought about. There would be no difficulties made here, and he thought that the main ones would come from England. He said that some bad blood

had been made by war histories in which one or other Power had claimed all the glory. For instance, it was said that without Foch the Belgians and English would have gone away from the Yser and Ypres, whereas nothing of the sort was ever contemplated. On the contrary, his order was to stand to the last. (This is perfectly true.) I said that it was customary for generals and people to claim all the credit for victory and to do injustice to others. He thought F. M. Lord Ypres's volume good and accurate. What he particularly disliked was that generals should give their views after a war without giving the text of the orders actually issued. It was these orders, which gave their views at the time, by which history should judge them. Therefore he approved of the *French Official History*, proofs of which he had been shown, because it gave the text of the actual orders issued. He told me that he thought the Staffs should meet if an accord was arrived at.

We talked of Wembley, of his favorite canaries, and of his old days as company officer with the grenadiers. I told him that I was going to endeavor to bring our people over to the accord idea, and he wished me all success and said it would be a great and good work. He told me that he did not think the German princes would soon return to their old places, and he did not appear to have read the German Nationalist programme. He thought Mandel the cleverest man in France and Tardieu a very alert intelligence. The King thought that the naval aid of England during the war had not been sufficiently appreciated.

Lunched with the Needhams. Drove out to the golf course and back in time to see the Foreign Minister, M. Paul Hymans, at three. We were quite in accord on the whole subject, and I found after an hour's talk that

nothing divided us. He is strongly for an accord and thinks it indispensable. He hates the Disarmament Conference and is, as I am, strongly for keeping the disarmament to the terms of Article 8 of the League Convention. He considers our Labor people infantile and in pursuit of chimeras. He admits that it is very difficult for the League Council to prepare this Disarmament Conference, which will not only lead to a wrangle, but will destroy the Protocol, which has many things in it that we want to keep. He and others do not consider the Jap amendment as a serious danger. He thinks that an accord will cause the Germans to reconsider their position and will promote peace. Belgium is now more defenseless on paper than in 1914. She has no security and therefore cannot disarm. He is for keeping the accord, so far as the League of Nations is concerned, to a short paper like the Franco-Belgian agreement, which consists of only four lines; and, similarly, the Staff work would be done in secret. He is not prepared to face a situation where we all disarm, leaving the more populous and the best-equipped nation, in the industrial sense, in command of the future. He does not want to extend our liabilities, under the accord, beyond the west of Europe. I told him, as I told the King, that the French were frightened at the future prospect, and that when the French were frightened they became reasonable. Both the King and Minister laughed heartily at this opinion, which they seemed to share. France and England, said M. Hymans, were the twin pillars of Belgian independence. In respect of France, the language, commerce, and French propaganda have their influence, but the British guaranty had always been for the Belgian F. O. the most important factor.

Saturday, October 25. — Saw M. Fort-homme, the Minister of Defense, 2, Rue de la Loi, this morning. A solid, youngish man of some competence and character. I should say a safe man to work with. He made no secrets and told me the general situation of the army. The First Army, of eight divisions (four A. C.'s), can mobilize very rapidly, in about three days — 200,000 men, with the four youngest classes, including the one in the ranks. The Second Army, 160,000 men of the four next-youngest classes, can mobilize soon after. They were pretty well up with rifles, field guns, and Maxims, and had a heap of German ordnance which they were repairing. They are no longer tributary to Krupp, as they were in old days, against all my advice. We had a long talk over army matters, when I drew him on to talk of the future. He told me his deep anxiety over the position, Belgium being tied to France; and that he, and all the best men in Belgium, were for resting on the twin pillars, France and England. Let the British fleet only appear off the coast and it would be enough. We had a long talk round the desired accord and about the military conversations which should follow it. I told him confidentially about Debeney's plan of creating an Allied Staff, and asked his opinion of it. He found it very ingenious and interesting, and said at last that, however original it was, he did not see why it should not come about. He offered to help in every way possible, and asked me to write to him when I needed information. He was good enough to say that he expected me to ask small details about the Army, but found he was talking to a statesman. He thought that if I could make the British people accept an accord I should put the crown upon an extraordinarily successful journalistic career, but I told him that I could not bring

up the question unless the *Daily Telegraph* backed me.

The *Étoile Belge* had an article about me this morning: nothing very indiscreet in it.

Major R. Van Overstraeten, the King's orderly officer, sent me his very valuable book on Belgium in the war, profusely illustrated. Colonel Gallet, whom I visited to-day at the École Militaire, which he commands, told me that it was at present the authoritative book on the war and the textbook for schools and colleges. I told M. Forthomme to-day that I was grieved to find that Belgium had erected no monument to Émile Banning, who was the man who had always seen most clearly fourteen years before the war and had foreseen events that had occurred. M. Forthomme and M. Henri Jaspar, whom I visited later in the day, both acknowledged their debt to Banning and said that they were ashamed of the oblivion. Happily, in Van Overstraeten's book there is a photo of him, and a just acknowledgment of his merits. Forthomme, however, said that there was still no monument to Leopold II, and that it was only little men who needed monuments. He told me that the Belgians had scrapped all their fortresses, and had replaced them by prepared field positions, a course which I approved.

Went off to see M. Jaspar, at 93, Avenue de la Toison d'Or, by appointment, after leaving M. Forthomme. M. Henri Jaspar has won a world reputation by his conduct of Belgian foreign policy during the last two years, but I have never come across him before. A very attractive figure and a man of enthusiasm, intelligence, and imagination. If anything, a little too passionate and deadly in earnest for modern diplomacy. The best man in Belgium, so far as I can read political

character. I told him of my visit here and in Paris, and of my conclusions. He told me that he was absolutely in accord with me, and proceeded to express his own views of the past and to give his opinion of the future. He told me of all the negotiations at Cannes and in London, and of their failure. He said that the English were too slow to comprehend the French. You must reckon France as a woman, he said, who has a great capacity for love, hate, and jealousies. I said that this was an old idea of mine and that I had frequently stated it when in charge of the French section of the Intelligence Department. One must think of Marianne, and bring flowers and sweetmeats. In fact I would always choose a lover — any lover — for negotiating with France. We treated her as if she were a president of the Board of Trade, and that was quite useless. All the beatific F. O. dispatches scoring off France were a luxury which we could only afford ourselves if we did *not* want to settle with her. That is Jaspar's point of view also.

The question, I said, if we were agreed as to the principle, was how to proceed. I thought the time had come for action and not for words. We had very little time, and if we did nothing and came into the Disarmament Conference unprepared, we should all quarrel and wreck the Protocol. Jaspar thought that our Laborites were primitives and visionaries. They had made a bad mess and we had to pull them out of it. First the accord, then all the rest would follow. A formula for disarmament was unattainable. Every country must be left mistress of its own destiny. Things would drag on forever if we attempted to scale down the armies. We all wanted lasting peace, but the present plan would not achieve it. The world did not care a hang for the opinion of a pack of

little states, but cared immensely for the acts of the Great Powers, and their views would prevail and set the note.

He quite agreed with me that we should stick to Article 8 of the League Convention. But time was running on and we should soon reach November and have to settle the preparations for the Conference. It would be best to postpone the preparatory November meeting till we had put things in order. He declaimed against history, pointed to his bookshelves, and asked how we could teach youth all this humbug. He had been concerned in many conferences of which some alluring accounts had been written. They were all lies, he thought. He had been in the *batterie de cuisine* and had even prepared some of the sauce. He knew how utterly realities differed from the fictions told. He was writing on the subject in the reviews, one of which is the *Nineteenth Century* for December, and he will send me copies.¹ I said I noticed that at St. Gilles he had advised Belgium not to ratify the Protocol unless Germany signed it.

Jaspar did not consider the Belgians either militarists or military. No, I said, they are the most pacific people in Europe. He said they were all commercials, the Army was nothing in the State, and he had had the utmost difficulty in getting the title of count or baron accorded to the leading soldiers who had done best. Jaspar indeed hoped for the day when Belgium could disarm altogether, but that time had not come. Jaspar told me of the terrible time they had passed through during the war, and of how my articles were smuggled through, read with avidity, and passed from hand to hand secretly.

¹I have just received from him the *Revue Belge* for November 1. It contains an excellent article by him on 'Paix et Sécurité.'

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Sunday, October 26. — Returned to Paris. Read in the train a good deal of Van Overstraeten's book. Deeply interesting and places all the Belgian operations in a new light. It is rather appalling that all the things which the French H. Q. did not know about the great turning movement of the Germans in August 1914 were known to the Belgians long before, from the reports of their intelligent and patriotic people. Moral: trust the local population when it is friendly, rather than preconceived ideas, and also arrange an interallied intelligence service, to begin work on the first day of mobilization, if not earlier. By the way, I found General Maglinse disturbed about the evacuation of Wesel. He would now add Düsseldorf to the three Napoleonic *brides du Rhin*. I think, also, that the Belgians will not be secure until some arrangement is come to with Holland. If the Boche ever comes that way and the Mynheers go back to their water line at Utrecht, the Belgian Left may be turned again. I believe that we pay as little attention to the Low Countries as we did before 1914, and we ought to square this matter up and have a good firm Staff and F.O. decision about it. Is our Navy prepared, and has it the right type of ships to operate successfully on this bit of coast?

Tuesday, October 28. — Saw Marshal Pétain at his office, 4 bis, Boulevard des Invalides, at 10.15 A.M. He was looking uncommonly fit and well after his stay in the country, and is still the best brain in the Army and the safest guide. But, alas, he declares that he will not stay beyond the end of next year, when he will be sixty-nine. It is true that marshals have no age limit, but he says that age counts all the same and he will not wait to be asked to go. We discussed my tour and impressions. On the political side I

can add nothing to the views expressed by others, as he fully shares them. Then we fell to talking army matters. He was not at all pleased with the proposed new army law which would take some four years to work out. I said, 'Will not the Army be worse and more costly?' He said, 'Yes, it will be.' He had made estimates of the additional cost, which will be from one and one-half to two milliards of francs. France had to supply the covering force, the troops in the Colonies, mobilization, and training. It could just be done with the eighteen months' service, but not with the one year's service. If the Army is to be a militia, as it now will be, it must be strengthened by a large number of officers and re-engaged men, and the garrison fatigue duties must be found by a civil personnel paid at current rates of wages.

I asked about the moral and material situation of the Army. The officers, he said, were very discontented, and did not like to see the improved scale of pay for functionaries while nothing was done for them. A printed paper, which he showed to me, had been circulated, calling on officers to meet at the Cercle Militaire to discuss grievances. It was unsigned, and the meeting would not take place. He had nothing to do with it, but it had been useful to him and had alarmed the Government. There was a paragraph in the *Matin* to-day to say that something was being done. Syndicalism was not going to be restricted to the working people, said Pétain. He said that the Germans in the Reichswehr and the Schupo had the *cadres* of their future national army and they could get their war material by camouflage. The spirit of revenge was still strong.

I asked him if he counted on the Belgians. 'Very little,' he replied; and the railways were bad. The Nord Line complained much of the ineffi-

ciency of the Belgian railways. If we ever came in again in a war with Germany, we, the English, should have to use the Belgian lines, for our place was marked, as before, on the left of the line which had proved to be the right place in the last war. He said that our mobilization was terribly slow. He did not think that the Dutch would do anything, but agreed that we should make sure of the Dutch attitude. The German attack would come on the front Wesel-Bonn, not only because there were five lines of rail to facilitate concentration, but because the Germans had to cover the Ruhr. He did not know whether we could do anything from the sea on the German right. The project had been examined in the past and the landing, etc., had been found useless. It might be examined afresh, for circumstances have much changed. An evacuation of the Cologne and other bridgeheads was highly unfavorable to the Allied position. He told me that General Nudant, who has just taken up the *Temps* military criticism, was a good officer who had commanded an army corps in the war. He was now in the reserve, but had been considered for the Conseil Supérieur.

We discussed a French monument to the British dead in London. He would like to come over to inaugurate it. He had been much pleased by his last reception in London. He gave me some information for myself alone. We parted on the best of terms. I asked the Marshal not to mention that I had brought the matter of the French monument to his notice. He had told the Government that, rather than leave the Army *cadres* discontented, he would prefer to reduce the programme of rearmament. I asked him whether, in fact, the *armée de métier* was not likely to be the type of the future army in Europe. He thought it possible.

I don't think that Pétain, from other things that he said to me and showed me, has got very much further than laying down the first principles of the new army law. I feel sure he is not going to leave, with the law on his conscience, without a very clear exposition of the hurt that will be done to French defense by it. It is his way to express his feelings very straightforwardly. If a political decision is involved he will of course submit to it, but he will not dim his military renown by calling a bad thing good.

Saw General Desticker, one of Foch's men, at 8, Boulevard des Invalides in the afternoon. He had nothing new to tell me. I was not much impressed by him, but Clive says he has a European mind. He is very thin and has a careworn face. There came in Colonel Requin. I was glad to make his acquaintance. A short, thickset, fair man with a good and cheerful face. He has talent and I like him. He is well known for his work on the League of Nations. We all had a talk round the situation, but no fresh light was thrown on it. Ended my last day with a talk at the Embassy with Sir C. Mendl, and McClure, just come from Rome. Two very capable men. McClure thought that Mussolini was

holding his own and that he had learned a lesson from Corfu. There will be no more rampaging, McClure thinks, but agrees that an outlet must be found somewhere some day for the surplus Italian population. Mendl's account of how the French press is fed by publicity advertisements does not materially differ from Georges Mandel's. He spoke of a Greek who wanted to insert an article in some French paper. He was recommended a certain paper, but refused it because the Turks had bought it. But that does not matter, said his friend — there are still two days, Tuesdays and Thursdays, for sale!

Mendl does not go bail for the absolute authenticity of this story, but is sure that one can publish almost any article by paying three thousand francs for it. Mendl does not like Pertinax's general political outlook, but likes Pertinax himself. Mendl doubts whether Herriot will survive the budget next March.

Wednesday, October 29. — General election in England. Crossed with the Agha Khan. We talked India, racing, the war, etc., all the way. The Agha Khan agrees with my views on the Indian Frontier.

COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

BY WILLIAM L. W. FIELD

It has long been fashionable to bewail the burdensome nature of college entrance requirements, and many persons do this without attempting to distinguish between the prescription of studies to be pursued in preparation for college and the prescription of examinations by which the student's attainment is to be tested. In many instances both of these prescriptions have been shown to impose undeserved hardship upon meritorious students, and it is easy to lose sight of countless other instances in which they have been immensely helpful to students who, by force of circumstances, have been compelled to pick up their secondary education in fragments, partly from one school, partly from another, partly by the arduous method of digging the material out of unfamiliar books without the help of a teacher. It is, of course, quite unreasonable to impose upon students who have had the good fortune to work systematically through a carefully planned and administered course of study the same dry formulæ which may be not only helpful but indispensable to the less fortunate student. It is the purpose of this article to show that it is quite unnecessary to do so.

Not long ago I was present at a meeting of a group of teachers who were discussing the relation of secondary to higher education, with particular reference to the way in which the school should present that relation to its students and their parents. There was substantial agreement upon the

adoption of this statement: 'Higher education should represent an extension of secondary education; it is the progressive expansion of an essentially similar process. Admission to college is an institutional transfer within a homogeneous development.'

From that meeting I was called almost directly to advise a student who, with his father, was going about from one college office to another seeking guidance as to how he might best secure admission to some good college in September of this year. He had attended two excellent schools and had done faithful and effective work in both, and moreover he had already passed a number of college admission examinations; yet the state of his mind, after what should have been a very broadening educational experience, might best be represented by the following formula: Algebra [2], Plane Geometry [1], Latin [2], Ancient History [1], French [3], English [3], American History [1], Chemistry [1]. In each of his two schools this candidate had ranked somewhat above the middle of his class. No one could talk over his situation with him without becoming convinced that he had made good use of his opportunities. He had not failed in any course, or in any one of the examinations he had taken. What, then, was his quandary? Simply this: that the figures in brackets, as represented in this summary of his examination records and prospects, could not be added up to make fifteen, and he had been told by several sympathetic but

rather helpless advisers that until he could reach that magic score of fifteen he could not secure admission by the Old Plan to any college of the first rank.

Now this Old Plan is the same old plan upon which abuse has so often been heaped. It is still helpful to the student who has been forced to piece together his secondary education in a haphazard way. For more fortunate students a new and better plan has been in existence for seventeen years, but it is interesting to observe the reaction of the great majority of parents and teachers to the demand thus made upon them for a choice between two methods of procedure. They have railed for years at the unreasonableness of the old method and longed for a new and better one, but when the Old Plan and the New Plan present themselves side by side, some kind of instinct for the sanctity of tradition is awakened. They fear hidden risks in the new, and proclaim their intention of sticking to the true and tried. And so they go on appraising a secondary education in terms of little figures enclosed in brackets and eagerly counting up gains. It matters not whether a subject once 'credited' is forgotten or remembered. What matters is that the sum of the numbers shall be fifteen.

The New Plan of Admission was first made available by Harvard in 1911 and soon thereafter adopted by Yale and Princeton. It is now recognized by thirty-seven colleges and universities of the United States, though not on exactly the same terms by all of them. In 1927, 2876 candidates, out of 22,384 reported by the College Entrance Examination Board, were New Plan candidates.

To many persons the name 'New Plan' seems to imply merely the substitution of the so-called comprehensive papers for the papers of the older and

more subdivided type, but, while the employment of these papers is one characteristic of the New Plan, it is by no means its essential feature. The New Plan is not merely a plan of examination, but, as its full title indicates, it is a plan of admission to college, and it involves the investigation by the college of the candidate's school record for four years, the usual span of the high-school course. In order that a candidate may be enrolled for the New Plan, the school from which he is about to graduate must submit to the college a detailed report of the studies pursued and the standing attained in each of these four years, together with such evidence as can be assembled of the candidate's special tastes and aptitudes as manifested outside the narrow limits of the curriculum. Upon the basis of the general picture of the candidate thus presented, the committee on admission at the designated college decides whether or not this candidate may be regarded as qualified to take examinations under the provisions of the New Plan, a favorable decision meaning that the candidate has up to that point been found eligible, and that the only remaining requirements are four examinations which must be taken in one group and ordinarily in June of the year in which he is graduating from school. It is not demanded that these four examinations shall be approached by a course of study which in the final year of school is concentrated upon four corresponding courses, but it is usual for the school authorities so to adjust the pupil's work. It is greatly to the candidate's advantage if he 'finishes strong' in this final year.

The four examinations are not a rigidly designated list; indeed, anyone who cares to figure out the possible permutations sanctioned by the leading colleges will find that there are

more than two hundred approved combinations. It is generally and properly required that English shall be one subject, and that the second shall be some foreign language, ancient or modern, and that either mathematics or science must be represented. No school is afforded any pretext for reducing the breadth of its course of study. The same values must be represented as if Old Plan examinations were to be taken, but the need of reviewing and cramming for examinations in two or three different years is done away with, as is also the need of bringing various of the earlier studies to definite, circumscribed conclusions at particular dates in June. Furthermore, the temptation to base the choice of studies upon the reputation for simplicity of the examinations in which they severally culminate disappears.

When the examinations have been taken, the results are first appraised by the readers of the College Entrance Examination Board, but reported to the college concerned and not directly to the candidate. The college then considers these examination results, not as isolated criteria to be measured by a predetermined scale, but rather as checks upon the validity of the returns previously furnished by the school.

In this checking of the returns the characteristic strength or weakness of a given school in a given kind of instruction may be observed and heeded, so that, in the discretion of the committee, an abnormal lapse from the expected level by a single student may be investigated, and, if found to be correlated with illness or excessive nervous strain, overlooked. Indeed, some colleges frankly state their readiness to overlook a failure in one of the four examinations, provided that the school record has been satisfactory, and that the other three examinations support the verdict of the

school. The passing of the examination in English is, however, commonly regarded as essential.

It is thus apparent that, even in the senior year of school alone, the New Plan gives to the student an assurance of reasonable flexibility, with emphasis upon positive qualifications rather than upon negative quantities. It represents an effort to find out where his strength lies, not to lay bare his weakness; but perhaps the greatest value of the New Plan is in the reasonable freedom which it bestows upon school and pupil for the planning of studies in the earlier years. The school's horizon is broadened; the interrelations of studies can be and, indeed, must be emphasized; the gains are cumulative throughout the four high-school years and are appreciated as cumulative by the student. Best of all, the student has the assurance that every piece of work well done during those four years does its part in establishing his right to advance, and that all truly educational advances are orderly and related. His teachers in school will pass his whole record on to his prospective teachers in college, and by that record, checked only by the composite picture afforded in four examinations, he will be judged. 'Higher education should represent an extension of secondary education; it is the progressive expansion of an essentially similar process: Admission to college is an institutional transfer within a homogeneous development.'

The New Plan does not exempt any student from hard work, nor does it offer any encouragement to the trifler; but, to a degree which is still far from being adequately recognized, it banishes the petty futilities and the overshadowing worries which have so often oppressed the pupils in our schools, and bestows a sense of ordered progress and an ever-widening view.

FRANCE, THE LAWN-TENNIS LEADER

BY A. WALLIS MYERS

I

IN this year of grace France leads the lawn-tennis world. She is in front not because of her plant or organization or because her lawn-tennis votaries exceed in number those of other countries. Her ascendancy is measured in skill and ardor as tested on the championship court, and in that indefinable quality which is called personality. The Davis Cup, symbol of international supremacy, is in her possession; her players hold the championships of England, America, and Australia, the three oldest lawn-tennis countries. The record is at once sweeping and suggestive, a record for which there must be a psychological reason, for very few foresaw its advent five years ago.

John Stuart Mill has said that genius can only breathe in an atmosphere of freedom. Can it be doubted that the exaltation of spirit which came to France after the Great War — an exaltation which only a land thrice invaded by a neighbor could experience — radiated through the field of sport? 'Be advised, young men, and whilst the morning shines, gather the flowers.'

Yet we must go back further than the cataclysm of 1914-18 to trace the evolution of France in lawn tennis. The royal and ancient game of tennis — court tennis, that is — may have had its original root in Persia; it was pursued in France centuries ago. A prototype of tennis, handball, — or *longue paume*, as it was called in the Middle Ages, — was played in France

in the parks and fosses of the châteaux, in any uncovered arena that could be found suitable for the purpose. Did not Louis X die from a chill caught while playing in the forest of Vincennes in 1316? Was not Charles IX, when not campaigning or in action, always playing *la paume*, of which he was a devotee? *Longue paume* may have faded since there was last an enclosure for it in the Luxembourg Gardens; the appeal of its principles remains, its application to the French character is as insistent as ever. We know that long before Jean Borotra became famous the Basque provinces produced *pelota* players, whose quickness of foot and hand and surety of aim with the *schista* were the envy of Europe. No one etymological research may have solved satisfactorily the exact derivation of the word 'tennis.' Several professors of philology assert it had a French origin.

There are no tennis lawns in France; the game, which was founded on British turf, has been pursued on immutable wood or *terre battue*. Therefore it is called tennis in France, although out of chivalry to English-speaking creators the federated governing body, which has its headquarters in Paris, is called the International Lawn Tennis Federation. The French players of distinction were incubated under the roof of the Tennis Club de Paris at Auteuil. It was to this almost original shrine of the game in Paris that a sturdy band of British pilgrims made an annual visit at Easter time, just before and just after the birth of the new century.

Most of these invaders came from Queen's Club, London. They were true disciples of the game in that they studied strokes and tactics, and cared as much for the stern and level friendly battle as for the tournament tie for which a prize was awarded. Nor were they exponents of any stereotyped style; among them were players of distinctive methods which, when they were observed in practice by the French, helped to propagate the variety and versatility of lawn tennis. Among them was Mr. George Simond, now the best-known referee on the continent, a player of tactical skill who often played with, and against, the Dohertys; Mr. G. A. Caridia, the prince of half-volleyers, who not only took the ball on its rise, but took it immediately it had left the ground; Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, an All-Comers' winner at Wimbledon, who has beaten Mr. H. L. Doherty on a covered court, as he has also beaten Mr. Beals Wright in America — a veteran who, despite his fifty-odd years, can still hit the ball into the right place with the right stroke; the late H. S. Mahony, the genial Irishman, who used to cross the Channel with no heavier luggage than a pair of odd shoes which he borrowed from the dressing-room attendant at Queen's; and one or two other kindred spirits.

These English visitors, because of their courcraft, were able to win most of the events in the first decade, but all the time, with cumulative strength, they were firing the zest of youthful France. The brothers Vacherot — one, I believe, was the first T. C. P. champion — had easy styles that reflected the natural grace of France; but the first Frenchman to make an international mark was Max Decugis, who had been to an English school and absorbed, some time before he was champion, the atmosphere of the game. When Decugis, at the age of fifteen,

had won the Renshaw cup for the boys' championships at Queen's Club, at twenty-one or thereabouts the first international tournament at Auteuil, and three years later the Olympic medal at Athens, the star of France was definitely in the ascendant. Decugis had both personality and wit, and both were useful to him in match play. Not that victory can be achieved by words used on court, although sometimes an ejaculation will so enlist the sympathy of the crowd as to buoy up the speaker in his moment of peril; it was his conversation in the lawn-tennis community which exercised a subtle influence over many of his opponents. They may have felt that this quick-witted Frenchman was seeing through them; he rarely wrapped up his remarks in complimentary verbiage. When the play began, those of weaker character felt that this man might impose his will, and, since he possessed the strokes to provide a free and forceful game, the psychological advantage was material.

Max Decugis may not have been the father of French lawn tennis in the sense that Dr. James Dwight was its parent in America; he was the first Frenchman to unglove his fist on the tennis court. His successors were a brilliant line of champions, each borrowing something from the past decade, each gaining in championship mettle by the wider vogue of the game, and the increasing competition which it offered. The war cut athwart André Gobert's career when he was in his prime. He was still a great player after it, but his dangerous experiences as an aviator included a fall — over the English lines, by the way, where he encountered tennis friends — that nearly brought death and inflicted internal injuries. Gobert was covered-court champion of France, as of England, for several years; as a server and a volleyer, supported by a great height

and a great reach, he was almost unplayable at his best.

I saw him achieve many of his triumphs; two are salient in my memory. They followed each other in the spring of 1912. In the first, the Frenchman was defending his title of English covered-court champion against the challenge of Anthony Wilding, who was then holder of the world's grass-court title. Wilding had not lost a set on the way through; it seemed likely that he would regain the title for Britain. And so he would have done if Gobert had not displayed, at the crisis of a grim struggle, a genius of stroke play that was irresistible. Wilding had won the first two sets and gone to 3/1 in the third when, by a fatal damping of his fires, he encouraged Gobert to make one supreme effort. The holder carried the third and fourth sets by as brilliant a display of service and volleying as was ever seen at Queen's; he traveled serenely to 4/0 in the final set. But the end was not yet. With splendid spirit and concentration the New Zealander pulled up to 4/4. Those who thought they knew Gobert visualized his defeat; they forgot that every French player has mercury in his mind. Gobert served the ninth game as well as he served any game; he won it and the next, and the match and his title were safe. At Stockholm, a week later, the Olympic crown was his by unanimous vote; he won both singles and doubles. It remained for an English base-line player, F. G. Lowe, to strike the sternest blow against him. Lowe won two sets and nearly a third. Wilding had been beaten by C. P. Dixon, whom Gobert, rising to the greatest heights, defeated in the final.

These matches were under cover; rain, wind, or sun could not affect the flight of the ball or the sighting of it by the player. In the open country, at Wimbledon or St. Cloud, though he

would have his brilliant periods, Gobert was never quite the same force. Two months after he had dominated the Olympic tournament at Stockholm he met Gore on the centre court of the old Wimbledon in the final of the All-Comers' singles. His eclipse at the hand of the veteran, who was then exactly twice the age of his adversary, was almost a tragedy. With an initial lead, gained by volleying, Gobert had retreated to the base line, thinking he could hold his man in any position. He never recovered from his disillusionment, and at the end Gore was his master. After the war Gobert still won titles, but his days of glory began to wane, reviving, however, when he won the amateur golf championship of France.

II

Space will not permit me to set out in detail the careers of the French champions who have taken up the mantle of Decugis and Gobert. The late William Laurentz — he was of Belgian descent and had a physique which could not stand the strain of continuous match play — was a beautiful volleyer. I umpired a Davis Cup match which he played against Tilden at Eastbourne in 1920. When Laurentz had won the first set by a burst of dazzling net play, the great American, realizing that he was in for a stern fight, had to change his tactics and chop slyly to the feet of his opponent.

Of the moderns, I rank Lacoste and Borotra above Cochet, although the smallest of the three has won undying fame at Wimbledon and was the first European to defeat Tilden in the American championship. It is not that Cochet cannot rise to heights of brilliant adventure when all seems lost; that virtue the French have all cultivated, inspired by the example of their compatriots. But I do not consider

that Cochet's ground-stroke equipment is as sound as Lacoste's, or that he possesses the dash and élan of Borotra, which, when the physical penalty is most severe, can yet bring him victory. René Lacoste, twice champion of America, is a living example of what application and persistency can achieve. As a boy he was never robust; you would never have imagined that he would have survived five grueling sets under a fierce mid-summer sun. His conquest of the game was long and arduous, even though he is still a young man. He toiled while others rested; he was ever the patient apprentice, studying every tactic, polishing every stroke. It is said that he has an index folio recording the weak and strong points in the equipment of every international player. Like a sea captain navigating strange waters, he examined his chart before every match of importance. By this means he avoided many rocks. The voyage might be tempestuous; he reached harbor serenely. Lacoste has made good entirely by his own efforts; his character is a fine one; he is a worthy champion of America as of France.

Jean Borotra comes of very different stock. Bred in the Basque country, he has the volatile nature of its uplands. Dauntless before danger, whether it be on a lawn-tennis court or in an aeroplane, — or even when he is late for some social or business engagement, — he will take every conceivable risk; yet his buoyancy and optimism will win through. His defeat on successive days of Vincent Richards and W. M. Johnston in the American championship of 1926 — and both his adversaries were favored by the quidnuncs to win — was but one of his many brilliant exploits in big events. He has won at Wimbledon twice, and but for cruel fortune should have won again last year. He invades Australia and con-

quers the Commonwealth both on the court and off. While the Australian championship is in progress he spends two nights in the train; yet he wins all three national events, though separated from defeat by only a few points.

He and Jacques Brugnon, with Christian Boussus also a member of the team, have just concluded a world tour. They have been popular everywhere, in Buenos Aires as in Wellington, in Melbourne as in Johannesburg. They have not escaped defeat in individual matches; as a team they have only lost one test, and that was on landing at Durban after a long sea voyage. It was an innovation for Frenchmen to travel round the world armed with tennis rackets. Englishmen had done so and so had Americans, but this was the first organized mission of non-English-speaking players. That in Australia alone the invaders should have enriched the treasury of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association to the extent of \$80,000, permitting the tourists to receive \$17,500, the maximum sum arranged to cover their expenses, is a striking tribute to the popularity of M. Borotra and his comrades. Like Cæsar, they came, saw, and conquered.

France was eminently fortunate in her leader. No better ambassador, expressing the courage and vivacity of his race, could have been chosen. M. Borotra was a source of perennial inspiration to his team, and since his social charms were marked, and his wit as a speaker ingratiating, he made an ideal captain. Good captains are as valuable in sport as in industry or war; and the leadership of France in lawn tennis has been constructed to a large extent on mental equipment.

One must not forget the influence of Mlle. Lenglen on the rising fortunes of France. Her name became a household word long before France won the Davis

Cup or her male players triumphed at Wimbledon or Forest Hills. She was the first Gallic invader to win a singles title at Wimbledon, and she won it at the age of twenty under dramatic circumstances, with the King and Queen and packed galleries in attendance, snatching victory from defeat, proving to the world at large that France possessed the will to conquer. Her successive triumphs on the centre court, each more conducive than the last, emphasized this truth. They did more; it was demonstrated to the Continental invader, bred on a non-turf surface, that the grass plane permitted the best expression of a refined art. Fluency of footwork, at which the French excel, reveled in the lighter and easier tread, the softer carpet for swift toe work. The delicate volley, the application of check or slice, the strokes that satisfied finesse rather than force—these were better displayed on green and yielding turf.

If the influence of Suzanne Lenglen on French psychology was striking and permanent, so were the methods by which she achieved success. They were orthodox methods, those of past masters, like the Dohertys. There was nothing transitory or freakish about her stroke action; the style was easy, without effort. Had Mlle. Lenglen been a specialist in one stroke, rather than the mistress of all strokes, she would not have left such a deep imprint on the game. The fact that her repertoire was complete left no opening for the dissenting voice. She became a standard by which the play of others could be judged. Incidentally, she revolutionized the deportment of women on court. Instead of the conventional stride she made the hurdler's leap. This characteristic was born in her childhood years. She could not run like the adult; she had to jump. Her style became moulded on the new

mobility; it was a style that made a servant of acrobatics, a style that introduced a new cult. The advent of this cult synchronized with the emancipatory ardor experienced by women of all nations after the World War. They discarded their primness, their reserve of motion, as they discarded their long skirts. Mlle. Lenglen was French, but her example was world-wide. She may not participate again in competitive lawn tennis, although she is still comparatively young; that fact will not lower her position in the annals of the game. The French ascendancy dates from her first championship; the wide development of women's lawn tennis throughout the world has followed it.

The French owe much to their organizers. It is always difficult, in the direction of sport, to mix new blood with old. Without this diffusion there is a risk of a too arrogant conservatism, of old players, now out of harness, failing to keep step with the new steeds. That they should give the benefit of their ripe experience in counsel is indispensable; but any autocracy in sport is fatal, for young people who play games thrive on the direct encouragement of those who have achieved deeds in the sight of the juniors. The old champion cannot inspire the young unless he is companionable, unless he can talk the language of youth. The French would seem to have realized this truth. They have incorporated young men into their controlling body. Their clubs are organized with a view to tending budding talent. The athlete is not lost in the lawn-tennis player; there is a running-and-jumping track in addition to the courts. Do not imagine that athleticism has to be imposed on the French; the sport is there to be cultivated. The Government wisely nurses it, for there is no better antidote to communism than a healthy ambition to excel in sport.

THE PASTOR OF THE BEES

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

WHEN you walk into a grocery store and look about you upon all the wondrous works of God, your mind must linger often upon the honey. For those who prefer it in the comb, the bees have put it up in one-pound sections, all neatly built into frames of basswood four and a quarter inches square. For those who might want to buy the sweetness without the wax, and are willing to forgo the privilege of having those delicate cells break inwardly upon the tongue, it comes clear and beautiful in a bottle. In either form it is delightful; though, as for me, I have always felt that honey is a work that is worthy of a frame.

In order to get the bees to produce honey for him, man must proceed by taking the measure of the bee. It has been found that the thickness of a working bee of the standard strain is $\frac{1\frac{6}{16}}{1000}$ of an inch, that being the width of opening she can pass through without discomfort. A somewhat ampler and freer fit, to be used in parts of the hive where more freedom is allowable, is from three sixteenths to three eighths of an inch; but nowhere in the brood department must this latter measurement be exceeded.

If a swarm of bees were allowed to conduct a hive according to their own notions, they would do about everything that a man does not want. Their principal concern in life is the raising of young; consequently honeycomb, in a state of nature, is filled with bee life

in every stage of development from the egg to the full-grown insect. Some cells will contain the eggs, almost microscopically small; others little white worms; others big fat grubs; others quiescent nymphs or pupæ; still others the stores of pollen or flower dust upon which the young are fed. Others, again, contain the supply of honey for present and future needs; and it is this sort of indiscriminate mixture that drips from the paw of the bear and constitutes the sort of meal that a bear likes to sit down to. But it is hardly the sort of honey that the grocer would offer to a customer.

A hive, therefore, is built with upper and lower stories. In the lower story the bees are allowed to manage their affairs somewhat as they would in a state of nature, while the upper part is to receive the clear, broodless honey for the use of man. A screen of sheet zinc having oblong holes $\frac{1\frac{6}{16}}{1000}$ of an inch in width, or a grid of smooth wires accurately spaced, is usually placed between the two stories. This arrangement permits the workers to pass upward with their loads of nectar while it prevents the passage of the bigger-bodied queen when she goes on a quest for more cells to lay eggs in. The result is obvious. With no eggs going into the upper story, there will be no little white worms, no big fat grubs, no nascent nymphs, and no store of special food for the feeding of the young; and the clear comb honey will be fit to grace the big cut-glass bowl and attract to its scintillating self all the

finer allusions of the grace before meat.

In modern practice the zinc excluder, with its sharp edges burred by the die, is being displaced by the grid of smooth wire which does not wear out the bee's wings so quickly, and consequently affords a bigger yield of honey. In this case the spacing is but $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch, and most ingenious means are used to space the wires so accurately.

This standard opening in the queen excluder, while it serves such a useful function in honey production, is, nevertheless, among the less important of the measurements used in the management of the bee. *Far more fundamental* is what is known as the 'bee space,' a measurement ranging from three sixteenths to three eighths of an inch, beyond which limits error must not go. The bee space, the basic secret in hive building, was discovered in this country in 1852. Its exact limits were determined, not by the simple means of measuring a bee's body, but by experiment with the nature and psychology of the bee at work. Its importance is such that it has worked a world-wide revolution in hive building and in methods of beekeeping.

Up to the year 1852, man had no practical means to regulate and control the interior economy of a beehive. It was a closed world to the beekeeper; he could only enter it and take his share by killing the bees with sulphur, or by turning it upside down and acting as an invader and destroyer. This was because the modern hive with movable combs had not been invented; and this is but another way of saying that the Reverend Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth, a Congregational minister who loved both bees and men, had not yet appeared upon the scene. He not only discovered the principle, but he devised the hive which gave it practical and permanent application. All other inven-

tions pertaining to the hive, such as the queen excluder, are subsequent and secondary in their nature; for, without the movable-comb hive itself, they would be useless.

This measurement and principle called a bee space affects honey production in so many ways, and ramifies the discipline of the hive to such an extent, that it may be said to comprise the whole art of bee management. A little explanation of the fundamental facts of bee life will make this easily understood. And moreover it will help us appreciate the life work of a man about whom the public knows too little.

II

Nature did not intend a swarm of bees to produce a great surplus of honey over and above the amount needed to raise their young, found new colonies, and support them through the greater part of the year. In the few short weeks of honey flow, the bees must hurry in enough to last them through all the flowerless months of fall and winter and spring; and so great is the rush of life with them, in periods when the nectar is coming, that they work themselves to death almost as rapidly as new generations can be raised. If man wants them to lay by a considerable extra store for his own use, he must make certain changes in their way of life.

First, he must relieve them of the task of making wax and shaping it into cells. To make one pound of wax, bees must use from seven to fifteen pounds of honey, eating and digesting it and extruding it from their bodies in the form of wax scales. Wax is a form of animal oil or fat, and it takes a great deal of food to make a little fat. While doing this, great numbers of bees hang inert from the roof of the hive; so that, in making material for comb building,

they not only consume a great deal of honey, but they lose time during which they might otherwise be working afield and bringing in more nectar. There is here a loss in two directions.

Second, he must see to it that the colony does not produce the thousands of drones which nature prompts it to nurse and nurture and support in adult idleness. These shining gentlemen of leisure could not gather nectar and pollen even if they had a mind to, for nature has not provided them with the special bodily parts needed in such work. They live upon the honey which the other bees bring in and deposit in the cells. Their life is a pleasant one while it lasts. They hang about the entrance of the hive, taking the sun and making idle excursions in the most inviting hours of the day. It has been estimated that it takes the labor of six working bees to support one healthy drone. And yet the bees are inclined to raise them in great numbers. If this were all, it would not be so bad; but every drone that is hatched and raised requires the use of one of those waxen cradles or cells, which, if it were not being occupied by a drone, would serve to produce a worker. The drone not only consumes honey himself, but he reduces the number of bees that are making it. Besides this, when he is not basking outside in good weather, he is cumbering the surface of the combs and getting in the way; and thus the raising of drones, like the making of wax, involves loss in several directions. Certainly, if man is to have much honey for himself, he must contrive a way to keep the queen from laying so many drone eggs.

Third, he must keep the bees from 'swarming.' Bees have an instinct which prompts them, at the height of a honey flow, to subdivide their community, sending out a delegation to establish a new colony. The greater part of

the swarm, consisting of the older working bees and the queen, will be seized with the moving fever; and some day when the weather is just right they will make their exodus to the promised land, leaving behind only enough bees to tend the thousands of young in their cradles and give a proper start to the new generation that will inherit the hive. The absconders, settling first on a near-by bush or tree, and making sure that the queen is with them, strike out for some hollow tree or other suitable habitation; and, once started, they will never turn back, no matter what fortune may befall them. They have made their last will and testament, leaving all to the children, and there is no danger that the old hive, with its accumulated riches of honey and its complete furniture of comb, will ever see them again.

Having parted with everything, they must now start the world all over again, like Robinson Crusoe or Adam; and this is a most strenuous and risky undertaking when you consider that a bee can do nothing in a home without furniture, and that all her prosperity depends upon the weather. We have already seen that this furniture costs a great deal in time and effort, to say nothing of the honey that must be laid by. In the new home the bees will have to work hard while the honey flow is on to get enough comb built and enough nectar stored away to keep the colony over winter. At best they will hardly have more than enough to last them; and as for the depleted swarm that they left behind, they will have to increase and multiply, starting with a new queen; and the newly hatched bees will have to improve each shining hour if they are going into winter with a big, warm cluster of bees and sufficient food to support the population.

From the standpoint of a bee owner, this habit of swarming is unnecessary

and foolish. It is evident that if a colony of bees can break off work right at the height of the season, and start the world all over again by building expensive new combs, they have a great deal of energy to spare. And if this surplus energy were kept at home and devoted wholly to honey making it would bring large results. Fifty to a hundred pounds of honey would be gained by each colony — and in some localities a much greater amount; and the beekeeper could carry away this much without taking any that the bees would need for their proper support.

That it is quite unnecessary for bees to leave the home hive can be shown by a simple example in arithmetic. As the queen lays a certain maximum number of eggs a day — about three thousand — and it takes twenty-one days for a worker to hatch and come to maturity, and the life of a worker in the busy season is about five weeks, it is plain that the size of a swarm is limited and fixed by these figures. The bees do not swarm because they are crowded out by a continual increase in numbers. Moreover, the size of the lower story or brood chamber has been calculated with these figures in mind, remembering that every square inch of comb contains fifty-five cells — twenty-seven to twenty-eight on each side. As the hive builder has computed these measurements with fair accuracy in the brood chamber, and as the beekeeper is quite willing to furnish them with new upper stories as fast as they fill them, it is plain that bees can have no real excuse for acting as they do. Their custom of having but one queen, whose capacity is limited and whose laying season is short, together with the high rate of mortality among her offspring, makes a set of conditions which keep the possible size of a swarm within bounds and make it somewhat standard. Hence

they could — if they would only listen to reason as the beekeeper sees it — just as well stay at home and keep on making honey. The one brood chamber would accommodate them all; and that surplus energy which they use for colonizing could be turned into surplus honey in the upper stories. It is one big swarm with a single queen, not two small swarms with two queens, that can find time to make honey for man's benefit.

What most people do not know, though it is a main factor in the beekeeper's calculations, is that honeycomb is not a perishing and temporary thing. The same comb serves the purposes of the bees year after year; it has been known to be good at the end of twenty years and even longer. The house of the bee is a permanent institution, intended to serve future generations and hold the honey of many summers in the place in which it was founded. It is only the inhabitants that change. And right here is where the bee's conduct seems most outrageous to the mind of the bee man. The queen, going her spiral round from cell to cell, needs only a certain area of comb. After twenty-one days, at three thousand or more eggs a day, her brood begins to hatch, and the empty cells are ready for her to use over again. These cells, together with enough cells to hold the current and winter supplies, would serve for all time; and thus the bees, having never any comb to build for themselves, could spend their whole superfluity of time in putting honey in the upper story for the use of man. It is perfectly logical, entirely natural — a consummation devoutly to be wished!

The attitude of the beekeeper as he stands, pencil in hand, and contemplates the promising facts and figures, is quite understandable. It is plain that if we are to have honey in any quantity

we must devise some way of keeping the whole swarm in one house. We must checkmate nature in that instinct to start a new colony. The surplus of energy that is put into such enterprises is just the energy we need to supply us with honey.

III

Strange as it would seem to a bee-keeper of a hundred years ago, — or a thousand years ago, for that matter, — all these things are quite easily done. In all those little white boxes that stand in rows in any farmer's yard — boxes of white magic that are not half as simple as they look — it is a matter of everyday practice. And the way it is done is simple enough in the telling.

In the production of extracted honey, the problem of relieving the bees of the work of wax making is solved by movable combs. The bees build their combs in large, light wooden frames, which are free to be lifted out of the hive and as freely returned to it. Upon being removed full of ripe honey, a long knife is drawn across the surface of the comb so as to cut off the capping of the cells, thus releasing the warm and quite liquid honey. A centrifugal machine, whirling the comb rapidly inside a metal container, causes every last drop of honey to fly out of the cells and leaves them fairly clean; after which the frames of uninjured comb, of which there are usually ten to a story, are put back in the hive to be refilled by the bees. There is thus no delay in building cells to accommodate the swift bounty of summer. There is no hanging in festoons from the roof of the hive to consume honey and produce wax. The bees instead hurry in more and more of the golden hoard while the nectaries are flowing and before a change of weather causes them

to close. It is a labor-saving system of great importance to the managers of bees.

The second problem, that of preventing the queen from laying male eggs and producing drones, is accomplished by means of sheets of wax run through a pair of engraved rollers working like a wash wringer. Bees build their cells of two sizes, those intended for the reception of male eggs being one fourth of an inch across, while those that are to receive worker eggs measure one fifth of an inch. The queen, going her rounds from cell to cell as methodically as a farmer dropping corn in rows, lays eggs that are very small, first thrusting her head into each cell as if to inspect its condition. When she comes to one of these larger cells she will deposit a male egg in it, while one of the other cells, intended to hold a bee of the opposite or worker sex, will receive an egg such as its size calls for.

The queen, by a miraculous-seeming provision of nature, has power to control the sex of the eggs she lays. Man has taken advantage of this state of affairs by engraving on the metal rolls which make the sheets of wax the outline of cells of the worker variety. A sheet of this comb 'foundation' is fastened into the frame into which comb is to be built; and the bees, willingly making use of what man has begun for them, rapidly draw out the wax into cells which produce nothing but worker bees. When comb gets old or broken in handling, or is damaged in the centrifugal machine, it is renewed in this way; and the beekeeper has always a spare stock of comb large enough to meet the demands of the busiest season. And he uses the same comb over and over, catching the honey crop as fast as the bees bring it in.

While this is the practice in producing extracted honey, comb honey is in

a somewhat different case, for here the customer insists upon having the whole product. As the same comb cannot be used over and over, the foundation machine comes into use each time a crop is taken off. The middle wall, or midriff, of each little section of comb honey is produced by the rollers from wax on hand. This is fitted into the one-pound basswood sections, and the bees rapidly draw out the cells. While this does not eventually save the bees the labor of making wax to replace the wax that is sold with the honey, it greatly lessens the work they need to do in building the comb. The wax on hand may be from extractor combs that have become damaged or broken down.

Thirdly, — and I hope my readers remember that this is going to be the story of a preacher, — we have to consider the swarming problem. If we are going to have honey for the table, the bees must not waste their time going away to build new mansions of wax. Their instinct to do this is accordingly frustrated by taking advantage of a still stronger commandment in the bee world. Under no circumstances will a swarm of bees strike out for a new location without being sure that the queen is with them. If anything has happened to prevent her coming, they soon know it; and in that case they give up their colonizing plans for the time being and return to the hive. The sagacious beekeeper turns this detail to his own advantage by clipping off a wing of the queen bee in each hive. And then he takes a more fundamental precaution. A swarm of bees will not leave a hive without taking measures to provide a new queen for the ones who stay behind and carry on the business of the old home. When they intend leaving, they build large queen cells and start a number of royal babies that are duly sealed up and left to develop; and if all

their plans go well, though much depends upon the weather, they may time this queen hatching so that the queen-to-be would ordinarily make her appearance about a week after the swarm has departed. The beekeeper, knowing this, keeps track of his bees' intentions by going through the hives at regular intervals; and he takes pains to destroy all royal progeny in its cradle and to damage materially any queen cells that may have been started.

As there may be as many as a hundred thousand bees in a hive, it might seem an impossible task to pick out the queen from such a throng in every colony. It must be kept in mind that the combs in the modern hive are movable. It would indeed be impossible were it not that the combs may be taken out, one after another, and held up to the light of day. The queen, surrounded by her royal escort, with their heads all toward her, is like a marked paragraph in a book; and she is soon picked out from the rest of the text. And then, a wing being snipped off, she will never make a success of any effort to abscond with the swarm. This treatment will not, however, keep her from trying when the time comes. To prevent all such efforts upon the part of the swarm, the combs must all be gone over once in ten days — a considerable task for a man with many colonies. In case he neglects, or is too busy, the wingless queen holds the situation in control for him. While the truant swarm is hanging in a seething mass on the limb of a near-by bush or tree, the queen will be found in the grass at the front of the hive making lopsided efforts to fly. The beekeeper puts her back in the hive in a little cage; and now he may rest assured that the congregation temporarily holding conference on the limb of the tree will make a change in its plans and return

to the hive. It is not really the same hive, however, for the beekeeper has been shrewd enough to put in the place of the old hive one whose interior has been made more inviting by means of some empty comb all ready for the queen to fill with brood. And then the bees in the other hive, flying afield and coming back with their loads, will enter this one, thinking it is the one they have been using because it occupies the same location; and thus all the working bees of the original swarm are brought together again under one queen. The result is that while they may think they have successfully swarmed, being at work in a different interior, they have not swarmed at all, because they have not succeeded in dividing their forces. The beekeeper has had his way; and now they are not going to waste their time in colonizing and building new comb and raising drones. It is not the mere absconding of the swarm that the beekeeper objects to; it is this division of forces which reduces the honey output and turns the bees' energies in a direction that is useless to him.

IV

There is a great deal of human nature as well as bee nature to be studied in the bee yard. In former days it was thought that if the owner died, and the bees were not formally notified of the fact, they would stop making honey. Consequently it was the custom to hang black crape on every hive while someone went through the operation of 'telling the bees.' Now that science has taken the place of superstition, the beekeeper does not tell them anything; he fools them.

Up to the year 1852, when Langstroth invented the movable-comb hive, the 'brimstone pit' for suffocating the bees in the fall was a regular part of the apiary. According to that old-

world and world-old method, beekeeping was a very simple procedure. All you had to do was to get a swarm of bees into a box, a hollow log, or a 'skep' of twisted straw, and leave them to their own devices. They could be depended upon to clean house, fill all cracks with a cement of wax and resin, repair any imperfections, and set to work in accordance with the ancient laws of the craft. If you wanted to get any honey without killing them you would have to turn the hive upside down and dig right into the comb; and if you expected to keep them over winter you would be careful not to take much, else they would not have a surplus sufficient to last them. Naturally, the usual custom was to wait till autumn, when the crop was all in, and rob them outright. And, as this was to be the end of the bees, the hives were kept for a while in the fumes of burning sulphur to make the operation easier.

This method brought greater immediate reward, but it was destructive of the source of profit. And besides, the quality of the honey, some of it stored in cells adjacent to dead brood or bitter and often poisonous pollen, was not likely to be of the best. Sometimes, in order to save it all, the comb would be melted and the honey heated till the foreign matter rose in a scum which could be skimmed off; and this was likely to result in an unsavory mess.

As knowledge of the bee became more scientific, the invention of hives began. Inventors in England, France, America, and Russia produced hives with ingenious features, but they all ended in failure. They were not founded on a close study of the bee.

And then Pastor Langstroth, a most interesting and lovable man who was minister of a Congregational church in Philadelphia, made the discovery regarding bee nature which was to

have world-wide effect and change the methods of beekeeping for all time.

His object was to make a movable-comb hive. But, while this is easily said, it was not easily done; and the more one studies the habits of bees, the more impossible it appears. It is bee nature, whether in a hollow log or a home of planed pine, to give the interior a coat of varnish, use propolis freely, buttress the combs securely to the roof or sides, and build cells in any available space. In this view of affairs, any expectation that 'removable' frames could be put in a hive and remain movable after the bees had set to work on them would seem doomed to disappointment. A little experiment or two would soon show such a scheme to be impractical and foolish. One might as well expect bees to alter their whole nature as to think that they would not fasten these frames to the wall of the hive.

But Langstroth had long loved to work with bees; and he made a discovery. His discovery, as we have already intimated, had to do with a bee's policy, or mental attitude, toward openings of a certain width inside the hive. This policy manifests itself as follows. If the bee finds in the hive a passageway of a width between three sixteenths and three eighths of an inch, she will not fill it with comb or glue it up with propolis, but will keep it as a space to be used in passing to and fro. If the opening is less than three sixteenths of an inch, she regards it as a crack or flaw which needs to be varnished over and filled with propolis. If it is more than three eighths of an inch, she regards it as room in which cells may be built. But anything between these measurements the bee seems to look upon as a sailor does 'gangway' — a place to be kept clear. While these measurements represent the extremes that are allowable, prac-

tice has shown that results are surest with openings not more than five sixteenths or less than one quarter of an inch. This measurement, now standard, has become known as the bee space.

The Langstroth hive was built to take advantage of this point in bee nature, the movable frames being made of such a size that there would be just a bee space between the ends of the frames and the walls of the hive; and the same spacing was provided for between the tops of the frames in a lower story and the bottoms of the frames in a story above. In short, there must be no space in the hive after the frames have been filled with comb that does not correspond with this measurement which the bee recognizes and respects. But, as bees work back-to-back on the surfaces of the adjacent combs, there will here need to be a double spacing. Comb is about an inch thick, and so the beekeeper will space his frames so that when the comb is built out to its natural depth the proper back-to-back spacing will be left between them.

The whole result of this science of spacing in connection with a movable-comb and top-opening hive is that one story may be lifted freely off another, enabling the beekeeper to take away his crop of honey quite separate from that which belongs to the bees; and the combs in the brood chamber may be taken out and freely manipulated, thus creating conditions which will cause a honey crop many times larger than could be expected under natural conditions. The modern beehive, invented in America, is very American in its nature. It is efficient. It adopts the best methods for quantity production. It surpasses anything of the kind ever invented in Europe. No bee of ancient Greece or Egypt, or even the early Victorian era, could hold a candle for efficiency to the modern, American, fully industrialized bee. Europeans

stuck to the theory for many years that our great honey production was due to some peculiarity of the flora of this continent, but they finally learned that it was due to the hive with movable combs.

V

The beehive which Langstroth invented in 1852 has not been improved in any essential detail from that day to this. It was practically perfect from the beginning; and here I believe it is unique among mechanical inventions. It is essentially unimprovable. A hive may be built with a brood chamber larger or smaller to suit conditions, but it has got to remain a Langstroth hive in principle in order to do the work.

The movable-comb, top-opening hive has revolutionized beekeeping in America and had an influence that is world-wide. It has won its way on its merits in country after country. In the mechanical world it is a signal demonstration of the survival of the fittest. A man may go from one end of America to the other, and even to the remotest countries to which our exports have penetrated, and he will find that the frames and various appurtenances of one hive are an exact fit for every other hive. The Langstroth frame measures $17\frac{5}{8}$ by $9\frac{1}{8}$ inches, outside measurement, and the manufacturers of hives all make their hives accordingly. A beekeeper in one of California's great apiaries may buy the small outfit of a New England beekeeper and know that every part and every appliance will match and mingle with his own. Not even the Ford car has equaled it in observing the mechanical principle of interchangeability, and of setting a standard that is national.

It has become the hive of England and of France and of the French-speaking part of Switzerland; and it

has made steady progress among the apiaries of Italy and Germany. American hives have been adopted in Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, South America, South Africa, Australasia, Belgium, Russia, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and other countries. It has increased the output of the world's honey 'from hundredweights to tons.'

Besides having movable combs and being top-opening for convenience in handling, a hive must have oblong frames, of scientific proportions, and these frames should hang free with very little point of contact and come out without crushing bees. Langstroth incorporated all these features in his hive at once. He met complex requirements with an invention of masterly simplicity.

He was himself a man of simple and lovable nature, and had a certain common sense and benevolence of outlook which reminded those who knew him of Benjamin Franklin. He protected his invention with a patent, but was unable to guard and enforce his rights; and when the end came, one day in 1895, he died without a dollar. It is now generally recognized that he was the 'father of American beekeeping' and that no inventor anywhere was prior to him.

It has been said that, up to 1852, the world had never improved in any way upon the beekeeping of the ancient Greeks. As a matter of fact, the beekeeping of the Middle Ages was hardly as good as theirs. The Greeks had three hundred treatises upon the bee; and the fourth book of Vergil's *Georgics* is a poem on bee management. It is only when we think of the beekeeping of the ancients that we get a just estimate of the modern invention. As sugar cane was not brought to Europe from India until comparatively modern times, and the possibilities of the sugar beet were unknown, man's

principal source of sweets was the hive. There was every possible incentive to study bee nature and perfect it. The yield of this important crop could have been increased tenfold if someone had only known enough to make a plain wooden box of certain proportions containing frames of a certain fit. In the making of a hive there is nothing needed of modern manufacturing equipment. It can all be done with wood-working tools as simple as those that Christ used in plying his worldly trade. That the hive was not invented in all these centuries is due to the fact that it is a most complex invention founded upon observations in natural history that were neither easy to make nor simple to cope with by mechanical means. In one regard it is a mere white box or two sitting in the farmer's doorway. At the same time it is the most complicate of mechanisms, being most diverse and intricate in the conditions which it meets and fulfills.

One who knew nothing about it beyond its mere appearance might naturally inquire, 'How is it complicated? Where are its cams and cogwheels, its springs and plungers and quick-acting fingers of iron?' The answer is that its intricacy is not visible. It takes the form of figures and shrewd calculations. It copes with the hidden psychology of the bee as well as her mere bodily measurements. Its every proportion and spacing, seeming to be nothing, deals in some manner with the perplexing problem of the bee.

VI

As Langstroth was one of the greatest of our nature students, judged by what he actually accomplished, and as he was a man of most pleasing and interesting personality, one might suppose that his name would be familiar to Americans generally, and especially to

lovers of nature. That his name is so little known is due, I imagine, to the difficulty of explaining a hive in a few words so that it may be appreciated by the average man. Without an understanding of the hive, one cannot properly value what Langstroth did. As it is, his name is so little known that there is no biographical sketch of him in any encyclopædia, English or American. But his fame is looking up, and will some day be better attended to. Let me make a beginning by setting down here some of the principal facts of his life as known to his fellow bee-keepers.

Lorenzo Lorraine Langstroth was born on Christmas Day, in the year 1810, at Philadelphia. His parents were members of 'Mr. Barnes' church' in that city, this being the mother Presbyterian church in the United States. Family tradition tells us that when the boy became interested in the ants working in gravel walks, and experimented upon them with crumbs of bread, his parents deplored that their son should show an inclination to such frivolous pursuits when he might employ the time improving his mind.

In 1827 he entered Yale College and graduated in 1831. From 1834 to 1836 he served as tutor in mathematics at Yale while he completed his studies in preparation for the ministry. In May 1836, he became pastor of the Second Congregational Church at Andover, Massachusetts, and in August of the same year he was married to Miss A. M. Tucker of New Haven, Connecticut.

After two years in the ministry ill health compelled him to resign his pastorate. For a while in 1838 and 1839 he was principal of the Abbott Female Academy at Andover, and in the latter year he moved to Greenfield, Massachusetts, to become principal of the high school for young ladies. In Greenfield he remained nine years, serving five

years as principal of the school for young ladies and four years as pastor of the Second Congregational Church.

In 1848 he moved back to the city of his birth, where he again became principal of a school for young ladies; and after four years in this position he returned to Greenfield.

It was now fourteen years since he first became interested in bees. In 1837, the year after he left Yale, a friend whom he was visiting took him up in the attic and showed him where bees were being kept. His interest in the study of nature, early manifested by his curiosity regarding ants, now became wholly centred upon bees, and before long he was the owner of two colonies in old-fashioned box hives. His knowledge of bees at this time was confined to his Latin readings in Vergil, and to a modern writer who was 'somewhat skeptical regarding the existence of a queen bee.' Thereafter he continued to keep bees, finding pleasure in the study of their habits and benefit to his health through the outdoor exercise they afforded him.

Eventually the thought occurred to him that it might be possible to make a hive so that the interior would be subject to inspection, and after trying all the inventions which had that end in view, including the leaf hive of Huber, he conceived the movable-frame hive and set to work to solve its problems. At the same time he decided to reconsider the problems of beekeeping generally and to design a hive best fitted 'to remedy the many difficulties with which bee-culture is beset, by adapting my invention to the actual habits and wants of the insect.' In October 1851, he completed the movable-comb, open-top hive. And he records in his journal, on October 30 of that year, 'The use of these frames will, I am persuaded, give a new impetus to the easy and profitable management of bees.' In 1852 he

procured the patent which was never to be of any benefit to him, but rather a subject that brought harassment and worry. His health was never reliable, and from his twentieth year he suffered occasional attacks of a distressing 'head trouble' which would give him an aversion to his studies and keep him away from his work for months at a time.

In 1858 he moved to Oxford, Ohio, where, with the help of his son, he engaged in the propagation of Italian queen bees.

In 1887, being then seventy-seven years of age, he went to live in Dayton, Ohio. His wife, always a devoted helpmeet and source of inspiration to him, had died fourteen years before, in 1873. The death of his son, a railroad accident, and a recurrence of his old head trouble, caused him to give up active beekeeping; but he continued to take part in beekeepers' meetings and to maintain his interest in teaching and preaching. Beekeepers in all parts of the country, cognizant of the great importance of his work, now regarded him as 'the father of American apiculture,' and listened with great interest whenever he consented to address them.

In the meantime, circumstances or other influences had attracted him toward the Presbyterian Church, in which he had been born and raised. Writing under date of March 26, 1888, he says: 'I am now a minister in the Presbyterian Church. Although not a settled pastor, I preach occasionally, and delight in nothing so much as the Christian work.' And he mentions that his parents were members of 'Mr. Barnes' Presbyterian church' in Philadelphia.

He died on October 6, 1895, at the Wayne Presbyterian Church in Dayton, Ohio, while he was preaching the morning sermon. As he was then

eighty-five years of age and too feeble to stand throughout the sermon, the regular minister, Reverend Amos O. Raber, had moved the pulpit aside and placed a chair for him to sit in. After a few opening remarks and requests for prayer from members of the congregation, he said, 'I am a firm believer in prayer. It is of the love of God that I wish to speak to you this morning — what it has been, what it is, and what it means to us, and what we ought —'

These were the last words that he spoke.

His daughter, Anna L. Cowan, who was present, has thus described the last scene: —

'As he finished the last word he hesitated; his form straightened out convulsively; his head fell backward, and in about three minutes he was absent from the body, at home with the Lord. There was no scene of confusion in the church. Tears were running down every cheek, but there were no screams, no loud sobbing. As one person remarked, "Heaven never seemed so near before. It seemed but a step."'

The Ohio Beekeepers Association, at its meeting in August 1925, decided that it was time that more recognition was given to the man on whose discoveries so large an industry had been

founded, and it accordingly established a memorial endowment fund in Cornell University. As an outcome of this move the secretary of the Beekeepers Association, Miss Florence Naile, succeeded in bringing to light his long-lost journal. It was found in an attic in Dayton, where he had formerly lived. In this journal he kept record of his observations upon bees for forty-five years. Though he mentioned it occasionally during his life, little was known of what was in it. It was found to contain innumerable records of observations upon bees of which only a small part had ever been published by him. It records in detail the steps through which his work passed in the invention of the modern beehive; and it is, therefore, a detailed history of the early stages of the modern science of beekeeping.

At the following meeting of the Ohio Beekeepers Association, at Medina, Ohio, in September 1926, this journal was formally presented to the Beekeeping Library of Cornell University, where it will be made available to future students of apiculture. It will form the corner stone of the Beekeeping Library of the University, which is now, in large part, a memorial to the man whose work has had such wide influence.

AL SMITH AND THE YOUNG MEN

BY PARKER LLOYD-SMITH

If Al Smith goes to the White House, no small part of the credit will belong to the young men. Behind the Tammany organization of New York, behind the mass of deserving Democrats who are hoping to be led out of exile by New York's Governor, a great army of recruits is gathering under the Smith banners. It is a young army, untrained, but potent for all that.

These recruits care nothing for Smith's Catholicism, and little for the cause of religious liberty. They are not drawn to Smith because he dislikes prohibition, and most of them have a healthy mistrust of Tammany Hall. Many are Democrats, but almost as many are Republicans. It is neither Smith's creed nor his wetness nor his politics which is drawing the young men to his side.

Al Smith is not the stuff of which a young man's heroes generally are made. Watching him day after day in his office at the Albany Capitol, it is hard for one to picture him as the leader of a cause. About his conversation there is precious little of the crusader. His mouth curves more readily to a cigar than to a trumpet. He is interested in facts, not theories. Nothing would astonish him more than to put down the receiver after a talk with Olvany and be told by an earnest follower that he had captured the imagination of youth. If he ever thinks of himself impersonally, it is as a hard-headed governor, a practical politician. If it were suggested to him that he is a prophet as well, he would chew his

cigar, spit, and change the subject with a story about Mrs. Reilly.

The explanation of his appeal is n't found altogether in the Smith of to-day. One must turn back to the very beginning of his career in the Executive Mansion, to the first years of the peace, to see the events which were shaping Smith's hold upon the young men.

Woodrow Wilson was starting for Paris when Alfred E. Smith took up the office which had come as a reward for faithful service to Father Tammany. The eyes of the nation were upon the slight, nervous President, not at all upon the politician-governor at Albany. Wilson had been speaking for America as no man had spoken within the memory of the people. What the war had rediscovered in the national character, — the idealism, the capacity for sacrifice, the resolve to build a new world out of the ruins of the old, — all this had been keenly felt by Wilson and had been given magnificent expression. If ever there was an American crusade, it was this intellectual and emotional rebirth of 1918 and 1919.

Wilson came back and began his losing fight to convince Congress that his visions were practical as well as ideal. Throughout the battle, and long after Congress had rejected the peace treaty, Wilson remained the leader of the thought of America's young men. Public sentiment generally veered away from the President and toward the nationalist programme of Lodge and the Irreconcilables, but the

universities still held with Wilson, still believed in the League. Even after Harding had substituted normality for ideas, Harvard was forming a strong pro-League club under the leadership of a son of Thomas W. Lamont. When Lord Cecil spoke at Princeton, his references to Wilson drew thunderous cheers from the undergraduates, while the robed and hooded faculty applauded perfunctorily from the platform.

For a time the young men had been given something to which they could cling. They had proof that not all the world's business was directed in back rooms for selfish ends. The boys who had seen the war end just before they were of age to enlist could turn all their enthusiasm into fighting for a new kind of peace. Dollar diplomacy was doomed. The individual again counted for something in the world. It was such a movement as England experienced with Newmanism. The nation was rich enough already; the time had come for something else.

But the time had n't come, and the young men went out from their universities in great confusion of mind. Instead of becoming more spiritual, it appeared that America had become infinitely more material than before the war. Internationalism was part and parcel of the Bolshevik menace. The nation had turned its attention to its own safety, its own prosperity, its own comfort. A ring of politicians again dominated government, bringing with them a rule of corruption of which we are only beginning to know the full details.

There was no place for the young men in all this. They had denied the pursuit of wealth as the sole goal of life, and there was no other goal in sight. A few went hesitantly into the diplomatic service; a few made an abortive attempt to fight Tammany in New

York. One group of brilliant young lawyers offered their help to Emory Buckner in the United States Attorney's office. Many wanted time to think and went abroad, to Oxford, to the Sorbonne, to the Far East. Others sought out agencies of social service, the Rockefeller foundations, the international Y.M.C.A. It was a period of haphazard effort. An editor of a Princeton magazine, leaving for Oxford, wrote bitterly of the 'faithless generation' — faithless because there was nothing in which to put faith. One of the ablest of the young Harvard men declared the best thing that could be said of national politics was summed up by a line of Matthew Arnold's: 'Because thou must not dream, thou needst not then despair!' A speaker rose at the banquet of the American club in Oxford to assert that the Rhodes plan had failed and internationalism was only a long word. One young American went to Geneva, observed the League hopefully, and returned to study the psychology of the Southern negro. The young men were scattered, faithless, aimless, leaderless.

And then, Smith.

What had Smith been doing in these years? Nothing particularly stirring. He had been building hospitals and laying out roads, planning an imperial group of buildings to house the government of the Empire State. He had become interested in tenements; he had broken with Hearst; he had become the real leader of Tammany Hall. He had defended the right of the Socialist assemblymen to their seats in the legislature; he had fought for better hours and living conditions for labor. It was all part of the governor's job and he had done it well. But there was nothing in his record which challenged the imagination, nothing which stood out as a significant achievement to inspire the young men.

For Smith is not a deep thinker. He

is given credit for a far more comprehensive vision than he really has. And certainly Smith is not an idealist. His every act is the result of practical, common-sense reasoning. His sympathies were enlisted early in the effort to care for the state's wards, the feeble-minded, the infirm, the incurables. Instantly he set about improving the state hospitals. He demanded and got money to erect new buildings, to employ better physicians, to modernize the whole charitable system of the state. It was a creditable desire on his part, and a creditable achievement. But a more profound mind, a Wilson, would have sought first to find the root of the trouble and correct the social maladjustment which was responsible for it. Where Wilson would have gone to the final cause, Smith went to the nearest difficulty.

But, by the same token, where Wilson might have failed altogether, Smith was sure of a certain measure of success. The same distinction can be found in the relations of the two men to their political machines. Wilson found the politicians difficult. When they worked with him, as in the New Jersey elections, he thought they were admirable and necessary. When they opposed his plans, he wanted to throw the whole lot of them overboard.

Smith is far less arbitrary in his dealings with Tammany. If the Organization is especially interested in an appointment for a Tammany man, Smith grants it if he can, and if it does not involve running counter to the system of government he has built up. He telephones the Civil Service Commission: 'Do this if you can.' He does not expect an exception to be made in his favor.

It is always the immediate end which Smith seeks and achieves. Beyond that he has little interest. He has no real conception of what internationalism

means, although he insisted that the state platform should include an endorsement of the World Court. The reduction of armaments appeals to him as an economic measure, but he does not look forward to a new order of things in international relationships. Even in the field of his greatest success, in the business of governing the state, Smith has not made any notable contribution to political thought or theory. His financial policies and his efforts to gain control of the state's water-power resources have not been well thought out, have not met with the enthusiastic approval of impartial critics. Much has been said and written of Smith's work at the constitutional convention when Elihu Root commented upon his grasp of the state's affairs, but a careful reading of all that he said reveals a thoroughly sound understanding of how the government operates, nothing more.

Smith has made one or two efforts to identify himself with a political creed slightly more significant than the creed of good housekeeping. His letter to the Democrats at the Jackson Day dinner paid tribute to the principles of Thomas Jefferson, but it is doubtful if he could explain those principles except in large generalities. Nor is it surprising that he could not. Between Wilson and Smith there lies an enormous gap, a gap of education, of opportunity, of natural inclination. Wilson in the professor's chair at Princeton had ample time to reflect upon constitutional democracies. Smith in the sheriff's office at New York was concerned with problems more immediately important.

The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon a curious Elisha. What can this man Smith offer to youth? Not ideals, not culture, not scholarship, not even an extraordinary mentality! As he sits in his office, exploding his harsh voice into a hundred humdrum topics of

conversation, Alfred E. Smith is neither crusader nor prophet, but a very ordinary man.

Except for one habit. He gets things done.

He saw the state government top-heavy with departments and bureaus, choked with officials and wrapped in red tape. Driving his political enemies in front of him, taking their chiefs into his camp, he stripped the government of its useless, wasteful parts and left it free to function efficiently. Reorganization, long an issue in political councils, to Smith was a matter of course. The situation was desperate; he found an almost instant remedy.

The appalling death toll of the grade crossings distressed and angered him. He decided the state should pay its share in eliminating the crossings, campaigned for a bond issue to supply the funds, and started the work on its way. Last winter he found it was progressing too slowly. A word to George B. Graves, his secretary-assistant, and the railroad executives were summoned to Albany. Why was n't the programme moving faster? Smith wanted action.

He found the hospitals and institutions of the state in poor condition. The buildings were antiquated and their equipment was inadequate. Smith determined at once that new buildings must be put up and new equipment installed. The Republicans demurred at the cost. Smith countered with the proposal of a bond issue, and when there were signs of opposition he went direct to the people: 'We need this money. Will you give it to us?' Of course they would.

It is not a very inspiring cult, perhaps, this cult of direct action, but it gets results. The business of the state has speeded up. Men work harder and faster at the Capitol than they did in the old days. There is very little theory about it, but there is a deal of

accomplishment. A simple, direct mind is at the helm; the ship's course is not devious.

Smith meets every attack with a counterattack so open, so vigorous, that the subtler methods of his opponents are made laughable. His letter to Marshall, his answer to the appeal of the Jamaica klansmen, were masterpieces of strategy, because they were so devoid of strategic manoeuvring. Smith had something to say. He made no attempt to ornament it or to disguise it. He said it.

Many men dislike what Smith says and does; most men respect the directness and vigor of his thought. Albany is a hotbed of lobbyists. During the session of the legislature, every third person in the city has some axe to grind on Capitol Hill. If it is a question of taxation, there are the realty men who complain bitterly of the unjust burden put on real estate; there are the representatives of the auto clubs who have decided opinions about the gasoline tax; there are the grange and farm-bureau lobbyists who are in daily terror lest the rural districts suffer at the hands of the urban legislators. There are lobbyists for and against every known form of taxation, each with a sheaf of arguments in support of his or her particular cause. The state's welfare is of no consequence. Who cares whether a sound system of taxation is adopted, so long as the lobbyists are satisfied?

Smith cares. That is his job, and he likes it. He has adopted the state, the orphan child at Albany, and he sees to it that the foundling has proper attention.

A man could n't gain a great reputation at Albany in a year or two years by such unspectacular tactics. Governor Miller had many of the ideas of value to the public, but he did n't stay long enough to get credit for them.

Smith has been governor for nearly eight years now, and his methods have been almost uniformly successful. In the end, they have made an impression.

The young men have not come to Smith with a holy fire in their eyes. They are still uncomfortable over the tongue in which the prophet speaks,

and they wish his vision pierced further into the future. But he holds out a promise. He has something to offer. It is not the glittering promise which Wilson gave to youth, but it is enough to hoist the flag of action. The young men want to march, and Smith can set the pace. It will be time enough later to find out where they are going.

THE NEW ROMULUS AND THE NEW ROME

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

Is Fascism a tyranny holding an unwilling people in thrall by brutal force, as its opponents allege, a tyranny whose only moral watchword and justification is the cry of ' Might is right ' ? Are the foundations of its régime already cracking under the pressure of economic and moral laws, which it has presumptuously challenged ? Or is it a national embodiment of all the virtues, material and spiritual, as its propagandists tell us and its press tells it ? Has Fascism produced a system that has solved, as some claim, the age-old problems of human relationship and government ? Further, if this régime be indeed good for Italy, is the atmosphere of this changed land one in which the foreign visitor can breathe freely and rest tranquilly ? These were the questions which revolved in my mind before and during the course of a visit to Italy, just concluded.

As a preparation I took a strong dose of reading in the voluminous literature critical of or hostile to the Fascist

experiment. On the other side there is no need to search for a corrective, for the Italian Government supplies a series of pamphlets on the many facets of its régime, translated into this and other languages. Of many of these pamphlets it can only be said that their English might be improved, and their seasoning to English taste still more. Fortunately the observer finds that Fascism shines more in its deeds than in its words. Its phrases are often unfair to itself. For its habit seems to be to announce new measures with intimidating language which jars on the Anglo-Saxon, sensitive to the rights of citizenship, and with an exuberant self-confidence which breeds distrust in his 'matter-of-fact' mind. And only when he is in the country does he discover that behind this verbal smoke cloud the measures are often carried out with a quiet effectiveness and a surprising courtesy which lead him to make favorable comparisons with the methods of his own bureaucracy.

The harm of such language is that it not only engenders a sense of insecurity among other nations, but tends

to hinder their people from seeing the new Italy with their own eyes. I have met many English and Americans who hesitate to visit Italy because of a sense of personal insecurity, a belief that the country lies in the grip of an eavesdropping officialdom, and that unless they walk and talk with extreme and painful circumspection trouble may befall them. I confess that before I crossed the frontier some qualms of this nature disturbed me. But with every succeeding day in the country this bogey evaporated more and more, until, in retrospect, it was difficult to conjure up my original apprehension. Within a short time I came to feel a sense of being at home, with all the ease of spirit that phrase implies, such as I have rarely felt in any foreign country.

Aware of the newborn efficiency of public services, I expected, and was prepared to make reasonable allowance for, an accompanying increase in officiousness. My surprise, after I entered the country, was how small was the allowance that I had to make, and how well the Italians had assimilated efficiency without disturbance of their traditional courtesy. I had special reason to appreciate this, for I had chosen to travel through the country by car as a means to a closer acquaintance with the people and the life of the ordinary countryside than is possible with the ordinary traveler who passes in an express train from one cosmopolitan city hotel to another.

In a land of narrow streets and complex traffic regulations, many times must I have tried the patience of authority, and that where its representatives have power to levy fines on the spot; yet everywhere I met an astonishing degree of forbearance. Indeed, as there are few countries where authority of every grade is entrusted with such power as in Italy, so there

are none in my experience where that power is exercised, save politically, with such consideration and restraint. This seemed to me true also of the authority behind authority, the members of the Fascist Militia, who are both the buttress and the guaranty of the State, who are to be seen everywhere, and who might understandably display an aggressive consciousness of their position and power; whereas in fact I saw none, but, instead, several instances of courteous helpfulness to humble compatriots. What is the explanation? For it would be natural for the heady wine of power to be all the more intoxicating in a land where six years ago powerlessness was the badge of all persons in authority. Partly, no doubt, the inbred courtesy of a race to whom from generation to generation a matchless legacy of civilization has been handed down. But also, I think, because nowhere is authority itself more strictly controlled by a higher authority. In Italy to-day the greater the power assigned, the more easily it may be forfeited. Whereas in 'democratic' countries bureaucracy is conscious of its security, conscious that it can only be brought to book by means and processes tardy and difficult in application, bureaucracy under Signor Mussolini holds power at the will of an individual chief, and is subject to a discipline more severe than that which it exercises.

This brings me to a further point, that of the general attitude of the Italian people toward the régime. I do not pretend to have had opportunity for an infallible judgment, but I at least traveled far and off the beaten track, talked widely, and with people of varied opinions and social grades. And as a result, if I should still hesitate to say whether Fascismo is popular with the mass, — although I believe that it is at least, on balance, acceptable

to them, — I have no hesitation in saying that the hold of Signor Mussolini upon the imagination and faith of the people is not only unshaken, but deepening. In some ways the most civilized of peoples, the Italians are also less sophisticated — as well as more patient — than the Anglo-Saxons or the French. This has helped in bringing it about that to them as a whole the Duce has become almost more than man, demigod even. And their faith, as well as their patience to endure until the Promised Land is gained, is fortified not only by their belief in his inspiration, but by the comforting knowledge that above the bureaucrats is the autocrat. If local authorities are not always immaculate, — how could they be in any scheme of society? — and those under them have been sorely tried, it is much to feel that there is one above with the will and power to give instant redress. To such inevitable trials has, of course, been added the far more generally severe trial caused by dear living, trade depression in a poor country, and the hard-won 'Battle of the Lira.' These trials have caused much grumbling, but without a special target; and the traditional patience of the Italian, strengthened by the unquestioned evidence of miracles already achieved, seems to have carried him through the strain — now lessening, if only in degree — without serious damage to his new faith.

II

What shall I say of the atmosphere as it affects the minority who, politically or instinctively, are in opposition to Fascism? As regards the active opponent there is only one answer: that it is stifling! But for those who, because of intellectual disagreement or temperamental individualism, are critical of Fascism, while

content with passive distaste for the régime and doctrine, the conditions, if trying, seem certainly far less oppressive than one is led to believe by critics outside the country.

While, in view of my mission, I met and was received by many of the leaders of the régime and the services, it was natural that I should also meet in literary and historical circles numerous people who were far from being adherents of Fascism. But to my surprise I found that they indulged both their wit and their critical faculties with a freedom, even in public places, which caused me a strong sense of embarrassment, particularly at first. It was certainly incompatible with the idea not uncommon abroad that Italy to-day is a land of suspicion and espionage. And it was a further significant feature that these criticisms were directed against the abstract ideals of Fascism, its suppression of the freedom of the press, and its severe treatment of opposition, but rarely against the probity of its administration or the personality of its chief. The man himself usually held the honest respect even of those who disagreed with his ideal and his action.

And what of this man? For to any returning traveler from Italy the first question seems inevitably to be, not as to the conditions, the people, or the system, but 'Did you see Mussolini?'

No one can traverse Italy to-day without seeing the hand of 'Il Duce' throughout. His face also, incidentally — for on town house and small farmsteads, far off the beaten track, in the endless plains of Lombardy or the towering battlements of the Apennines, his features are to be seen stenciled on the walls. But outside Italy, if all to the youngest know him by name, few know him as more than a symbol — of wonder-working changes or of iron tyranny, according to taste and prejudice.

And with those who would know more the craving for fuller knowledge is rarely satisfied. For neither man nor his personality is made up merely of deeds and words. Yet these are traditionally the stuff that chroniclers and biographers, past or contemporary, serve up in indigestible lumps for our malnutrition. I shall not present Signor Mussolini in this form, and to do so would not aid the appetite. For his passing deeds are duly recorded in the foreign telegrams, and his past deeds enshrined already in several bulky biographies which anyone can obtain. And as for his words, the formal speeches of any statesman rarely throw a revealing light on the man himself or his inner thoughts; still less his utterances in an interview 'for publication.' Instead, as straws show the way of the wind, so do trifles the way of the mind.

So here I propose to give merely a few homely trifles, sprinkled with an impression or two, in the hope that they may help to form a portrait of 'Mussolini Intime,' so that for the transatlantic public which follows the devious currents of European politics he may no longer be merely a deed- and word-producing mechanism. Let me first fill in the background of his daily life before I treat the man. The greater part of his working hours are spent at the Chigi Palace, the Italian Foreign Office, in a room which overlooks the Corso, the principal, if narrow, artery of Rome's daily life. The length of Mussolini's working hours considerably exceeds trade-union standards — as do those of most of the Ministers and officials under Fascism, for the government offices are still humming with activity long after Whitehall has returned to its solitude and its caretakers. There is small reason to wonder at Mussolini's hours, however, for besides being head of the Government he

combines the charge of no less than six Ministries — Foreign, Home, War, Marine, Air, Corporations. The strain on his endurance is not lightened by the fact that since the successive attempts on his life he has been persuaded to forgo, save exceptionally, his former regular riding exercise in the public parks, — he is rarely seen at all now except on formal occasions, — and thus has to take his exercise within the narrower limits of private grounds. Not that he seemingly shows any ill effects; his appearance gives no support to the rumors that periodically float, or are floated, abroad of his imminent breakdown. Perhaps the strain is less intense also, for I gathered that with the machinery running well, and his assistants sifted, he is now able to delegate, and has learned the wisdom of delegating, the more routine functions of his many offices.

His sparse hours of leisure and repose are spent during the winter in a small, simple apartment in an old palace on one of Rome's side streets. Here his equally simple wants are attended to by a single servant, a middle-aged housekeeper, and here also he snatches stray hours for his one recreation, other than riding — that of violin playing. On this instrument he is no mean performer. His wife and children still live in Milan, although they come to Rome for periodical visits. For all his cares as father of a greater family, Signor Mussolini makes opportunity to follow closely and keenly the development of his own offspring.

At the Chigi Palace itself the outward trappings of power are not in greater evidence. Entering from the Corso, the visitor meets a solitary doorkeeper in the gateway, sees a cluster of cars in the inner courtyard, and perhaps catches a glimpse of an unobtrusive but watchful plain-clothes man. Thence, unattended, he proceeds

up a flight of marble stairs to a spacious anteroom, to be conducted through two more, with a dwindling number of people waiting in each, and finally, relieved of hat and coat, through an inner lobby into the Duce's room. A vast tapestry-hung chamber, relatively bare of furniture, save for a statue of Victory in the centre. The door by which one enters is at a corner of the room, and diagonally across, at the far corner, is Signor Mussolini's desk, a model of orderliness. Significantly, behind and above his chair is a bust of Julius Cæsar, and on the desk lies a heavy, finely wrought Egyptian chain, given him for luck by an admirer.

III

What of the man himself? When I had word that he would be receiving me, sundry acquaintances prepared me for an impression totally different from the reality. Certain ones conveyed the idea that the setting was arranged with a touch of dramatic art, and that I should be left to walk the length of the room, growing smaller and smaller, and then be kept in silence for an interval under the penetrating gaze of eyes that are mentioned with awe in Italy. Others, Italians, declared that Mussolini was never known to smile.

I found, instead, a most courteous advance to meet me, a complete naturalness both of pose and of manner, cordial yet not effusive, and in conversation a spontaneous and ready smile at anything that caught his humor or particular interest. In appearance he was shorter than I had expected, broad but muscular, and dressed in a conventional morning coat, well turned out, but not too dapper. The eyes, somewhat projecting, fulfill their reputation in expressiveness and penetration; a powerful jaw, yet a brow that dominates the jaw.

Unlike most men of Latin race, he does not use his hands to emphasize his words; but he uses his head, and by its sharp and often unusual angles of inclination conveys great expressiveness. His voice, soft-toned but firm, is at the same time the most musical I have ever heard. With him, almost alone of the Ministers and senior officers I met, I was able to speak in English, which he understands perfectly so long as one speaks distinctly and without haste. He is already fluent in French and German. His progress in English is the result of lessons he has been taking in the last year or two from an Englishwoman, correspondent for an American paper, Miss Gibson. By a strange coincidence the name is the same as that of the other Englishwoman who crazily shot him. I fancy it appeals to his sense of humor that, as one Miss Gibson impaired his nose, another should improve his tongue. And, although so busy a man, he has taken biweekly lessons with marked regularity, an assiduous if a somewhat difficult pupil, owing to his preference for reading Bernard Shaw rather than mastering grammatical points.

My meeting with him was not a formal interview, and I refrained from putting to him the customary inquiries as to the policy and condition of Fascism. To such trite inquiries the replies are long stereotyped; there can be nothing more boring to a much occupied head of a Government than such interviews. Here, fortunately, there was a more intimate conversational link in the fact that my life of Scipio Africanus was being translated by the Italian War Ministry and brought out under its auspices, as well as his interest in my impressions of the Italian forces in comparison with those of other countries. If most of the conversation was thus not of general interest, it yielded, and was perhaps

more conducive to, occasional comments which appeared to me side lights on his mental trend. Thus I had the impression that he keeps a closer eye on the press and polemical literature of other countries than do most statesmen immersed in their own internal politics. This attention is evidently not confined to their views on his Government, but extends to their reaction to domestic questions and matters which may influence their policy or future — and thus, of course, have an indirect reaction on Italy. His opinion of democracy, and its inherent contradiction to human nature and the scheme of nature, he took no pains to conceal. In one vivid phrase he likened it to a candle snuffer.

When, in contrasting systems of government, I referred to him as 'dictator,' I wondered for a moment whether I had stepped out a little too far. I was soon reassured, by implication, that he had no distaste for the term. It was refreshing to meet a statesman with both the instinct and the latitude for uncloaked honesty of expression. And for him the exercise of authority by one man, in turn delegating local authority to other individual men, is quite clearly the one form of government which can govern at a time when and in a country where progress, and not merely the preservation of a relatively static society, is essential. That he enjoys the possession of this power he does not conceal, but to a student of human nature he gave the impression that he enjoys it basically for the power it gives him to improve and advance his country and his ideals for that country. These ideals may change and develop; they have changed and developed; for he is a man the reverse of static in his moods or in his conceptions. And he would not blush for this, or fear the charge of inconsistency, for he believes that

change is the law of life, and that the static is contrary to nature and to truth. But the responsiveness and power of adaptation to the law of change are greater in one man than in many. Hence he is confident that a State directed by one man has the same advantage, and is equally confident that he is the one man to direct it. If this betokens and demands an immense self-confidence, such, in nature and in scale, could spring only from self-dedication, not self-advantage. And, as with all examples in history of supreme self-dedication, one senses in the man a spiritual loneliness — which evokes sympathy.

IV

From the new Romulus I pass to the new Rome that he is striving to build. For the word 'Rome' holds the clue to the understanding of Fascism to-day. Fascism was launched on the banks of the Piave; it has cast anchor on the banks of Father Tiber. Arising as a patriotic revolt of the disillusioned soldiers of the war against the sorry pass to which Liberal politicians and Communists had brought the land, Fascism seized power and restored order. Then, however, came the problem, 'What next?' For mere restoration was a narrow aim, and reconstruction more worthy of their conscious power. To the question the answer came, 'Rebuild Rome.' And to-day Rome in her greatness, her discipline, and her State worship is the pattern and goal of Fascism — the ideal of a new Italy is swallowed up in the greater vision of a Roman State rebuilt and reborn.

No observer who has traveled through Italy recently can deny the reality of the material change and improvement that Fascism has wrought, whatever prejudice he may feel against

its methods or doubts as to its spiritual results. It is true that at present the effect is most apparent in the growing efficiency of the public services of all kinds, and is not yet so marked in the economic condition of the people and their standard of living. But, apart from the fact that in the Fascist creed the welfare of the State takes precedence of that of the individual, it is obvious that, in a long-sighted view, the reconstruction of the State foundation is an essential preliminary to an expansion of the industrial superstructure.

Let me survey briefly a few of the activities and achievements of Signor Mussolini's Government. Order and internal security are indispensable to a healthy state of industry, and the Government has certainly, if severely, ensured the removal of all causes of disturbance to the regular flow of the industrial and civic life of the community.

The Fascist Militia, styled the 'Voluntary National Militia,' represents Signor Mussolini's solution of the problem, ever difficult in history, of converting the heterogeneous elements of the force that made the revolution into a homogeneous force for the preservation both of the régime and of good order. If its position vis-à-vis the other forces of the State remains inevitably anomalous, Signor Mussolini seems on the way to give another proof of his practical genius for turning surplus enthusiasm and energy into constructive and useful channels. For he has entrusted to the Militia the charge of the physical development and moral education—in the Fascist code—of the nation's youth. The first fruits of the former are marked not so much by the erection of stadia, where throngs of spectators can watch the gladiatorial fray of the football field, as by the sight of fields and hillsides dotted with

gymnastic appliances. To judge by the results seen among young men undergoing their military service, the system is producing a race of men agile as cats and of superlative physique and endurance. The second task is characteristic of its source, for Fascist policy is concentrated on the young, and their inculcation with the practical virtues of discipline, integrity, honest work, and subordination of self to the national interest. The attitude seems to be that the present generation can accept Fascism enthusiastically, accept it passively, or accept it under coercion, as they choose, but that the real hope and fulfillment of Fascism lie with the next generation, who will have grown up from birth saturated in its ideals and its code. Only the future can show whether this attitude is too optimistic or not. But its indirect interest is an illustration of how a system of government freed from the trouble of vote catching, with its waste of time and inherent half-measures, can take long views and plan for the future in a way impossible to an elected government.

This habit of working on a programme is now spreading downward, with obvious benefit to efficiency, from the national to the provincial and municipal activities. For the same system of government has also been adopted recently in local government—the one-man system. In each province the authority and responsibility of the prefect are almost absolute, under the Central Government, and below him the old elected municipal councils have been replaced by a nominated podesta, combining in himself all the powers of mayor and corporation. The Fascist system throughout, like the military system, provides for advice and assistance, but leaves the decision and executive power to a single head.

Signor Mussolini is clearly a believer in government by experts, for most of his Ministers have been chosen for expert qualifications in their several departments; and no choice was a greater inspiration than that of Gentile, the great philosopher and educational reformer, who first carried through the reorganization of the educational system and now gives himself to the more ultimately important task of training the teachers. If some may cavil at the reintroduction of religious instruction, and others cavil at utilitarian aim, Italy to-day is almost unique in reviving the pride of honest craftsmanship and discouraging the production of half-educated babus, fit only for office stools, while giving better scope than ever to the youths of more than average aptitude.

Better known to the outside world is, of course, the restoration of Italy's finances, the recovery and final revalorization of the lira under Count Volpi's immediate charge. If the strain for a time was great, and is not yet over, it seems to have been distributed skillfully between the various classes of the population, so that general grumbling has not focused into the more dangerous condition of sectional grievances. Now, with her foreign war debts most favorably funded, a heavy Treasury deficit turned since 1925 into surpluses, strict economy in the public services, the lira stabilized, prices slowly on the down grade, and production developing, Italy has gained a sound economic base for future advance. For this her greatest impulse comes from her apparent solution of the wasteful friction between capital and labor. Putting the national interest before all sectional interests and individual rights, Fascism is now trying a vast and ambitious scheme of coördinating and combining private initiative with public regulation. The

capitalist system is recognized on condition that it serves the national interest, and to this end the employers and employed in each industry are to be welded together in corporations or guilds, under a joint council or syndic, with compulsory arbitration in case of disagreement. This corporative organization, in which all workers, professional included, are to be grouped, is ultimately to have political functions, through the formation of a Corporative Chamber, for which only producers will have the suffrage, but at present it is essentially economic. If its detailed establishment is still incomplete, a working arrangement exists, its most vital purpose has already been long realized, for strikes have ceased for five years, being forbidden, and there is certainly no sign of 'ca' canny' methods being practised.

V

In many other directions Italy is seeking to check the sources of waste and to augment production. The work of industrial welfare has been taken over by the State. Strenuous and organized efforts are being made, by draining the marshes and by a campaign against the mosquito, to stamp out the malaria which debilitates large sections of the population. Equally scientific and coördinated is the effort to increase the production and quality of the wheat — new machinery, new seed, new methods, even new roads, are factors in the campaign. Similar measures are being applied to other crops, and as Italy is already so closely cultivated that it is not easy to extend the area, the aim is, by intensive efforts, to increase the yield. The exploitation of the natural resources in water power is progressive and continuous. The effort is not to replace coal, for at present there are technical difficulties

which check this ideal, but, by supplementing and economizing it, to develop a cheaper and greater output of power for industrial purposes.

These manifold campaigns are proclaimed and described in the metaphorical language of strategy and battle. Foreign critics are apt to regard these battles 'for the Lira' and 'for Wheat' as evidence of the essentially militaristic tendencies of Fascism — wherein, I think, they reveal the shallowness of their own understanding of psychology compared with that of Mussolini. He is too practical to attempt the suppression of age-old human instincts, and can be trusted to proceed by the experience of Imperial Rome, in whom the establishment of universal peace within her borders was a fatal curse, because it closed the safety valve for the virile instincts. Many people talk of the problem and importance of turning these instincts into constructive channels. Mussolini, by one of his shrewdest psychological strokes, seems on the way to solve the problem. And he has done it by investing the prosaic struggles of national life with the glamour that modern war has lost, and with all the romantic trappings of war — even to the war correspondent.

These trappings, moreover, as in an army, are the necessary sugar to coat the severest pill of the new system — discipline, the most stressed note and most recurrent word in Fascist Italy to-day. As this is harder of attainment than any venture that Fascism has essayed, so it is perhaps greater than any concrete achievement — a miracle, indeed — that Fascism has accomplished. This discipline is a combination of two sharply contrasting types which would be curious to anyone not conversant with the conditions which have produced it. On the one hand it resembles what an

Englishman would characterize as the discipline of Sir John Moore; on the other, that of Frederick the Great. The freely offered and even joyous subordination of self for the good of the cause, combined with a discipline of the reflexes — a rigorous repression, not merely of contrary opponents, but of contrary instincts in themselves. It is a commonplace, of course, that under Fascism neither an Opposition nor opposition is tolerated. For those convicted or suspect of it the result is as summary as, and less transient than, in the 'castor oil' days. They may be 'admonished,' which will involve the limitation of their movements and an enforced curfew at 9 P.M., or, if less fortunate, they will be removed to one of the smaller Italian islands, where they will receive ten lire a day for sustenance — provided that they work for it.

But if Fascists are drastic with their opponents, holding that the regeneration of a nation must take precedence of the rights of the individual, their self-imposed discipline is equally stern, emphasizing duties rather than rights. And it is my impression that Fascists high and low abstain scrupulously from claiming any privileged exemption from their own strict laws — wherein they are in marked contrast with most revolutionary and not a few 'democratic' régimes. 'The same law for all' seems here, for a wonder, translated into fact, and the only relaxation is with foreign visitors. Why, with a people so intelligent, should not the discipline be purely of the Moore pattern? The answer may perhaps best be illustrated by the words of a senior Italian officer, who remarked to me a year or two ago that even he, when receiving an order, had an instinctive impulse to revolt against it — an instinct that was the product of an age-old tradition of individualism.

Buried under many strata Italy has the greatest tradition of discipline that the world has known, but she has to drive the girders deep and hard in order to obtain a foundation on which she can bridge the fifteen hundred years' gap — to Rome. For Fascism knows that the source of the greatness of ancient Rome lay in her discipline.

And with this, perhaps from this, moral root has grown up another utilitarian virtue — honesty. Great as was the charm of the old Italy, few travelers would suggest that its people in general were distinguished for either quality. To-day even the trains keep their word!

Brief as has been the span of the new era, I know of no country where the visitor can feel more sure that his ignorance is not being taken advantage of, except in certain districts that are backward or relatively untouched by the Fascist spirit. It is certainly the only country where to any real degree the percentage for service has not become a mere addition to the usual tips, and where the dignity of service is actually emphasized by the refusal to accept tips.

VI

I have indicated Italy's assets for the future. What of her liabilities? I am inclined to think that her women are at present numbered among them. This may be a superficial impression and an injustice to the women of the countryside, but at least in the towns they hardly impress one as having the stability and practical ability of the Frenchwomen. Perhaps it is that their progress is dwarfed by the striking development of the Italian male in character and purpose. Yet, for Rome to be rebuilt, the Roman matron must be reborn, and in assessing Signor Mussolini's own achievements it should

never be overlooked that his mother was of this historic type.

A temporary liability is embodied in the question of how far self-confidence and self-subordination to the State have produced self-control equal to the strain of an emergency. I am reasonably sure that they have already forged an adequate power of endurance to strain, but less sure that they have yet acquired adequate resistance to a sudden shock.

Another liability, I am inclined to think, lies in the emasculation of the press. I use this word advisedly, for to-day there is no formal censorship, but on the other hand the organs of the press, being entirely in the hands of fervent Fascists, chant a never-ceasing hymn of praise. A diet composed entirely of honey would sicken the strongest palate. One may admit that Fascism is far too valuable an experiment to be rashly jeopardized by harmful exposure to the subversive influence of a hostile press working upon the minds of a simple people. But one may, nevertheless, be reluctant to endorse the Fascist alternative. For it is a profound truth that *la critique est la vie de la science*, and the very fact that Fascism is the nearest to science of all the systems of government makes criticism the more necessary to its well-being during its evolution.

I pass next to what is both the supreme moral asset and liability combined of Italy to-day — self-confidence. Lack of confidence in themselves was a characteristic defect of the Italians before and even during the war. This characteristic had undoubtedly a pleasing side in that it produced a nature free from bombast, and to some extent a useful side in that it encouraged a habit of self-examination and self-criticism. But for success as a nation self-confidence is as vital as it is with the individual, and it has

unquestionably been the conscious purpose of Fascism to create this national self-confidence as the essential propulsive force behind the Fascist Revolution — in its deepest sense. For, as no revolution has aimed at so complete a rebirth, so none has set before it so hard and long a path. Only self-confidence — confidence in its powers, its mission, and its progress — can carry it through. But, inevitably, in that very quality lies one of the most formidable dangers. It is a feature of the Fascist Revolution, as in some measure of all revolutions, that the very means on which it depends are the most capable of harm to itself.

Thus, for example, at the very outset Fascism was established in power largely by the efforts of the young-old veterans of the war, all of whom were ready, and many of whom made a second sacrifice of their blood, to save the land from a worse danger than ever Austria had offered. Many of them were Arditi, most formidable of Italy's fighting men in 1915-1918. And as it was difficult to disentangle motives in those who, in 1914, rallied to Kitchener's summons, so was it with the Black Shirts; patriotism, idealism, love of adventure, love of fighting — they are strangely interwoven in the individual, still more in the mass. Stranger still is the way the worst scalawag in peaceful days so often proves not merely the best fighting man in war, but the noblest in sacrifice. Thus it was with the Black Shirts, in motive and in composition; and thus also it was that the hardest test came after the apparent goal had been reached. No government, far less one which has grasped power in a time of chaos, can afford to cast adrift those who have served it well — until they serve it ill. But it was this proportion of black sheep among the Black Shirts which, in the early years of

the new era, caused serious functional disorder in the body politic by the moral harm of the actions which they committed, in an excess of enthusiasm as often as through a deficiency of ethics. But if Fascism was to survive as a new order, not merely a violent disruption of the old order, radical remedies were essential. And it is just to recognize that these have been applied within the body of Fascism with a stringency and by a purging, progressive and continuous, such as no other revolutionary régime in history has attempted with its own supporters.

In place of this danger, overconfidence is perhaps the most serious in the years immediately ahead. Internally, its tendency is to lead to efforts to cure social and economic ills more rapidly than the adaptability of the body can safely stand. Externally, self-confidence takes the form of a conviction of Italy's destiny as a Great Power, and overconfidence that of a belief that she is already fully capable of upholding and regaining her rights vis-à-vis other nations.

In my travels I inevitably met more than a few examples of aggressive assertions of Italy's power to enforce respect and a certain amount of bellicose talk. I recall with special amusement one ingenuous young man who, after declaring that one Italian was worth ten of a certain neighboring race of war-proved martial ability, related to me how last spring, at the time of the Riviera frontier incidents, he and a band of fellow spirits were assembled on the frontier for a 'punitive raid,' only to be stopped, much to their chagrin, by their own authorities. It is, of course, such incidents as this, and the knowledge of such an attitude, which cause the tension that is observable not merely behind the French and Jugoslav frontiers, but even in the Swiss Ticino.

Yet if it be essential to an understanding of Italy to understand these symptoms, it would be folly to exaggerate them. For if all the heads of Italy to-day are young, like the shoulders they rest on, they are shrewd, or they would not have created an organization which has already survived so many strains — and become more compact in the process. When Signor Mussolini speaks now of needing twenty years to fulfill his task, he means, if I may judge, that he wants not merely time to create his new State, but time to allow a complete new generation to grow up in its environment and atmosphere. He is too shrewd to expose, if he can possibly help it, his work to any severe external storms until not only are the foundations firmly laid, but the roof on. Only by generating a continuous current of self-confidence in the nation, and especially in its youth, can the stupendous purpose of Italian regeneration be effected; but his fingers are firmly on the controls, and never firmer than at present. Risky adventures are not on his horizon. If mishap befell him, I am less sanguine. The system is so far consolidated that others might assume control without discord — but also without his unique prestige. And thus perhaps an outward explosion might be a more immediate danger than an internal explosion. Of this I feel reasonably sure: that Signor Mussolini's preservation is the strongest guaranty of the preservation of peace in this generation.

Finally comes the question whether the Fascist system and its discipline, vitally necessary as they are during the rebuilding of Rome, may not ultimately cramp her intellectual growth and the higher fruits of the human spirit and initiative. Critics, even friendly critics, frequently express the fear that in Fascism's pursuit of

concrete ideals, discipline, and material progress, the abstract moral qualities and their value to a nation may be overlooked.

On the other hand, the crop of these was becoming more and more impoverished, and the weeds so thick that the grain was almost lost to sight. If in one generation the habits of hard work, discipline, and honesty can be implanted widespread, — cultivated in the willing and enforced on the unwilling, — there is at least a good foundation for the next, its roots embedded in freshly fertilized soil, to yield a harvest both more plentiful and of finer quality than in the past. And that next generation, being more fit to use liberty well, can receive it more fully. It would be rash to prophesy, but the best promise of elasticity of system lies in the fact that both Fascism and the mind of Mussolini are essentially non-static. There are even symptoms which hint that the new Rome, having begun with and been created by Cæsar, may reverse the process of the ancients and evolve toward the Rome of Scipio and the Punic Wars, regaining the rugged strength and civic sense of that era, but in addition refined by two Renaissances.

Whatever the future may bring, it is at least certain that it will be different from the present, for Fascism, responsive to the law of life, is all the time changing its system, and adapting its ideals progressively to the fresh conditions. And the foreign critic, if he is to understand this and avoid the exposure of his own shallowness, must likewise change his spectacles — of electoral institutions and the paramount rights of the individual. Fascism is not merely an effort toward a new political system, but a new way of life. Thus it is the greatest human experiment of our time, perhaps of any time.

DISORDERLY PRODUCTION

BY THOMAS T. READ

I

A VENERABLE anecdote, not often heard of recent years, relates that an Irishman who was ill took the one teaspoonful of medicine that was prescribed for him and then, noting its good effect, swallowed all the contents of the bottle, on the theory that if a little was good for him a good deal would be better. The results were, of course, not what he expected; or perhaps I should say they were what he might have expected. The current lack of interest in this ancient jest is to be regretted, for nothing could be more timely in the present state of American industry.

In an earlier article I have set forth the view that our present comfortable state in America is chiefly due to the large amount of work done here, which is nearly half the total work done in the whole world. Of the total work done in the United States, more than ninety per cent is performed by mechanical means at a cost so low that, even after allowing for interest and depreciation on the capital investment necessary to make this possible, it corresponds to a wage rate of only a few cents per day per man for equivalent work. It is only through this multiplication of work that we are able to have all that we now possess.

Every frontiersman understands the rationale of the process perfectly; in the early days of settlement, although all the members of the family are busily at work from daylight till dark on the

most essential tasks, they are simply unable to do enough work to provide themselves with comforts and conveniences. On the other hand, the only reason we can have the twenty million automobiles that we are using is that the workmen who were formerly engaged in making other necessities of modern life have been released from that work through increasing their productivity by the application of mechanical power.

Every woman understands it also; if she has to wash clothes, scrub floors, and do other housework by manual labor, she is quite unable to find time for social affairs and community activities.

I can support by affidavit, if anyone should doubt my veracity, the case of a modern mother who got breakfast for the family, drove her husband to the station and the children to school, washed the breakfast dishes, did the week's washing for the family, and was then on time for a 10.30 A.M. committee meeting on Monday morning. Such a performance is not incredible, though it may so appear to some, for most of the work was done by mechanical means, and what she chiefly did was efficiently to apply her able mind to supervising and directing the mechanical slaves that were at her command.

Lowering the cost of production through multiplying work by mechanical means, eliminating unnecessary work, and doing work in such a way that it does not need to be repeated, has taken such a hold upon the imagination

of leaders in industry that we seem now in imminent danger of a collapse something like that which results when a child builds a block house higher than his faulty adjustment of his materials will permit to stand. At the present moment we are confronted with the paradox that when the engineer, working with the scientist, has shown how to produce more with less effort, the result is often not increased prosperity for himself and the industry for which he works, but quite the reverse. As a specific example, petroleum engineers have, during the past few years, shown how to drill deep wells at less cost, and how to bring the oil out of the wells more rapidly at less cost, with the result that in 1927 the petroleum companies made smaller profits than they had in 1926, and many of them made no profits at all. Bituminous-coal production has for some years been a broadly unprofitable business, and a host of other instances could be cited. The increased production thrown on the market causes the price to fall more than the cost of production has been decreased, and, unlike Job, the latter state of the business is worse than its beginning.

According to the ideas of the classical economists, such a situation should right itself by those who cannot produce at a profit going out of business and the industry stabilizing itself at the new price level. Unfortunately things are actually quite different from the way the classical economists imagined them to be. The enterprise goes on producing at a loss, hoping for a rise in prices, until it is hopelessly insolvent and is sold at a sheriff's sale. Someone buys it for a small fraction of the amount of invested capital it represents and, relieved of the former capital charges, it is soon setting a new lower level of production cost. Theoretically this should make the consumer feel

fine, but actually, like the Irishman in the anecdote, it makes him feel very ill. Farmers especially feel very ill, because this same relationship that lowers the cost to them of bituminous coal and cotton goods operates equally powerfully on what they themselves produce, and they find themselves without the means to buy the coal and cotton goods supposedly placed more easily within their means.

To illustrate my point with another anecdote, the production of essential raw materials in this country is in very much the same position as the horse of the Scotchman who began by mixing a little sawdust with its oats, gradually increasing the proportion. The project did not succeed, for, before the Scotchman got the horse to the point where he fed it on sawdust alone, it unfortunately died. An individual enterprise cannot go on indefinitely lowering its production cost to meet lowered prices; it either goes into bankruptcy or dies.

Aristotle thought that virtue represented a mean between two kinds of evils, bravery being the mean between cowardice and foolhardiness. The price of commodities that best serves the public interest is a mean between a high level, which represents either an undue profit to the producer or, more commonly, unduly high production costs because of inefficiency, and a low level that does not afford a reasonable annual income to the workers or a fair annual interest on the capital invested.

In a country like ours, where inventive ingenuity abounds and there are abundant natural resources, the play of unrestricted competition tends to drive prices toward the low level rather than to keep them at the mean.

There are several forces that act toward that end, chief among them taxation, which forces the owner of any natural resource, whether arable land

or a deposit of coal or iron ore, to bring it into production to prevent the carrying charges from eating up its value. Once brought into production, the compulsion to continue to produce is even stronger, for to the increased tax assessment are added carrying charges on invested capital and also the fact that machinery deteriorates no matter whether it is used or not. When profits vanish, it is better to earn part of these overhead charges than to earn nothing, so that the road of uncontrolled production and unrestricted competition in industry leads inevitably toward no return on the capital and an unduly low wage for the workers.

A former labor leader, in describing the working of these forces in the coal industry before the era of wage contracts, pictures a coal-mine operator calling in his men and showing them his books to prove that his production cost is, say, ten cents above the current market price for coal and that this margin cannot be overcome by mechanical improvements, and suggesting that they agree to a sufficient wage reduction to permit him to continue to operate and thus afford them work. The proposal is agreed to, and the operator receives orders for coal at a slightly lower price than that at which some other operator has been furnishing it. The operator who loses the orders has no recourse except to propose a wage reduction to his men. The wage level that results from such a stepping-down process will inevitably be one where only those men will work at coal mining who cannot find some other occupation, while their capacity as consumers of other products will be reduced to a minimum. The undesirability of such a tendency in the economic structure needs no elaboration.

Control of production to stabilize prices is not a theoretical concept in

the interest of a vague general public, but a much-needed practical procedure to benefit the individuals, in all lines of industry, who collectively constitute the general public.

II

Someone will surely here interject that control of production to stabilize prices means that the consumer will no longer benefit by having prices of raw material move toward an irreducible minimum. The answer to this is that consumers do not, as a group and in the long run, benefit by reductions in price that result from any cause other than the producing of what is needed with less expenditure of energy.

An often-quoted English schoolboy story is that the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles make a meagre living by doing each other's washing. In our present highly coöperative society we all make a living by doing each other's washing, printing, news gathering, and a thousand other forms of service, such as the production of raw materials like coal, wheat, and cotton.

It is important to notice that it would not make any difference to the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles what the price per dozen for doing washing was, so long as their system provided for an equitable exchange of services. Nor does it matter in our system what the general price level of commodities is, so long as it is equitably adjusted. The consumer of raw materials likes, if possible, to buy at a little below the general market average, but after one consumer has bought at two per cent below the average, another at three, and another at four per cent, they are all thrown into confusion if the market average drops ten per cent. If the decline is because someone has found out how to produce with ten per cent less expenditure of effort, the resultant loss

to other producers, until they also can find out how to cut their costs ten per cent, is a burden industry has to bear; but if the reduction is because someone who has to sell prefers to take a ten-per-cent loss in order to get out, nobody is the gainer.

That nobody is the gainer may be hard to accept, but it is inescapable. If the farmer cannot make an adequate living growing wheat and cotton, he cannot buy freely from all the other people who have things to sell to him, and the same rule applies to everybody who produces and sells things. The scaling down of prices to the irreducible minimum benefits nobody when they are adjusted on the minimum level, and the process of reduction is accompanied by terrible hardship. I should temporarily benefit, of course, if the prices of clothes and shoes were suddenly reduced to half what they are now, but, unless that reduction came from their being produced at half their present cost, I should inevitably eventually feel the reaction. No industry can suffer losses without affecting the whole of industry, which in time affects all the consumers.

III

The distinction between price reduction as a result of lowering of production cost and price reduction through unrestricted competition cannot be made too clear, because they are often interwoven in actual experience. Take the whole population of a town whose principal industry is shoe manufacturing as a concrete example. If the manufacturer is able to cut his price per pair in half because he has found out how to make a pair at half the cost, he will commonly let a number of his men go, because reduction in production cost usually results from substituting cheap mechanical energy for expensive

human energy. These people will normally find other employment. The workmen who remain employed usually earn more in dollars than they did before, and in spending it give employment where there was less employment before.

Mining companies that initiate considerable enterprises in foreign lands where the economic level is low, and where most of the people are busily but inefficiently engaged in raising enough food to support themselves and their families, often find themselves confronted with an acute labor problem. If any considerable number of workers leave the land to work in and about the mines, those left on the land cannot raise enough food to keep them all unless they are taught better methods of agriculture and provided with equipment that will enable them to produce more with less expenditure of effort. Add to this the fact that managers commonly find that the 'natives,' as our British cousins designate them, usually need more food, and a better-balanced diet, than they have been accustomed to in order to show anything above the lowest order of efficiency in industrial work, and it is clear that to make a new industry possible in what may be termed an economic province involves increasing the productivity, not only of those who are employed in it, but of the whole social group.

It has already been pointed out that the employment of large numbers of men in automobile manufacture is only possible because the others have increased their productivity enough to turn out everything else that is needed without the help of the automobile workers.

This gives the clue to what is needed in modern industry. When a person is ill a physician normally prescribes two things: certain medicines to produce an

immediate but temporary effect, and such modifications in the patient's way of living as will increase his physical vigor and avoid a recurrence of the bad condition. That the medicines should apply to the disease, and not its symptoms, goes without saying, but the collapse of all the various schemes of price regulation (such as the British one for rubber, and the easily predictable failure of various schemes proposed to benefit the farmer) is due to a failure to distinguish between symptoms and disease. Where the trouble arises from the production of commodities in amounts that are greater than needed, the only medicine to apply is control of production. Not only the American people, but the people of the world, seem mentally unprepared to take this medicine, and prefer to rely on the mysterious magic of price-fixing schemes. Carlyle, in his *French Revolution*, keeps reiterating that anything that is not fundamentally sound cannot long endure. No price-fixing schemes have long endured, because they all encourage rather than discourage overproduction.

IV

The hygiene to be applied to the condition described must be reasonably clear from what has been said. The present tendency is to invest large amounts of capital for the purpose of lowering production cost of commodities that are already being produced in sufficient amount. The inevitable result of this is to cause the loss of considerable amounts of capital previously invested in production. A good example of this is the shifting of the cotton textile industry from New England to the South. The mill owners of New England failed to equip their mills with mechanisms and methods that would produce more with less effort, largely because the workers, obsessed with the

mediaeval delusion that increase of productivity throws workers out of employment, would not consent to their introduction. So the modern mills were erected in communities where the workers had no such delusions. The rest of the story is known to most people and may be inferred from what has been said above. The general public would have been as well served by a much smaller investment of capital in improving New England methods and equipment, and it is at least doubtful whether the advantages reaped by the South counterbalance the losses in New England. The idle New England equipment does not go out of existence, as theoretical economics presupposes, but remains to plague the industry and to work against the general welfare.

What is needed, therefore, is the investment of capital in the production of things that are not now being produced, or else being produced so inefficiently that their price is unduly high and their consumption restricted. Perhaps the most stupid misuse of words to-day is the phrase 'luxury equipment' as applied to automobiles, phonographs, radio sets, and a variety of other things that have only recently been brought within the reach of the ordinary man. The word 'luxury' has a penumbra of immorality about it, and is entirely out of place in this connection. Such things extend the mental and physical horizons of men and, except when they are misused (as all good things may be misused), they are worthy of respect and admiration. It is time that we thoroughly dissipated the delusion, inherited from our European forbears, that it is not good for the common people to have much.

What we now need, therefore, is the imagination to see how the discoveries of science can be applied in the production of new things, or a greater

abundance of things, that will serve the needs of everyone. If Mr. Ford had put his mental and physical energy into the coal industry or the textile industry he would not have bettered existing conditions, and perhaps would have only made them worse. He chose instead to apply it to new lines of endeavor, and has greatly benefited us all. With more

such ideas, and adequate capital backing for them, the workers, released from the production of present commodities through the increase of productivity per man, will find satisfactory employment in the production of new things to enlarge the common life, and the production-control problem will solve itself.

NOVELS ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

BY GERALD GOULD

I

I DOUBT whether the American novel exists, as a phenomenon separate from the English — just as I doubt whether the English novel exists, as a phenomenon separate from the American. The same tradition prevails for both literatures; the attempt to get novelty and emancipation is in both literatures similar; and, broadly speaking, both literatures have the same gods and the same devils. It may not always be so. It may soon cease to be so. The field of the novel — far wider than any other field of inquiry for the literary critic — is so immense that many corners of it are bound to be overlooked. Nobody can cover the ground. Nobody can keep pace with the growth and change. Somewhere, in America or in Britain, there may be at this moment the beginning of a new tradition — one cannot tell. The survey is bound to be perfunctory; the conclusions are likely to be false. But in general one may say that the art of the story is still the old story, and the new schools are still at school.

Go back to the influence of Henry James. It was shed impartially on the two sides of the Atlantic. It is still felt. But all that was peculiarly Jamesian has fallen away from it. All that accumulation of mannerism, with which the later James disguised the fact that he could tell a story, counts now for nothing. There is little trace of it in those writers in whom his influence is most apparent and most beneficial. They have learned from him something of his psychological concern; they have largely discarded his verbal tortuosities. They do not — when they are most successful — so much follow the master as get on with the story. When they suffer themselves to be diverted into labyrinths, they fail. The history is typical. You can reënforce the interest of the novel if you accept the fact that first and foremost it is a story. Forget or deny that, and there is no interest to be reënforced. Complications presuppose the original and central simplicity.

The same moral can be drawn from any other trail we choose to trace. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, still insufficiently

known in England, has exercised an enormous influence in the United States. Like Henry James, he has moulded writers rather than readers; but he has moulded readers through writers. The younger American novelists have learned from him courage in approach, augustness of vision, patience in elaboration of detail. That is to say, they have learned from him exactly what they have learned from any other grand-scale story-teller they happen to have read. Another generation, younger still, seems to have learned from him nothing but the resolution to put in print those things which, when he was first writing, were in many quarters pusillanimously regarded as unprintable. It is a pity; for speaking out, like listening in, is nothing meritorious in itself. All depends on what there is to listen to, and what to speak.

On this question of what to say and what to leave unsaid turns the main method of modernity. All is whether the artist is content with the soul or prefers the outside of the cup and the platter. The Pharisees thought it important to make the cup and the platter clean; many of our young men and women think it important to make them surprising — the error is the same. It is the exaltation of the empty form over the living spirit. It is the preoccupation with the irrelevant, with the inexpressive. It is the error called psychological. Blake said the last word about it in his injunction to get down to essentials: —

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower:
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

II

Mr. James Joyce is an Irishman, Mr. D. H. Lawrence an Englishman, but I

take it that their vogue is as remarkable in America as in Great Britain. Both have genius, and each illustrates the ineffectiveness of preoccupation with one aspect of life. But what strikes an English reader of the novels which come to him from America — many of them brimming with intelligence — is that those which follow the Joyce or the Lawrence method add to it a sort of schoolboy gusto which Mr. Joyce and Mr. Lawrence most noticeably lack.

There is, in these American books, the child's delight at being 'naughty.' The barriers are down, and we break into the hidden places — not with the painful inquisitiveness of the psychological adult, but with the shy, assertive boisterousness of the excited immature.

There is this paradox at the heart of the neopsychological attack — the deeper it goes, the more superficial it remains. Feverishly it cuts, hacks, probes — and does not notice that it is experimenting on a corpse. Did it think the soul dwelt between the sinews? Alas, it apparently did, and will not admit its error.

I wrote some years ago, in my *English Novel of To-day*, some words about modern methods, with particular reference to verse: —

Loosen the ties of art and scrap its limitations! — it is what our young poets are always inviting us to do. Rhyme, they say, is a fetter; strike it off! But it is not a fetter: it is a form. You cannot merely strike it off; you must replace it. Anybody can be negative, anybody can be reactionary. If art progresses, it must be in the direction of greater coherence; the control of the conscious mind increases; rebel chaos yields to the form conceived of God. But this modern movement is backwards towards fear and night.

And again — this time with particular reference to fiction: —

Minute psychological reactions are elaborated with such persistent reference to the one occasion dealt with that they cease to have any value as revelations of character: character, instead of being explained, is literally *explained away*. One gets the impression that the oddity, instead of showing So-and-so to be concretely and individually So-and-so, merely shows So-and-so to be as odd as everybody else, and odd in the same way as everybody else. . . . There is no sharpness, no differentiation, no interplay, no coherence. Individuality is dissolved 'by the discandyng of this pelleted storm.'

Examples could be quoted literally by the thousand; one may be pardoned for choosing, from contemporary and influential English fiction, one not less comic than most. There can be no doubt at all that in his novelette, *Glad Ghosts*, Mr. Lawrence has a profound idea; but what shall we say about his way of creating the atmosphere supposed to be appropriate to the idea? A Mr. Morier tells the story. Carlotta married Lord Lathkill, who was very unlucky. Mr. Morier went to stay with them. The dowager was there, with 'heavy hips' — the hips are greatly insisted upon. There was Colonel Hale, with his second wife, who had a 'dusky, dirty-looking neck,' and whose thighs receive honorable mention. The Colonel (who 'seemed, somehow, to smell') complained that he was being haunted by his first wife; she would n't let him go near his new one. There was dancing. The Colonel went to bed, but returned in distress and a dressing gown. Lathkill explained to him that in some way he must have failed his first wife. 'Don't you see, you may have been awfully good to her. But her poor woman's body, were you ever good to that?' And again: 'Why don't you, even now, love her a little with your real heart?' So the Colonel 'unbuttoned the top of his pyjama jacket, and sat perfectly

still.' The dowager came to ask what was the matter; Lathkill explained that the family ghost was walking. In the course of his explanation he declared: 'The Colonel's breast is quite extraordinary.' He said: 'Oh, Mother, thank you for my knees and my shoulders at this moment!' (Strange omission of hips and thighs!) 'Don't you forget yourself, my boy?' asked his mother. Mr. Morier went to bed and was visited by a ghost. The following autumn he heard that both Carlotta and Mrs. Hale had become mothers. 'The Colonel is very well, quiet, and self-possessed. He is farming in Wiltshire, raising pigs.'

All summary is unfair, all comment partial; but those familiar with Mr. Lawrence's later manner will recognize here, even in summary, the reason why so powerful a mind so often falls to absurdity. There is a pursuit of the bizarre. There is an attempt to raise fact to poetry — without the poetic selection; and the sordid is paraded in place of the solemn.

The method here considered has been carried perhaps even further, on the whole, in America. (Nobody, it is true, could go further in incoherence than Mr. Joyce — except Miss Stein!) It is illustrated in Miss Fannie Hurst, with her

The hexameter of the wide, white feet
that the earth sucked unto herself in fond
little marshes, as they ran through the
forests surrounding the Cathedral Under
the Sea;

The reality of you and me. The reality
of the biology of us;

her 'tearless fashion of a dry locked
torment'; her 'Ida, great welt of her'
— phrases in which the gush of Victorian
sentimentalism wholly fails to disguise
itself in the spasms of modernity. Little
Nell in Lido pyjamas is still

Little Nell, and from a *Dombey* to a 'dumb-bell' is but a step. But it has most curiously escaped notice that Dickens, who in the lapse and bathos of his genius ladled out his still-adhesive treacle, drew, at the height of his genius, a perfect picture of the latest thing in novelists. That broken style, that butterfly inconsequence, that readiness to be led up the garden to where the demented gentleman from next door throws vegetables and compliments over the wall — they are the insignia of the New School, as they are of Mrs. Nickleby. It is quite true that the human mind works at random, caught now by a sudden silence and now by a passing sigh; but how strange that psychologists should suppose themselves to be penetrating into the subconscious, when they record these superficial divagations of the conscious! How strange that anybody should suppose the vaguer to be the truer! The very meaning of the word 'psychology,' so widely and loosely used, has been forgotten. It is (if it is anything) a logos — a science, an order, a rational synthesis. It is treated as an excuse for mere artistic fecklessness. Listen to Mrs. Nickleby: —

'She was n't well for some days after that day she dined here, and I can't help thinking, that she caught cold in that hackney-coach coming home. Hackney-coaches, my lord, are such nasty things, that it's almost better to walk at any time, for although I believe a hackney-coachman can be transported for life, if he has a broken window, still they are so reckless, that they nearly all have broken windows. I once had a swelled face for six weeks, my lord, from riding in a hackney-coach — I think it was a hackney-coach,' said Mrs. Nickleby reflecting, 'though I'm not quite certain, whether it was n't a chariot; at all events I know it was a dark green, with a very long number, beginning with a nought and ending with a nine — no, beginning with a nine, and ending with a nought. . . .'

And so on. It may be objected that this is too clear, intellectual, and coherent for Miss Stein. She said a hackney-coach. A hackney-coach. Chariots of Fire. Fire and coaches. A hackney-coach she said. It was as if as if it was. A hackney-coach. Tokens and signs that she was. Widowhood and hackney-coaches. Hackney-coaches and widowhood. A widow she was. She was a widow. Her head was swelled her head her face was swelled her head. As if . . .

It is n't that this sort of thing is too silly so much as that it is too easy. Miss Stein's resolve not to write like anybody else has had the result that anybody else can write like Miss Stein.

Meanwhile, the steady stream of narrative goes on. Those who have anything to say, say it. Those who have a story to tell, tell it. Mr. Sinclair Lewis is probably the most notable writer of fiction in America to-day, simply because he has enormous creative energy, and disciplines it to the forms of art. *Elmer Gantry* may or may not be just as a social document, — it would be impertinent for an Englishman to hold an opinion about that, — but it is a story. It is packed with character and incident. The author has so much to say that he cannot waste time in devising fanciful theories of how to say it — so much to say that he cannot say it at all until he has subdued it to 'proportion, season, form.' The same truth is illustrated by writers as different superficially as Miss Ruth Suckow, who deals in plain language with bare life histories, rural, domestic, and Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, whose imagination is fired by the outlandish, and shaped by his immense knowledge of the world. It is illustrated again by Mr. Stribling, whose narrative vigor is delightfully diversified with irony. The tradition goes on, in brief; the art

of the story has room for a thousand methods. But the method must be a method — not a mess.

III

We recognize in contemporary American fiction a main tendency, and divergences, of which two leap to the eye; these two may overlap, and often do so, but may equally well be observed apart. One is dissolution of manner; the other is dissoluteness of matter. Both are experiments, and experiments that fail. Both are attempts at adventure. Both show rawness, crudity; to neither is it possible to deny sincerity, but the latter certainly gives greater evidences of sincerity than the former. Indeed, of the former we have said enough. It is a mistake, and can come to nothing, and need not be taken seriously. But the latter has the pathos of fierce and frightened youth. It may in some cases be a sign of preoccupation with vice; in most it is more probably a sign of vigor. There seems, at any rate to the English reader, to be a great outpouring from America of sociological fiction, with the motif of the pocket flask and the 'petting party.' We are introduced to a world almost hysterical with drink, jazz, and the intimacies and abandons of sexual precocity. Is it a true picture? Again it would be impertinent for an Englishman to express an opinion. He can only wonder — and remember that his own country provides, though not in such profusion, a similar type. Can he understand the English product, before he ventures to survey the American?

Let us consider, anyway, a Frenchman's explanation. Says M. André Maurois, in his *Études Anglaises*, with a typical blending of wisdom and wit:—

Ce n'est pas seulement en religion que la jeune génération s'estimait libérée. Pour

les choses du corps, le freudisme avait fourni à l'esprit anglo-saxon (en Amérique comme Angleterre) le masque dont il avait besoin pour oser.

All generalizations are to be mistrusted; but I think it will scarcely be denied that the art of fiction in the English tongue has been limited by prudery. Of course, limitation in one direction may mean enfranchisement in another; it is possible that English fiction has extended itself into new interests under compulsion of the very fact that it was debarred from regarding sexual misconduct as the all-embracing and all-sufficing topic. But there is shrewdness and truth in M. Maurois's thrust: to get free, the English writer has pleaded not preference but science. He looked askance at the bedroom — till he could pass to it through the consulting room. The release, equally pseudoscientific, has in America been even more riotous. The tradition of the story has been preserved; even the plain Tom-Jonesian biographical plot still flourishes; but its interest is sought in two adjacent, and indeed overlapping, spheres. The themes are adolescence and adultery.

Why, so, it may be said, are the themes of *Tom Jones*. That is true, and irrelevant. For the point is that the abstract idea of these two topics has rarely before been given the prominence it now enjoys, or been entrusted with the direction of so many imaginary lives. Looking back over recent American novels with these preoccupations, I take as typical the works of Mr. Charles Norris, Mr. Floyd Dell, and Mr. William Bullitt. I have written about these novels in various places, and I shall not shrink from quoting freely, without acknowledgment, from myself.

The very titles of Mr. Norris's volumes indicate an attitude. 'Brass,' 'bread,' and 'pig iron' are substances at once special and simple. The book

Pig Iron belongs, roughly, to the wide-spread biographical type, in which there is a boy (you are told several episodes of his boyhood); he grows into a youth (you are told several of his amorous adventures); he grows into a man, and either marries unhappily or unhappily fails to marry; he goes to Chicago and sells rails or nails, or to New York and sells bonds. Generally we end on a note of acquiescence or of adventure: the hero is fat and rich and misunderstood; he either runs away and loves and works and gets back a thin body, or stays respectably behind and has a thin time. The minor variations are innumerable, naturally, and I am not accusing *Pig Iron* of conforming too closely to type. Mr. Norris has sincerity, which is to say originality, and he observes things for himself. In so many books of this class one observes the results of observation; the detail is so often excellent even where the original inspiration seems faint; the books are so good that one is sorry they are not better.

Brass is definitely labeled as a novel of marriage. It might equally be called a novel of divorce. Nor does it represent divorce, the marriage substitute, as much more successful than marriage itself. But here the sheer narrative inspiration triumphs over theory, and the lesson does not matter, because nobody can tell what it is. The people live; it is all one asks of people. About *Bread* I feel only a little less enthusiastic, though some may think they see the cloven hoof of the theorist protruding from under the skirts of happy chance. The heroine is in business; one might almost literally say that she is in it 'for her health.' It appeals to something strong in her, and she loves it; and when her marriage proves a failure it is to business that she goes back. She is lucky to have it to go back to. Her husband marries again and is

domesticated and happy. She is left in the end to weep over a cat. She feels the need of babies, and that is human, but it proves nothing as to the influence of business upon marriage. Plenty of women have neither the business nor the babies, but only the cat.

Mr. Bullitt, a brilliant and charming writer, has perpetrated *It's Not Done* to prove that it *is* said. Incompatibility in marriage is here studied with a realism almost ferocious; the husband and wife cannot find common ground for their emotions, and about those emotions little is left unsaid. I hope it is not unfair to take this novel as a type of those which seek originality through plain-spokenness. I am sure the search is quite honest and not at all salacious, but I think it is based on an erroneous principle. There is nothing offensive to morality in Mr. Bullitt's treatment of passion. His impropriety is wholly æsthetic. There are some things which can be said only by being left unsaid. A detailed description of the kind often called 'daring' is precisely what is not wanted to create the atmosphere of passion; there is more of that atmosphere in half a line of *Othello* than in all the moderns. The external fact is often the least indicative, the least æsthetically relevant, and in that case the artist should not speak out — he should leave out. Discretion is the better part of daring.

Mr. Floyd Dell, in *The Briary-Bush*, made a courageous and delicate study of the modern couple who marry on an arrangement that they shall be free and adventurous — as if you could arrange freedom or adventure! The author faces the resultant crash with an admirable honesty — before dwindling to a 'happy end.' In *Janet March*, a more ambitious book, the childhood is well done; when the heroine grows up we are introduced to the now too familiar atmosphere of prostitution, drunkenness,

and abortion. Almost might one choose out this one volume as typical of thousands, in its conventionality of matter and audacity of manner. The English critic is puzzled by these studies in American social life. Are we to believe in the New York 'flapper,' her cocktails and kisses, her fads and her amours? It is a question not strictly relevant to the artistic merits of the novels which portray her, but it has its interest. The novelists who portray her do often, however, make an artistic mistake. They forget that the romantic aspect of things may be the essential reality — a point to be specially remembered when we are dealing with the exquisite and pathetic years of youth. The young may be irritating and flamboyant and egotistical and contemptuous and hard, but at least they believe in their own right to happiness and beauty. The very thing which tends to make them hard tends also to make them idealistic; they judge too easily precisely because they expect too much. Do young men and maidens deliberately enter into loveless love affairs for the sake of 'experience'? Normally, naturally, as a physiological fact, youth conceives of the experience of love as a romantic one; and you cannot hope to get the experience by leaving out the love.

IV

Mr. Floyd Dell, in his later books, has become unashamedly romantic and pretty. The reaction is significant, and in more forceful writers one could perhaps find reactions no less forcible. So far, I have been trying to illustrate mass movements by examples expressive of the mass, for I am in pursuit of tendencies, not of individuals. Now, however, I have to ask whether there are not individuals big enough to modify, or even to create, tendencies. We

must inquire whether the reaction toward normality is discoverable in bright particular stars as well as in what we may call the general representative. If it is so discoverable, it will reënforce the lesson. The return will be not to prettiness but to beauty.

Men of indisputable genius, such as Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Sherwood Anderson, are bound by the very surge of that genius to make a law unto themselves. They do not necessarily stand outside a tradition. The most important of all, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, has in fact shaped and imposed one, giving the color of satire and poetry to the ordinary details of American twentieth-century life as Thackeray gave it to the ordinary details of English life in the century before. But then the tradition of his shaping was already there, in shapes not so very different, for his use. It is the old one, and much has been said about it. We are on the track of the new. And we are concerned with Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Hergesheimer, at the moment, not for their direct achievements, but for their experiments; not for the heart-rending and unforgettable pathos of the old man in the beginning of *Windy McPherson's Son*, or the splendid movement and color of *The Bright Shawl*, but for the queerness of *Many Marriages* and *Cytherea*. In *Many Marriages* a quiet, respectable, middle-aged manufacturer of washing machines grows tired of his wife and goes off with his stenographer; but first he walks up and down naked in his bedroom in front of an image of the Virgin, which seems quite unnecessary. In *Cytherea* there is a similar basic situation: a middle-aged married man hungers and thirsts for romance, but in his case the romance is typified by a doll. It must be added that Mr. Hergesheimer's excursion into oddity is more successful than any of Mr. Anderson's; his treatment

of the doll theme shows subtlety, and one can believe. Yet it is only in special cases that the abnormality fits the norm, and he has been wise in his return to a more usual conception of romance.

Mr. John Gunther is not to be compared with Mr. Hergesheimer or Mr. Anderson for importance; but on his own level he illustrates the same reaction. *The Red Pavilion* was violently concerned with neurotics; his later *Peter Lancelot* is an attempt to be romantic. Everywhere the tide sets back. Freud and flapper have had their fling; the norm, the story, reasserts itself.

These tendencies are paralleled in England. Neither country can in such matters claim the lead. Perhaps it may be said that America, being the larger, more various, and more rapidly developing country, pursues the lead, once it has been given, with greater vehemence; and we in England, taking advantage of that vehemence, may see our own tendencies more clearly as America displays them for us. It is interesting to remark in passing, however, that the little band of distinguished writers who seem, on the Henry James model, to represent America and England alike — so intimate is their acquaintance with the one country and the other — are not as a rule experimentalists. They preserve tradition with double tenacity, though here and there they accommodate a fashion. I speak of Mrs. Edith Wharton, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Miss Susan Ertz, Mrs. Ray Strachey, Mr. H. W. Yoxall. And does not Mr. P. G. Wodehouse bestride the narrow Atlantic like a colossus, even as he unites 'highbrow' and 'lowbrow' in a common adoration of imbecility?

Mr. Arnold Bennett inclines nowadays toward the pareragon, and Mr. H. G. Wells toward the didactic experi-

ment, but their influence on the storytellers of the younger generations is still in the plain direction of story-telling. So with Mr. Galsworthy, who has never deviated from the main current. Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. St. John Ervine, wear with their respective airs a mantle which their elders show happily no notion of resigning to them — *that* mantle can be shared without diminution!

Among new writers, Miss Pauline Smith of South Africa has given us, in *The Beadle*, the tale most purely and simply beautiful of all. It is unnecessary to praise Mr. Mottram of *The Spanish Farm*, that subtle epic of war, and *Our Mr. Dormer*, that shorter but ampler epic of peace; nor indeed must I allow myself, by a fatuous attempt at covering the ground, to fall into mere enumeration.

There is among contemporary English writers a strong strain of fantasy. That label will apply to a group — if group it can be called — of the brilliant writers who differ strongly from one another in all save a genius for the fantastic: Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Miss Romer Wilson, Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, Mr. Ronald Fraser, and, most quietly and completely successful of all, Mr. David Garnett. Each of these has set, or is setting, a fashion. None of the fashions will endure, as fashions, however enduring the original examples prove. And to say this is not to dismiss the writers as unimportant; it is to recognize their specialties. Each of them can do something rare, precious, unique, but the uniqueness cannot be copied. Actors used to wear their hair long like Henry Irving, without acting like Henry Irving before audiences. We are probably in for a number of books about ladies turning, more or less, into foxes; they will not be written with the

austere excellence of Mr. David Garnett's prose.

But consider these fantasists for a lesson. They fall into two groups: those who write 'differently' because of a theory, and those who do so because they must. I will not particularize beyond what is necessary for the argument; but it is clear that Mrs. Woolf belongs to the former school, and Mr. Garnett to the latter. That is why Mrs. Woolf, with all her wealth of intellect and the lyric beauty of her style, does not succeed in giving her novels unity. There are two Mr. Aldous Huxleys: the sophisticated experimentalist and the writer of genius. All, for his future, depends on whether his good angel can be trusted to fire his bad one out. But these particulars are only for illustration. My central contention is that you can have a sudden inspiration which will take you aside from tradition, but cannot successfully depart from tradition in the attempt to do better, on a theory, what the traditional writers have already done with success. With Mrs. Woolf, as with Mr. James Joyce and Mr. Sherwood Anderson, we are conscious of method at war with material. When she is most deliberate to catch the essence of a soul, it eludes her. Times do indeed change, and modes, but only with the changing of the substance. You cannot, if you are a story-teller, evade the obligation of story-telling by any dexterity, however dazzling.

Illustrations of this accumulate. Miss May Sinclair, a writer of deservedly high reputation, seems to show the influence of one school after another. Freud, Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Joyce, and Mr. Lawrence have apparently contributed to her development, whether she has felt their inspiration consciously and directly or subconsciously and indirectly. The merits of her books vary inversely with the

amount of theory they embody. Or consider again Mr. Ford Madox Ford, a man of genius, now, I believe, even more influential in America than in England. How admirably does his manner express the atmospheres to which it is appropriate, how lamentably does it lapse when theory drives it on! Or, finally, contrast the historical novels of Mr. John Erskine, who interprets the past by the present, with those of Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, who interprets the past by the past! Contrast, that is, the 'stunt' which amuses with the truth which moves.

V

In one connection, it must be added, Paris now appears as a suburb of New York; we may yet live to learn that New York is where good Frenchmen go when they die. There is a school of writers, American or partly American, which has, so I am told, found its spiritual home, and even its physical home, in the *Quartier* and on the boulevards. I am not sure of my facts here, for I know nothing of the writers concerned in their private capacity; but Mr. Ernest Hemingway, whose short stories show originality and power, though his novel merely disappointed, writes with first-hand and intimate acquaintance of the cosmopolitan life of Paris; and Mr. Julian Green, despite his name and the American subject of his first novel, *Avarice House*, wrote that novel in French. From these two we may expect considerable things. They have both, in their different ways, given new life, and new material, to the old method of stark statement. They have intellectual reality. They may be balanced against the English fantasists, for proof that, in the one literature as in the other, the tradition of story-telling can accommodate variations of form to fit novelty of approach.

But, on the whole, the impression with which we are left is not one of novelty.

Who are in America the writers of good, established, safe reputations? Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Upton Sinclair, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mr. Booth Tarkington; they tell stories. Who are the people of indiscreet and adventurous genius? Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Hergesheimer; they are at their best when they tell stories. Who are the new writers likely to become classics? Miss Ruth Suckow and Mr. Thornton Wilder. They too, without parade or pretense, tell stories. Miss Suckow indeed achieves greatness through her very refusal of color and variety. So, in England, we have, for safety, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Walpole; for indiscreet and adventurous genius, Mr. Huxley and Mrs. Woolf; for new writers likely to become classics, Mr. Mottram and Mrs. Mitchison. All these names, American and English, are but casually selected specimens; my argument has included others. But one, which might have been expected, has been omitted. Mr. E. M. Forster, himself so delightful a story-teller, has a little blasphemed against the story. Let him

stand at the end here as the type of those whose practice is better than their teaching. Mr. Forster asks of the novel that it shall render the story subsidiary; and we agree that it must give us much beside the bare story, just as a poem must give us much beside the bare theme. Only — the poet clothes the theme by expressing it; the novelist cannot transcend the story save by telling it.

Of course, a story in this sense is more than a story. Let me make that clear by two quotations, which I put together for a close, one from Mr. Sherwood Anderson's *Many Marriages*, one from Mr. Dreiser's *The Titan*. They describe the wrong way and the right — the experiment that is bound to fail because it is merely an experiment, and the spirit which keeps alive the ancient glory of the tale.

'Or rather,' says Mr. Sherwood Anderson, casually, 'to be a bit fancy and speak of the matter more in the modern spirit. . . .'

Mr. Dreiser says, 'Life rises to a high plane of the dramatic, and hence of the artistic, whenever and wherever in the conflict regarding material possession there enters a conception of the ideal.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHELTER

WE chose 'Shelter,' so named on the high-school curriculum, as an appropriate subject for our daughter Sally, in her senior year, by a process of elimination. As we saw it, given the choice of one out of three so-called 'domestic sciences,' 'Shelter' seemed to us the least of three evils. To be sure, we did not know what 'Shelter' was, but it had the virtue of being an unknown quantity, whereas we had already sampled, vicariously, 'Cooking' and 'Millinery.'

In our peregrinations with the Army, Sally had had 'Cooking' all the length of the Pacific slope, from Tacoma to San Diego, arriving always just in time to learn about 'cream sauce' and 'chocolate fudge.' It seems, according to Sally, that the schools maintain a highly ethical attitude toward encroaching on the bakery business — hence the omission of the making of pies, cakes, or bread. To be sure, Sally learned a great deal about salads. She could make an excellent imitation of a candle and stick out of a slice of pineapple by punching half a banana up through the hole and simulating dripping wax and fire by mayonnaise and pimento. Also she learned how to make a porcupine out of a pared apple by punctuating it thickly with blanched almonds. Once she served us cucumber pigs, which strolled heavily through lettuce on peanut legs.

Under the ægis of 'Millinery,' for a whole year we were forced, out of consideration for Sally, to appear in hats of her concoction, her wonderful imagination imparting to us all a rakish

and flighty air which we were not reluctant to abandon.

There was something suggesting a peaceful, impersonal quality in the word 'shelter.' I secretly hoped it would point the way for my Sally, who looks for all the world like an adorable baby with her round blue eyes and close-cropped curls, to a refuge from a 'hard-boiled' world.

'It may teach her how to get on her own,' suggested the Father of Five, hopefully.

Sally's brothers had their interpretations.

'It probably is a snap course,' Tom observed tersely. 'Trust Sally. She may learn to come in out of the rain, which will help.'

'Or where to go when the teacher gets rambunctious,' added Malcolm.

But 'Shelter' proved to have none of these aspects so highly desirable from the family point of view.

Sally came home after the first round with a perplexed brow. We fell upon her eagerly.

'What's it all about?'

'I don't know exactly, yet. We have to come to-morrow prepared to explain the Darwinian theories of the Descent of Man and the Origin of Species. And we have to tell all about the doctrines of Malthus and a man named Karl Marx.'

'Is *that* all!' groaned Tom superciliously.

'What have they to do with shelter?' I made bold to inquire.

'Oh, we're just going back to the beginning of everything.'

'In that case,' commented Father, 'Adam and Eve ought to be the logical

starting point. Did they or did they not have shelter? I don't think I ever heard.'

'Oh, yes indeed,' Sally agreed. 'We had them in class to-day. We got all the way from them to Darwin.'

'Something like Lindbergh's Chinese namesake — One Long Hop,' Tom inserted.

'To-morrow we take up H. G. Wells.'

'Seems to be a panoramic view of Man in general,' mused Father.

'Yes. It's awfully hard, but I do think it's rather splendid, don't you? Later we go much more into detail.'

'I should hope so,' was Father's secret comment to me.

At dinner a few days later Sally asked her father, 'Did you ever think much about prisons, Dad?'

'Prisons? Nothing more than to feel grateful that I was never asked to inspect one personally. Why?'

'They seem to be so badly managed.' Sally heaved a sigh. 'I wish I could do something about them.'

Father hid his surprise behind a napkin.

'How do you happen to feel this concern, might one ask?'

'Well, you see, we're having them in "Shelter." Betty took "Orphan Asylums" for her special topic, and I took "Prisons." They come under the head of "Involuntary Shelter."'

'I'll tell the cockeyed world they're involuntary!' ejaculated Tom.

'I've been reading a wonderful book on Crime and Prison Reform. It seems all the prisons need to be completely reorganized. You've no idea what a social sore-spot they are, Dad. I think you ought to try to be influential and look into them.'

'Yes, Dad,' agreed Malcolm, 'you ought to resign from the Stock Exchange and get a job as warden at Folsom.'

'I can't see anything funny about it,'

said Sally. 'Since I've learned what I have in "Shelter," I for one should admire him very much more if he did.'

'Is n't this prison business rather unnecessary?' my husband asked me in private. He is distinctly mid-Victorian in his attitude toward his daughters.

After that, we withdrew from the parlor to study 'Shelter.' For prisons were as nothing to what followed. The Negro Problem, Tubercular Sanitariums, Juvenile Courts, and Houses of Correction — on we went through the ramifications of human institutional misery. For I too studied 'Shelter.' I found myself nightly interpreter, deadening the pain and softening the blow for our young innocent.

One night we retired to a remote bedroom for a lesson which Sally explained would be a death blow to Grandma if she should overhear it — 'The Effect of Venereal Disease on Population.' Polygamy and polyandry were discussed.

'I'm glad it's only girls. I shall die in class to-morrow.'

At this juncture I myself was ready to call a halt. But Sally maintained, with tears in her eyes, that she had to have another unit in 'domestic science' or she would never get her college 'recs' (popular parlance for 'recommendations'). And if I stirred up a rumpus the teacher would flunk her.

'By the way, Sally, I don't believe I ever heard what finally happened in "Shelter,"' my husband said one evening toward the close of the semester.

There was an ominous pause while Sally blushed and looked at me.

'She got canned, I'll bet,' cried Tom.

'Indeed she did n't. "Shelter" is a profound subject, and Sally got an A.'

'Shelter? Shelter?' mused Grandma. 'We never had that subject when I was young. I do believe in sheltering young girls, and I am glad the public schools are looking into these things.'

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

THE materialism and cynicism of our age increase with the apparent shrinkage of the Unknown. Were we more ignorant of physical facts, we should be men of faith; if we knew more, we should be enlightened; but we have grown puffed up with half-knowledge. We are like a party of tourists walking unconcernedly through a vast cave — unconcernedly because the cave has been strung with electric lights, and although we may observe hastily we may explore no longer. We note the formations which the guide points out to us, smiling indulgently at a stalagmite resembling a buffalo's head or a crucifix, but the awful thrill of the first pioneer who with smoky and uncertain torch penetrated these chambers is not vouchsafed to us. We are merely *interested* in our cave — in our world.

Interest has no emotional and very little intellectual value. We are interested in many things which in no wise touch our lives or move us to action, in a dog that talks, the League of Nations, or a bicycle race. We are interested in politics, but we do not vote; we are interested in keeping the peace, yet the world will be in flames again for no sufficient cause. Either positively or negatively this prevailing mood means very little, and, meaning little, becomes a stagnancy of mind wherein cynicism may breed most abundantly.

We receive too much information and suffer too many disillusionments. Sometimes it seems that the Egyptian priests were right in limiting their knowledge of facts to the small class able to appreciate their insignificance. To reach the mass of people knowledge must be imparted superficially to those unready for its complete exposition. And, treated so, it becomes false, and dangerously false. For example, there can be no doubt that popular articles

on the new psychology have marred more normal minds than the abnormal minds cured by the specialists.

When travelers in a new country behold the sunset over western hills, they are rapt away by the beauty of the lights and shadows. Exploring the hills on the morrow, they find them cluttered with mean houses and factories, and never again can they view them, even from a distance, without feeling that the squalor is there, though they do not see it. Henceforth when they approach hills they pay no heed to the distant beauty. They gaze at the sunset with candid eyes, murmuring to themselves, 'Very interesting effect of light, but to-morrow we'll see things as they are.' The tragedy is that somewhere in the world these travelers will come to hills planted with cool groves and watered by clear streams, but they will not go up into them, too wise, as they think, to be deceived a second time. They have eaten too much, and yet too little, of the tree of knowledge.

So many of us are victims to this false wisdom. I remember the flamboyant complaisance of a mechanistic philosopher when he was demolishing a supernatural First Cause. 'First Cause! Why, gentlemen!' His tone was reproachful. Turning to the board, he swiftly drew a tadpole-like creature endowed with two eyes. 'When a ray of light strikes it from the left, it must turn, willy-nilly, to the left; when from the right, it turns to the right. If the light comes with equal intensity from both sides, it will remain perfectly still. If from in front, it will be drawn directly forward. There is no volition in all that, gentlemen! Nothing but automatic nervous reaction! And by multiplying the complexities of the nervous systems and stimuli applied to them we can trace the cause and effect in any form of life — granted,

of course, that we have complete information.' Complete information! Oh, granted — of course! Is the amoeba, then, less the residence of the Unknown than the divided leaf, the rock, the earth itself? For this philosopher it must be said, however, that he was far more than interested in his theory, and that he evoked from one indignant undergraduate a marginal response: 'He has merely reduced in size the dwelling place of the Mystery.' Others considered he had proved his case. They were equipped with one more fact to face a materialistic universe — the only sad part being that the fact happened not to be true.

Without 'complete knowledge' any fact is apt to be false. A trained scientist may be able to reconstruct a dinosaur from its third vertebra; an archaeologist may plot out Zenobia's palace from a single tile; but the average man daily builds horrific monsters from the smallest splinter of evidence, or from one brick of information constructs pinnacles of misinformation compared to which the Leaning Tower is a model of verticality. Nothing is unknown to him. He has the facts!

Even the artists, who, except for the priests, are supposed to be the chief instigators of spiritual exploit, are victims of 'facts.' They have become, as a young musician proudly told me, wholly cerebral. The occasion of this remark was the performance of a very advanced piece of work, scored for heaven knows what ungodly instruments, which purported to express in music the rhythms, sounds, and moods of modern city life. It did! And I shut my ears, having heard that sort of thing just outside the concert hall. 'But don't you see how clever it is! He's a perfect technician — even his enemies admit that.' A perfect technician, this composer had indeed the facts of the matter, lacking only the

fundamental truth that music must in some way please the human ear. And so, too, with the modernist poets and painters. They are clever, they know what they are doing, but they have left out of account such unavoidable elements as the human ear, eye, and heart.

Under this deluge of facts and half-facts, we are interested in everything and understand nothing. Priests of a mystical religion deny the sacraments and turn to sociology; men crammed with a knowledge of obscure dialects, but unable to speak their own language with elegance, teach literature at universities; and everywhere who is most efficient is adjudged most valuable.

Those who continue to believe what they are told become materialists. They are in the large majority. Life being, as is reported, hardly more than a chemical reaction, they might as well devote themselves to physical indulgence. Those who cease to believe become the cynics. Having accepted facts and found them wanting, they find nothing left for them but an airy indifference. They are the disillusioned.

I wish that westward of us there were still an undiscovered or conjectural continent, a blue dream in the mist where anything might happen. An occasional traveler might return thence to fire our imagination with his tales. It would do us no harm to fall again under the spell of Wonder. Indeed, even the old superstitions, the gnomes, ogres, hobgoblins, were mild and truthful as compared with the daily threats we receive from advertisements of disease, social gaucherie, uninsured death.

Let some man with a loud voice proclaim to all the peoples one piece of information without which all the rest is pestilential rubbish: that although we have mapped all the continents, sung 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' by radio from New York to London, invented the Oedipus complex and the

submarine, we still know practically nothing; that the vision of the mystic is quite probably as true as the figures in the scientist's laboratory; that for one America exploited and destroyed there are incalculable Americas of the spirit, where no factory can be built and no information gleaned!

CHINESE PROVERBS

PATIENT waiting may solve a problem when feverish activity fails; simple tolerance may move a sinner to repent when harsh discipline is useless.

To the heart that is free from worldliness, the most vulgar place is as interesting as the capital of the fairies; to the heart that is enchained by passions, the happiest land becomes a desert of bitterness.

The excitable mind mistakes a rock for a tiger and the shadow of the bow for a snake; the serene mind regards the sea gulls as companions and the croaking frogs as music.

There is calm in the very rush of brooks; there is serenity in the very falling of flowers.

The man of leisure is the owner of frolicking wind, beckoning flowers, white moon, and blue sky — in a word, of all nature.

The lover of solitude avoids men to seek quietness; but his seeking it shows that all he tries to shun lies in his very heart.

Secret plots, strange habits, unnatural actions, and exceptional talents are often embryos of disaster and weapons of suicide.

The flowers make beautiful carpets in the spring and the birds give fine concerts; the man that does nothing is not born, though he lives a hundred years.

Freedom is not obtained by running away from it.

Faithful words offend the ears, but

they are good for character; medicines are bitter in the mouth, but they cure sickness.

Subdue your own heart before you try to subdue the Devil; rule your own temper before you try to rule the unruly.

Noble character is built in solitude; great ability is made by overcoming little difficulties.

It is better to offend by straightforwardness than to please by flattery; better be blamed than praised, when both are undeserved.

It is fun to know the quirks of people's minds without seeming to recognize them.

Tall peaks are without trees, but low valleys abound with plants; the superior man warns himself against loftiness.

Success based on virtue is like a flower growing in the forest; success due to ability is like a flower planted in a pot; success gained by trickery and force is like a rootless flower in a vase: it can be seen to wither even as it is watched.

Other people's circumstances are never uniformly good; how can you expect your own to be? You are not always reasonable; how can you expect others to be?

It is other people's faults that you should forgive, not your own; it is your own suffering that you should bear, not that of others.

No merit is so big that it can stand boasting.

Only humility can keep the great from falling.

When people show you kindness, remember it; but when they hurt you, forget. When you do good, forget; but when you do evil, remember.

The full moon must wane and the full-blown flowers must fade; therefore the wise man does not expect to attain enduring perfection.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A YOUNG American, **Robert Dean Frisbie** has for the past four years been conducting a South Sea trading station. We have it on the word of James Norman Hall that Puka-Puka, or Danger Island, the scene of Mr. Frisbie's commercial venture, is 'one of the few really primitive atolls left in this part of the Pacific,' or in other phrase, 'one of the loneliest islands in all the Pacific galaxy.' When Mr. Frisbie first took up his enviable abode in the lands where professors sleep unashamed with their classes, Captain Hall urged him to keep a record of his life as a trader. **George E. Putnam** is economist to the great packing firm of Swift and Company. His paper, as he writes us, 'is intended to offer, among other things, an economic explanation of the growing gulf between the United States and foreign countries. It is the explanation which has been given me repeatedly in the course of almost continuous European travel during the past six years.' In this light Mr. Putnam's conclusions may be profitably compared with the social explanation of the same phenomenon presented by M. André Siegfried in the *Atlantic* for March 1928. Δ The pellucid lens which **William Beebe** trains upon a varied world discovers endless curiosities and unnumbered delights. **D. M. Armstrong**, as his signature reveals, was the United States Consul in Rome at the time of the capture of the city by the Italian troops in 1870 — an event of decisive importance to the Temporal Power and to the modern Italian State.

The history of European revolutionary movements has proved an engrossing study to **Lucy Wilcox Adams** and her husband, a teacher of history at Yale. **Charles Johnston**, experienced long ago in the British Civil Service in India, releases pent-up imagination and invites us to inhabit a kingdom broader than the four winds. Δ Two years ago **Madame G. A.**

Miloradovitch could describe herself as 'an exile, just beginning to regain a hold on normal life.' After a full experience of the revolution in Russia, she wrote: —

We — or at least a few of us — lived and kept sane — because we ceased to act as sentient human beings; we became marionettes in a human tragedy. Sometimes I found myself thinking, 'All this can't be true. It is too horribly dramatic.'

Madame Miloradovitch describes her poem as an exact line-by-line English version of a folk song.

If the young understand **President Allan Hoben** as well as he understands the young, then Kalamazoo College must be happy hunting ground indeed. **Ian Colvin** is the leading editorial writer of the *London Morning Post*. He is the author of a volume of poems translated from the Chinese, and of a play, *The Leper's Flute*, which has recently served as the basis of an opera. **Eleanor Risley** sends us her sketch from Arkansas. Her own words picture the adventure from which the experience grew: —

We made the journey because I was confronted with invalidism, hospital observation, and insulin. Why not die with my boots on? A century ago my great-grandfather and some of his friends went from New York City to live in these mountains. And on this journey, when the natives asked us why we wandered in their mountains, I would answer that I was seeking my great-grandfather's tomb. They seemed to consider this a natural and laudable ambition. Incidentally, I found the tomb.

We took the train at Mobile across the black lands, and then sauntered toward the mountains of northern Alabama. The first day I could only walk three miles. We avoided highways, and followed any dim old road. Once at Grassy Cove we penetrated a fertile valley where only one of the inhabitants had ever seen a motor car. I grew stronger, swinging along all day, sometimes walking warm moonlight nights, sleeping sweetly with pebbles under my spine.

The mountain people are austere, hostile to 'furriners,' and sullenly on the watch for revenue officers. We knew we were in constant danger. Often men with guns would turn us from our way, and quite politely tell us not to look back. Once I slept in a room where there were three other beds. Before I went to sleep six gaunt mountaineers filed in, laid down their guns before the beds, and presumably slept. So did I. The next morning back of us near the river rose the smoke of a still. The armed guard, quite civilly, accompanied us to the next 'sittlemint.' We grew to love the face of danger. Curiously enough, danger proved a tonic and I thrived on it.

I doubt if we could have succeeded in winning the friendship of these people without the violin. We lived off the land. The people paid me in fruit, vegetables, and eggs for playing at torn-down schoolhouses. Once I attended a musicale where all were lawbreakers. Frequently on Sundays I read to an assembly gathered quickly by grapevine telegraph. Once these reserved people accepted you, there was difficulty in getting away to continue the journey.

A college instructor, **Daniel Sargent** gathers rhymes while the dew is still on them. Δ The author of 'The Sensible Man's Religion' is an experienced man of affairs. He is not unaware of the claims of mysticism, but writes: 'I do not think that anyone can safely fly in that aeroplane until he has studied the ground beneath for "take-offs" and "landings."' Δ Preëminent among military critics of his generation, the late **Colonel Charles à Court Repington** must be accorded high place also among diarists. His two volumes, *The First World War*, are indispensable to history and absorbing to the general reader. The events and conversations of a 'goodwill' visit to the Allied capitals in 1924 are recorded in the notes which we print herewith. **William L. W. Field** is headmaster of Milton Academy. Δ A veteran both in tournament play and in writing of lawn tennis for the *London Times*, **A. Wallis Myers** comments on a new national supremacy. **Charles D. Stewart** — novelist, journalist, grammarian, critic, and follower of curious quests — knows the ins and outs of bees, and informs his knowledge with wise sympathy.

Al Smith has given the sad young men something to be at least moderately glad

about, thinks **Parker Lloyd-Smith**, a recent graduate of Princeton now engaged in newspaper work. Δ The frequent hostility of English opinion to Fascist rule will give special interest to the broad and considered judgment of **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart**, the able successor to Colonel Repington as military critic of the *London Daily Telegraph*. A recent visit to Italy, with the particular purpose of viewing the Italian military forces, gave the occasion for the conclusions which Captain Hart has reached. Δ For several years Chief of Information Service, United States Bureau of Mines, **Thomas T. Read** will be remembered as the author of 'The American Secret,' in the *Atlantic* for March 1927. **Gerald Gould**, an English critic of note, is wary of fishing in the 'stream of consciousness.'

It was not to be thought that the challenge presented by Theodore F. MacManus's vigorous expression of the Catholic position would go unanswered, and the *Atlantic* has enjoyed a wide and animated correspondence in reply. From this correspondence we now quote: —

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH
RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

When a Catholic writes about Protestants 'in this particularly significant political year,' and assures us that he has determined to be unusually amiable, and will use only the best English (even Oxfordian) manners, we begin to fear 'thou dost protest too much.' Here are some of the words which Mr. MacManus applies to his opponents which do not sound quite Oxfordian, — not to say English, — though they may be Irish-English: 'Topsy-turvy, irrational, idiotic, insane, gayly starched surplice, convulsive, epileptic, silly, soppy songs, soppy sermons, morons, without reason, mummery, ludicrous, convulsive gestures, parrotlike, raucous parrot shriek, blinking and bewildered, malinterpretations, vulgarity, banality, travesties, cowardly, devilish, animalistic, platitudinous parrot, mediocre, aberration, insanity, inanity (these three in the same line), mob spirit, pursuit of passion.' There are others, but these are picked out in a casual reading. And the only redemption for this awful country, 'in this particularly significant political year,' is to 'go over to Rome, en masse.'

Sorry, old friend MacManus, we are not ready. We have studied history. Please recall the results in many nations in which your church has

had undisputed 'authority,' and do not wonder why, in spite of all the faults of this great country, and of the Protestantism by which the country has grown, we prefer to remain where we are.

WILLIAM CHARLES HOGG
(*Born in Ireland; educated in Ireland,
Scotland, Germany, and America*)

Another correspondent trains his guns particularly on two expressions used by Mr. MacManus: —

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
CRANE JUNIOR COLLEGE
CHICAGO, ILL.

The first is 'private judgment.' It may be true that most or even all of the ills of our modern civilization are due to this monster. But I strongly suspect that it is responsible for the good things also. I do not recall just now any feature of our modern life that was not once the child of a private judgment, with sometimes a long, hard struggle ahead of it before it became acceptable to the public. To take one example with which he will not wish to quarrel, there was a time when even Christianity was, and had to be, a very private matter indeed.

But we will grant his statement that everything is going to the bowwows because of private judgment. Suppose I become impressed with the necessity of doing something to set myself right. Shall I not consider the claims of the Catholic Church? Will not some kind Father set before me the reasons for believing in the Apostolic Succession? Suppose the said Father succeeds in convincing me of the desirability of entering the bosom of Mother Church, would I not be welcomed, even by Mr. MacManus? My action, in that case, would have come about as the result of my private judgment that all my previous religious thinking had been wrong; and private judgment is the root of all evil, says Mr. MacManus. Or does he mean that private judgment is wicked only when it leads to conclusions different from his? Or has he never used his judgment in regard to religious matters?

And it seems to me that objection might very reasonably be made to the Catholic abuse of the term 'Protestant.' It had a significance once, just as Smith, Wright, Baker, Clark, once had. Now these are proper names with none of the original meaning. My family has been Protestant as far back as our records run, some four hundred years. I presume there were some protest-ants at first. But not for a long while now. Generation after generation we have got our religion as I suspect Mr. MacManus got his. It was sucked in with our mother's milk.

But I forget! There were two protest-ants of

some note a short time ago; prominent because of their father's ability as a story writer. So emphatic was their protest against their family religion that they made a public renouncement of it, and embraced the Catholic faith. So far as I know, there was no outcry against this exercise of private judgment by Nathaniel's daughters on the part of any Catholic, and while others of the family may not approve of their decision, we honor them for the courage of their convictions.

To be sure, we boast of some other protest-ants, though not in the religious lines. There was Governor William Hawthorne, who protested most vigorously against the orders of the King that he return to England and stand trial for general insubordination. There have been other protest-ants against the slave power. And protest-ants against injustice in high places. For that matter, some of the Popes were glorious protest-ants against wicked and tyrannical kings. Christ and the apostles protested against the best form of religion known to the world at large at that time, because they had something better.

But why continue. Protest-ants there have always been; always upsetting things; always a thorn in the side of those who wanted things left as they are. Without them we would all, to this day, be educated in the higher branches — and swinging by our tails from those branches.

W. C. HAWTHORNE

In defense of 'loveless and unloving infidels.'

Mr. MacManus does not seem to realize that there are many individuals mentally and spiritually incapable of accepting the doctrines of Christianity (either Catholic or Protestant). Usually they are people with inquiring minds who spend much more thought on religion than do those who are happy in an inherited or embraced orthodoxy. I do not think they are the destructive force that Mr. MacManus considers them. Surely he could not call Burbank a 'loveless and unloving infidel.' He was more successful than most infidels, but his tolerance, his faith in humanity, his constructive work, are quite typical of the greater number of such challenging, questing minds. Burroughs, Henri Fabre, many other names come to mind to refute Mr. MacManus's sweeping statement.

DOROTHY W. NELSON

This concluding note contains starch, even though surplises be 'ironed soft.'

YONKERS, N. Y.

Upon one point Mr. MacManus should not have erred; he refers to the gayly starched surplises of Episcopalians. They are of pure white

linen, never gay, and never starched. They are ironed soft. This fact is not unknown to the Catholic Church. The thing was not done under a bushel. For thirty years my laundresses, and there were many (average tenure of office two months), were all Catholics. Mr. MacManus could have and should have known this, so when he attempts to take the starch out of Protestantism he makes a bad start at the Episcopal surplice.

His article as a whole reminds me of a conversation on a religious topic between three men. When two had stated what they thought, and referred to the third, he replied: 'Bejabbers, I'm a Catholic. I don't have to think.'

REVEREND R. H. WEVILL

An organist files objections.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I must take immediate exception to Mr. Harvey Wickham's attitude towards the modern organ and modern organists in his article, 'Sons of Tubal-Cain,' in your April issue. The organ has not been deprived of its erstwhile dignity: there has simply been added a richness of orchestral and other effects that has ennobled it nearly to tonal perfection, while the mechanical devices, so lightly considered by Mr. Wickham, have made the organ a truly flexible instrument, as it should be.

To-day you may hear a modern recitalist give as noble an interpretation of a Bach number as may be desired, *but* he can follow it with a Debussy transcription made into ravishingly beautiful organ music, a thing impossible under the old order.

When he has business on the top floor of an office building does Mr. Wickham trudge the stairs in preference to using the modern elevator? I do not know. But I suspect he used a sputtering coal-oil lamp when he wrote his article, as he is very much in the dark about organs and organists.

STANLEY R. AVERY
*Organist and choirmaster,
St. Mark's Episcopal Church*

Mr. Wickham, against whom the preceding excoriations were delivered, bids fair to become a Knight of the Bellows as a result of his paper, which not unnaturally aroused the notice of musicians on two continents.

ROME, ITALY

I little thought, in writing 'Sons of Tubal-Cain,' that it would put me in communication with one of the actual wind-raisers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. But here they are, the

two letters from Chet Shafer, Grand Diapason of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, which you were kind enough to forward to me. And I have looked up the article of his which he mentions, published some two years ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He seeks to prove that organ blowing is not only the one true road to good organ playing, which was all I hoped to show, but that it is the sole practicable and infallible highway to greatness of any sort, and cites a great many examples of illustrious bankers, poets, editors, generals, whatnots and what-have-yous, graduates of the treadle and of the bellows handle, to establish his thesis upon a sound foundation. As a former pipe-organ pumper myself, though not affiliated with the Guild, I can find no fault with the theory at all. May Chet's grand diapason never be stopped, or warped out of tune!

Sorry was I to learn, however, that 'an electric blowing apparatus was installed in Notre Dame by New York philanthropists' more than two years ago. A pox on New York philanthropists!

And now the Grand Diapason asks me to join his Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, membership 1500 and more. He practically guarantees my acceptance by the Engineering Corps because of my *Atlantic* article. He offers to confer upon me the degree of Fellow Pumper. He does everything, in fact, save to offer to remit the three-dollar initiation fee. Three dollars is some fifty-seven lire. I don't know. I am a fellow of a sort already. Really, I think I am entitled to the degree of Master Pumper. So I hesitate, well knowing that the pumper who hesitates is lost.

HARVEY WICKHAM

Mr. Newton — God bless him! We could better spare a less fallible man.

BEVERLY FARM, ST. MICHAELS, MD.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My acquaintance with Mr. A. Edward Newton and his charming humanistic literary style was made, through the pages of the *Atlantic*, long ago, when residing in France. Like *Oliver Twist*, I wanted more, and *Amenities* was bought in a third edition and then nothing would do but a first edition *Amenities* at twenty-odd dollars, which seemed then a huge sum and more so when I thought of francs and the rate of exchange.

As I write to-night, I can see on my shelves *The Greatest Book in the World*, *A Magnificent Farce*, *Dr. Johnson*, *A Play* (all in large paper), a little case containing some of Mr. Newton's delightful Christmas Greetings, and a slender volume, *The Writings of A. Edward Newton*, by George H. Sargent. Several hundred other volumes, in first editions, are near, all added to

my library since that momentous day when the postman delivered my *Amenities*.

From where I write, I cannot see my bank balance, which is just as well, but I can feel in my heart the pleasure that I have received from the purchase of these books (I now call them items), the reading of many subsequent articles in the *Atlantic* by Mr. Newton, and that received from his literary guidance. I was in sympathy with his views on prohibition and cigars and with some of his marital views and had begun to look upon him as a mentor and almost infallible.

Each month, when the *Atlantic* arrived, my first glance was for the cover page to see if he was a contributor, and if so, that was the first article to be read.

A few days ago the May number arrived and 'A Tourist in Spite of Himself' caught my eye. 'Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?' Here my mentor tells me that the city of Christiania changed its name to Oslo, *twenty-five years ago*. I wondered why its inhabitants did not know this when I was there for the International Regatta in 1914, and so turned to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and, not having a first edition, contented myself with the eleventh. Here I found that Oslo was founded by Harald (Opslo) Segurdsson in 1048. After a fire, Christian IV refounded the capital and gave it his name, Christiania, in 1624. January 1, 1925, the city of Christiania changed its name to Oslo.

I then read that in European travel one usually finds a Bristol Hotel and as a rule it is the best. 'Depend upon it, Sir, this is too strongly stated' — a quotation Mr. Newton will recognize. The tourist in France will have a hard time to find a Bristol Hotel. He will find one at Biarritz, Boulogne, Marseille, and Paris, but where else? Only in Paris will it be first-class, but then everything first-class one finds in Paris. The tourist in France who depended for a night's shelter on a Hotel Bristol would be in the same fix as the one who was told to try either the Hôtel de Ville or the Hôtel-Dieu.

Had Mr. Newton taken with him, to read en route, his Baedeker, instead of *A Sentimental Journey*, it would not have been such delightful reading, but he would have read, 'In the same latitude in which Franklin perished in the Arctic and in which lies the inhospitable region of Eastern Siberia, the water of the Western Fjords of Norway never freezes, except at their upper ends,' and then he would not have had to wear that blue alpaca suit.

When Maréchal Pétain wrote, in his celebrated order, 'Ils ne passeront pas,' it was the rallying cry for the poilus at Verdun and never used in its translated form of 'They shall not pass' by the Tommies at 'Wipers.'

I anticipate that in the June number of the *Atlantic* Mr. Newton will take us to Paris. Please do not let him tell us that turtle soup and roast mutton at Simpson's are better than *homard thermidor* at Voisin's, or that the view up the Champs-Élysées, looking toward the Arc de Triomphe late in the afternoon, is not so fine as some view of St. Paul's, for if so, how can we be sure that the Gutenberg Bible is the greatest book in the world or that Dr. Johnson is the most quoted writer since Shakespeare? Do hurry Mr. Newton to London, which he knows so well and of which his descriptions are always so delightful.

MORTON B. STELLE

And from Mr. Newton himself: —

May 18, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am overwhelmed with letters about my silly paper in the *Atlantic*, and a dozen or more people have told me that a 'Black Knight' bandage is manufactured in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and sent me circulars describing the device. And several people have sent me the thing itself, with suggestions that I carry the 'Black Knight' bandage around with me instead of a black woman's stocking (black woman's stocking, you observe).

But only one woman has accompanied her gift with a poem, which reads as follows: —

'Prince Edward of England, the famous Black Knight,

Was the first to use stockings to shut out the light —

Though his Princess, Joanna, abhorred the sight
And lectured His Highness through curtains
each night.

'And now our Prince Edward has all his friends
flocking

To make up his loss of a single black stocking,
Since his wife wears chiffon, pale flesh, without
clocking —

Quite useless to Edward, whose sad state is
shocking.

'So I'm sending this bandage, so sombre and
black,

To bind on your eyes — since lisle ones you lack.
Why not use the chiffon ones to stuff in your ear,
And shut out the sound of those lectures you
fear?

'Respectfully submitted after reading the
May *Atlantic*.'

Yours sincerely,

A. EDWARD NEWTON